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A Bethlehem Shepherd's Reed Pipe.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

PART I.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

UNTO vision a new force enters into life with the coming of a child, whether he be born in a cottage or a palace. What impresses a thoughtful person as he looks on an infant is not its futility, but its possibility; not what it is, but what it is going to become. One person has ever something of this imagination. As she looks on her babe's face, his mother dwells on a hundred signs which, to her fondness, prophesy the coming greatness, and she treasures them up in her heart. She is shy, and guards these prophecies jealously; it may be that they will be but spring blossoms to be scattered by the wind, but it may also be that they will set into the fruit of autumn. Geography may yet be rearranged, or history rewritten, or nations redeemed, or the unseen revealed, by this little one when God's hand is on him and he comes into his kingdom. Has it not happened that a single year is lifted out of a century and a day therein glorified, because on that day a poet, a painter, a conqueror, an apostle, has been born? A child was born in a roadside inn nineteen hundred years ago, and time has been redated from that day.

Unto those who had eyes to see and a soul to understand, the Nativity was attended by favorable omens in heaven above and on the earth beneath. The story is told in St. Luke's Gospel with a very delicate and lovely touch, and the atmosphere is one of great joy and spiritual expectation. The coming of Jesus was heralded and celebrated by songs which have passed into the praise of the Christian Church. They all sang who had to do with the Holy Child—the angels who escorted Him from the heavenly places

THE ANNUNCIATION TO MARY (opposite page).—*And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary; for thou hast found favor with God.*—Luke i. 30. The Greek tradition represents the angel as appearing to Mary at the fountain in Nazareth, and I have endeavored to show this fountain as it must have been in that day, reconstructing it from the existing remains under the Greek church. Mary has brought her jar to fill, but, seeing the angel, draws back amid the branches of an overhanging fig tree, wondering, "troubled." She wears the dress of Bethlehem, which is here used for want of more exact knowledge as to what the actual costume was; it could not have been very different.—Artist's Note.

A NAZARETH STREET SCENE (page 200).—The streets of Nazareth are narrow and crooked (though most of them are paved), and slant to a wide gutter in the middle. The shops are open to the street, as in all Oriental towns, being closed only with shutters at night and on fête days. At other times, when the shop-keeper is away, the only barrier to entrance is a fish-net hung across the opening; and nothing is stolen. The Bedouin from the open country comes into the town only to buy necessaries, or to sell. He saunters along, scrutinizes closely what takes his fancy, bargains, haggling for an hour over the fraction of a cent. It requires infinite patience to deal with these people when you are trying for a sketch. You can scarcely get one, except when you are in the shelter of a shop, as I was when I sketched this picture. Their curiosity is extraordinary. I created a great excitement once by standing still for five minutes in the market-place, awaiting an opportunity to take a photograph. When I walked away, the square was packed with people; two men were fighting because one had cuffed a boy who had obstructed his view; a policeman was inquiring into the matter; and several citizens were hurrying down the various streets to see what was the matter.—Artist's Note.

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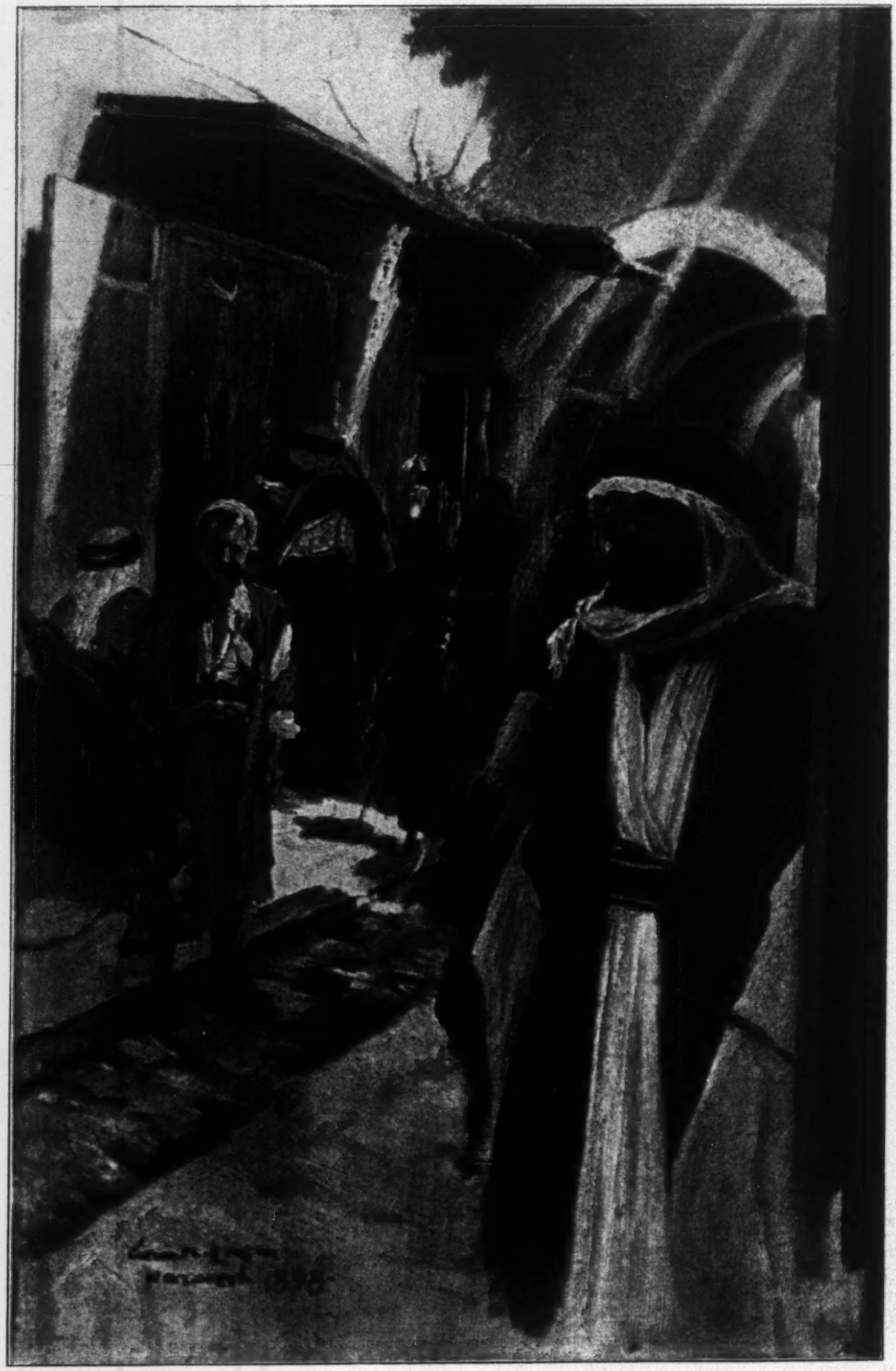
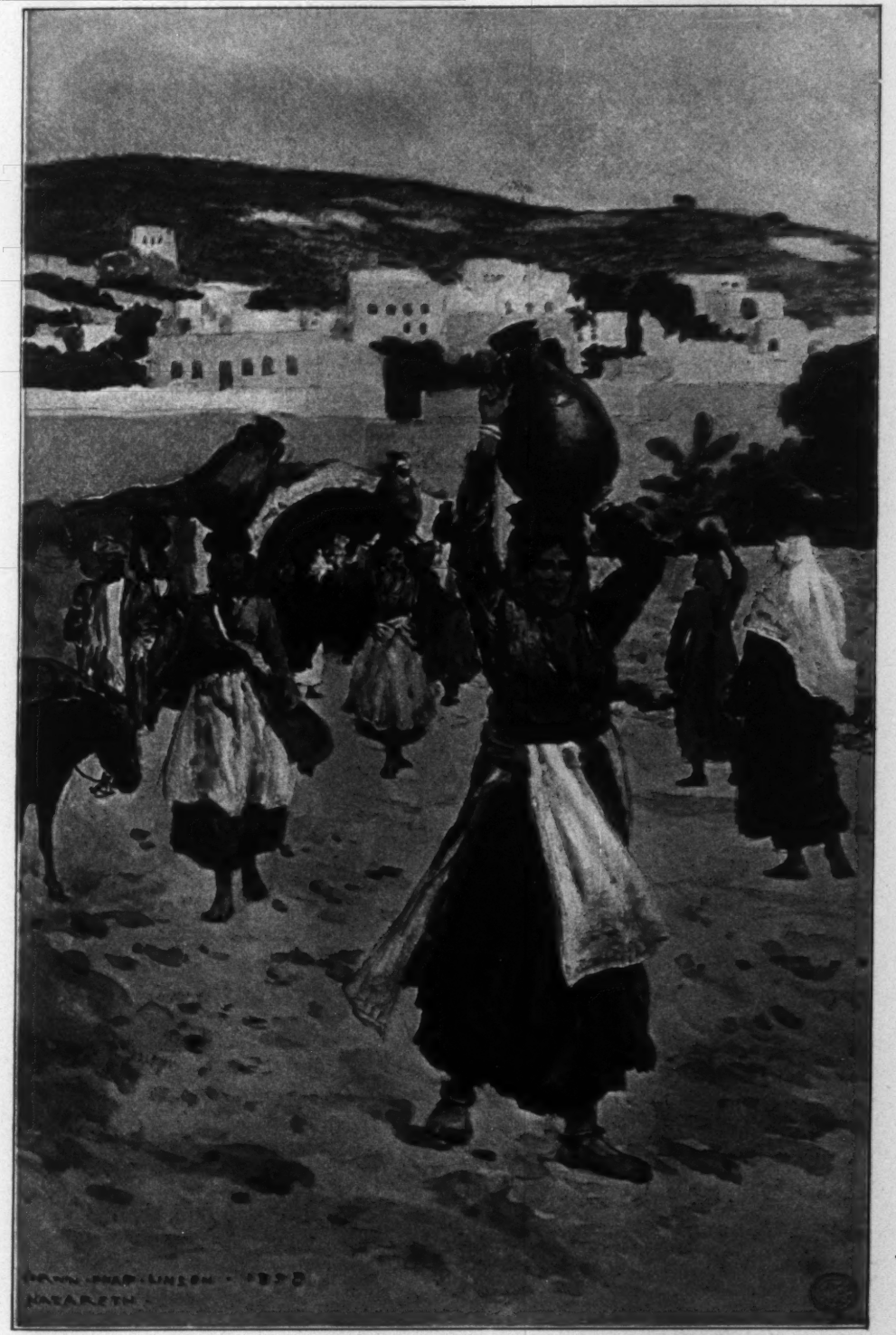
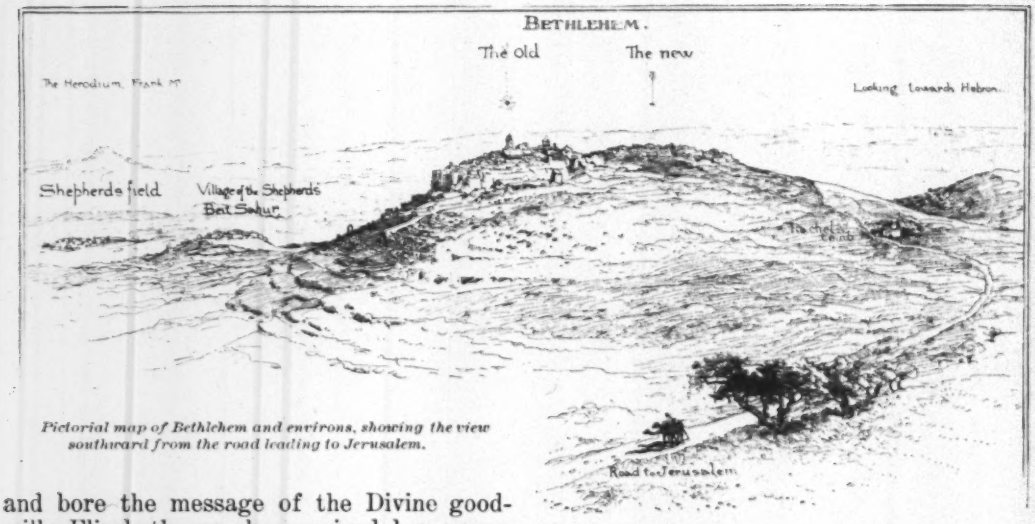



NAZARETH



Pictorial map of Bethlehem and environs, showing the view southward from the road leading to Jerusalem.

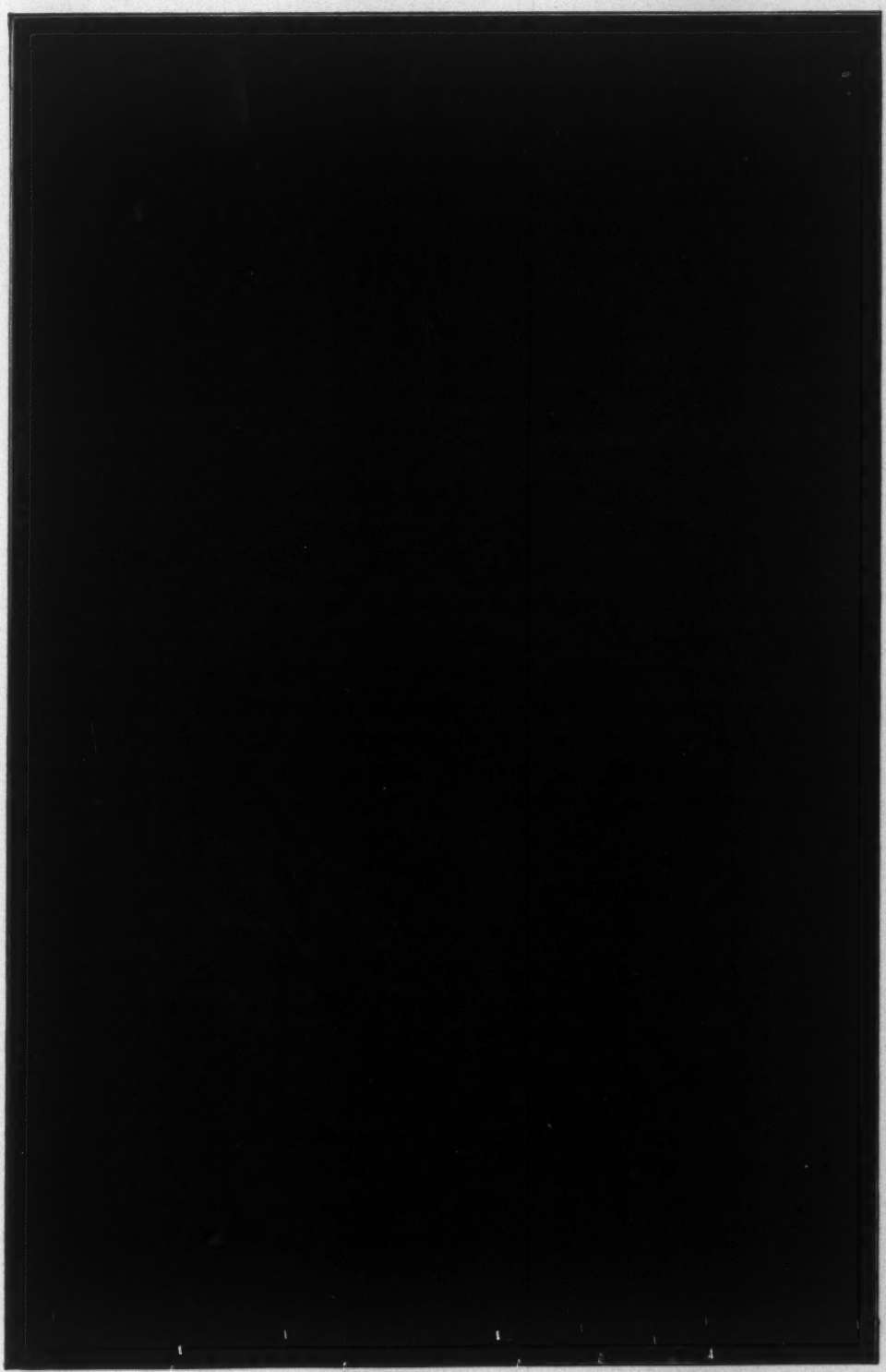
and bore the message of the Divine goodwill; Elizabeth, as she received her young kinswoman, and did honor to the mother of her Lord; Zacharias, whose son was to run before His face clad in camel's hair and girt with a leather girdle; Simeon, who was to hold the Infant Messiah in his arms and be ready to die in peace; and chiefly the Blessed Virgin, on whom the very crown of motherhood rested. The heavens shed forth their light on earth, and a star rested above Bethlehem. Wise men from afar—the ambassadors of the great, and shepherds from the flocks—the ambassadors of the poor, came and knelt by this cradle, where the Hope of ages had been fulfilled, and God Himself had entered into human life.

Between the outer circumstances and the inner spirit of an event there is a quickening contrast, so that a tyrant is born in a palace and dies upon a scaffold, so that a prophet is born in a cottage and lives forever in a nation's heart; and there are two scenes of the Nativity. One is what appeared unto every traveler who happened to rest that night at Bethlehem and was an eye-witness of the chief incident in human history. What he saw was a roadside inn of the East, a place of four bare walls with the sky for roof, where each traveler made his own provision and created his own comfort. One part was raised a foot or two above the ground, and possibly divided into compartments, and there the first comers had spread their beds and were resting in peace. The lowest space was filled with beasts—camels, oxen, horses, asses, as they could be arranged—a mass of hungry, struggling, evil-smelling life. Into this rude stable came two people, a man and his wife, for whom no place could be found among the travelers. For the woman, in her hour of agony and need, some corner was made, whence the beasts had been driven, and there, beside the wearied beasts of burden, with none to attend her save this faithful man, the Virgin brought forth her child and laid Him in the straw in the place where the beasts ate their food. No outcast of the highways or the streets came into this world more humbly than our Master.

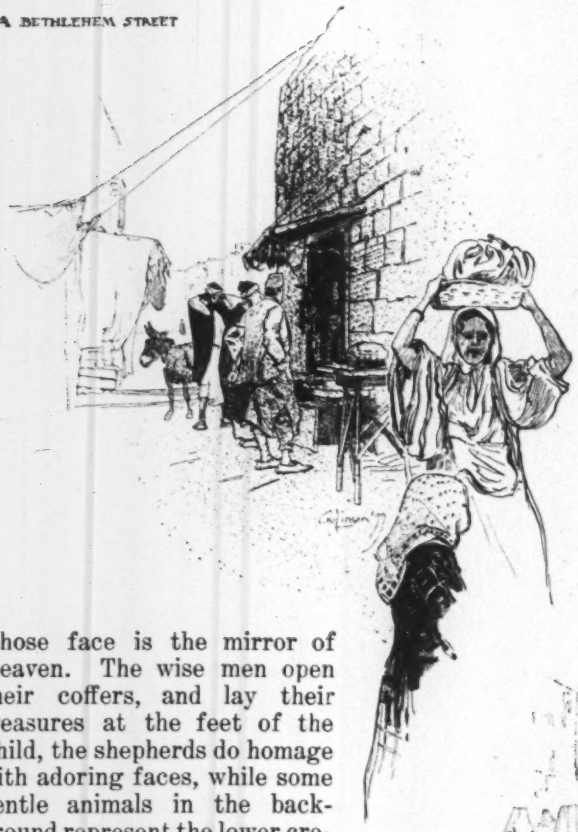
Ancient piety shrank as by a natural instinct from these ignoble and squalid circumstances, and has given us a Nativity wherein we all delight. The scene is shifted from that cheerless, inhospitable khan to some cave in the hillside near Bethlehem, which a legend makes the birthplace of Jesus. It is filled with soft, heavenly light, and the angels keep guard over the entrance. His mother and Joseph kneel and worship the Babe, round whose head the halo shines and

FOUNTAIN SCENE AT NAZARETH (page 201).—At evening the fountain of Nazareth is the meeting-point for most of the women of the place. They fill their jars, and gossip; occasional donkeys stop to drink; and until darkness comes, there is a lively assemblage of color, and the ears are filled with babble and badinage. It is a scene to watch to the end, the coming and going of women, their jars carefully balanced, their arms swinging freely, their step rhythmic in its regularity, and all enveloped in the lilac and rose of the short Oriental twilight.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

THE WAY UP TO BETHLEHEM (opposite page).—The way up to the place of the Nativity is probably much the same to-day as on that first Christmas night. The paths from the open fields lead into a narrow lane which takes one through the small village of Beit Sahur (called "the village of the shepherds"); and thence, by winding, stony byways, up hill and down, meeting peasants with their donkeys, women carrying skins of water, shepherds and their flocks, one arrives at the foot of the ridge of Bethlehem. Then comes a long climb, either directly up the rough steep or around it, the latter preferable and more usual. The Church of the Nativity is at the eastern end of the town, and the shepherds had but to reach the top of the hill to arrive at the Place of the Cave, in which lay the infant Christ. The whole journey would occupy a long half hour.—ARTIST'S NOTE.



A BETHLEHEM STREET



whose face is the mirror of Heaven. The wise men open their coffers, and lay their treasures at the feet of the Child, the shepherds do homage with adoring faces, while some gentle animals in the background represent the lower creation at this shrine of holiness. Here indeed is a narrow space, but it is full of Heaven; here is lowliness, but no indignity; here is weakness, but also reverence.

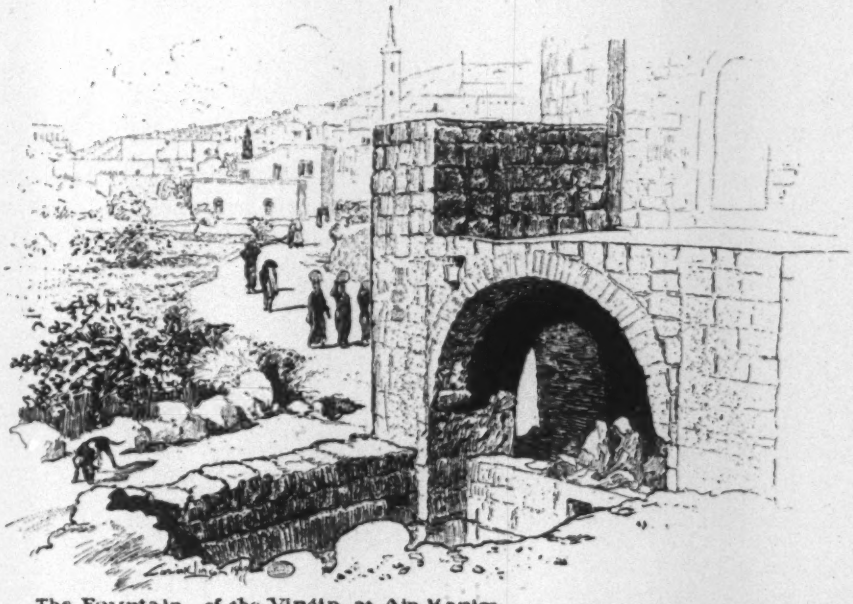
With the after-look the disciples of Jesus may prefer to see the inner glory of His Nativity rather than its outer circumstances; but no one would desire that these should have been different. He was to show unto His time and all ages that the greatest force in life is not position nor wealth, but character, and that character is independent of all circumstances, so that goodness, cradled and reared in poverty, without advantages and without favor, persecuted and slain, is yet the most beautiful and triumphant power on earth. Before this infant, so inhospitably received of the world, lay the cruelty of Herod, and the narrow lot of Nazareth, and the homeless mission of Galilee, and the contempt of the great, and the shame of the Cross. But that would be only the appearance of things, not the heart. Around Him also would gather the loyalty of faithful disciples, and the love of women, and the praises of little children, and the gratitude of the poor, and the reverence of holy souls, and the awe of the wicked, and the sympathy of the saints in Paradise, and the service of the mighty angels of God. On Him also would rest, the true aureole for His head, the Spirit of God and the love of His Heavenly Father.

With the supreme good taste of Holy Scripture it is simply written, that the Child increased in stature and in wisdom, and in favor with God and man. It is enough that Jesus lived His first thirty years at home in Nazareth, since home gathers into it the five factors which influence nature when it is plastic and give it a permanent shape. The first is that word which is of one blood with home, since none can think of home without at the same time saying mother. In the Bible, which is the standard record of human life, the mother has prepared the servants of God from Moses to Samuel, from David to the Baptist, but among all women and mothers surely the most blessed is Mary. Christians may not all unite in paying almost divine honors to the Virgin, or in believing that she is a mediator with her Son, but surely in every reverent mind she must have a solitary

Street scene at Bethlehem.

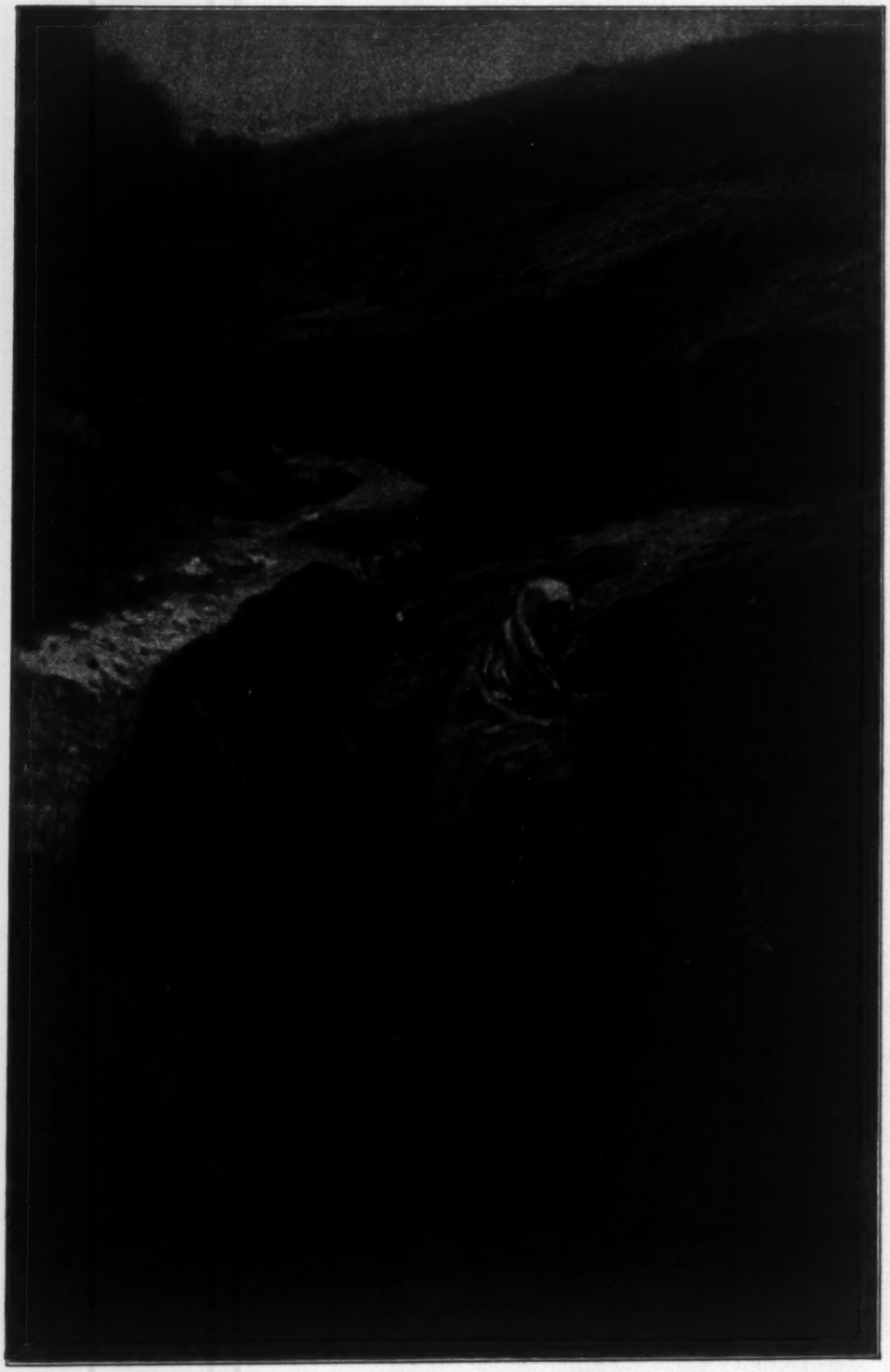
place who brought Jesus into this world and discharged to His infancy the tender offices of motherhood; whom, as His mother, He cared for in the cottage of Nazareth, and whom Jesus committed on the cross to His friend. And no one can read St. Luke's Gospel without recognizing in the mother of Jesus the very ideal of womanhood.

After his mother the next most potent influence in a lad's life is knowledge, which is gathered from wise men, from books, and from places of learning. Nazareth was a village too simple and rough to have many instructors, but it were not just to forget Joseph, to whose calm judgment and proved charity, to whose discretion and faithfulness, the young Child must have owed many lessons of practical life, and that sense of protection which, with Mary's faith, secured quietness of life. Before the consciousness of the Divine Sonship had become clear in Jesus' soul He had learned the excellence of earthly fatherhood, and in the fond accent with which Jesus pronounces Father there is a silent testimony to the character and offices of Joseph. One judges a lad unfortunate in our time who has been born into a house where there is everything except books, and would consider him happy who may live in a small house if it be rich in books, for each one will be a kingdom. For Jesus there could be only one book, but it was the best —the Law and the Prophets. Certain portions of Deuteronomy would be kept by the door, and read constantly, wherein it is commanded that the Law of the Lord should be taught unto the children in rising up and sitting down, in sitting in the house and walking by the way. Whether that humble household had any other portion of the Divine Law in written form is doubtful, so that what the poorest child may have to-day was most likely denied to the Master—the possession of a Bible. There would be by this time—as we gather from a law of Jesus the son of Gamaliel, the high priest about A.D. 64—a school in such a village as Nazareth, where the young boys would be educated by a teacher, and the education would be in the Scriptures. Here day by day Jesus would commit to memory portions of the Old Testament, and so He gathered that treasure of Holy Scripture whence He drew arguments, defenses, promises, guidance in the days of His ministry. As we know, He had learned Aramaic, the dialect of Syria; as we are nearly certain, He understood Hebrew, which is to Aramaic what Latin is to Italian; as we take for granted, Jesus also spoke Greek, being an inhabitant of Galilee of the Gentiles; and, as is possible, He may have known something of Latin, the language of government, the Master was not without the culture of varied speech, although He never had the dubious privilege of attending the schools of the Rabbis in Jerusalem, and was happily free from the cultus of Jewish theology.



The Fountain of the Virgin at Ain Karim.

Among the factors which went to form the



character of the Master one must not forget or belittle labor, since for at least fifteen years Jesus followed the trade of Joseph and wrought as a carpenter. One imagines Him fashioning the wood with much the same tools which are used in Nazareth this day, taking care that the last touch of perfection be not wanting, and casting away the labor of a day if it were faulty, carrying his finished work to some rich man's house, asking for His wage that He might relieve His mother's care, and leaving without it to come back some other day. So the Master of us all has set the wholesome example of labor to all His disciples; so He has made Himself one unto all generations with them who toil and sweat; so He has dignified and sanctified honest work of every kind—from that of the hand-laborer to that of the poet. They counted it a loss in His day that Jesus had not studied in the schools of the Rabbis at Jerusalem; we are thankful that instead He worked with His hands at Nazareth, and that for His Apostles He chose men whose nerves were calm and strong, whose minds were habituated to the slow, persevering methods of toil.

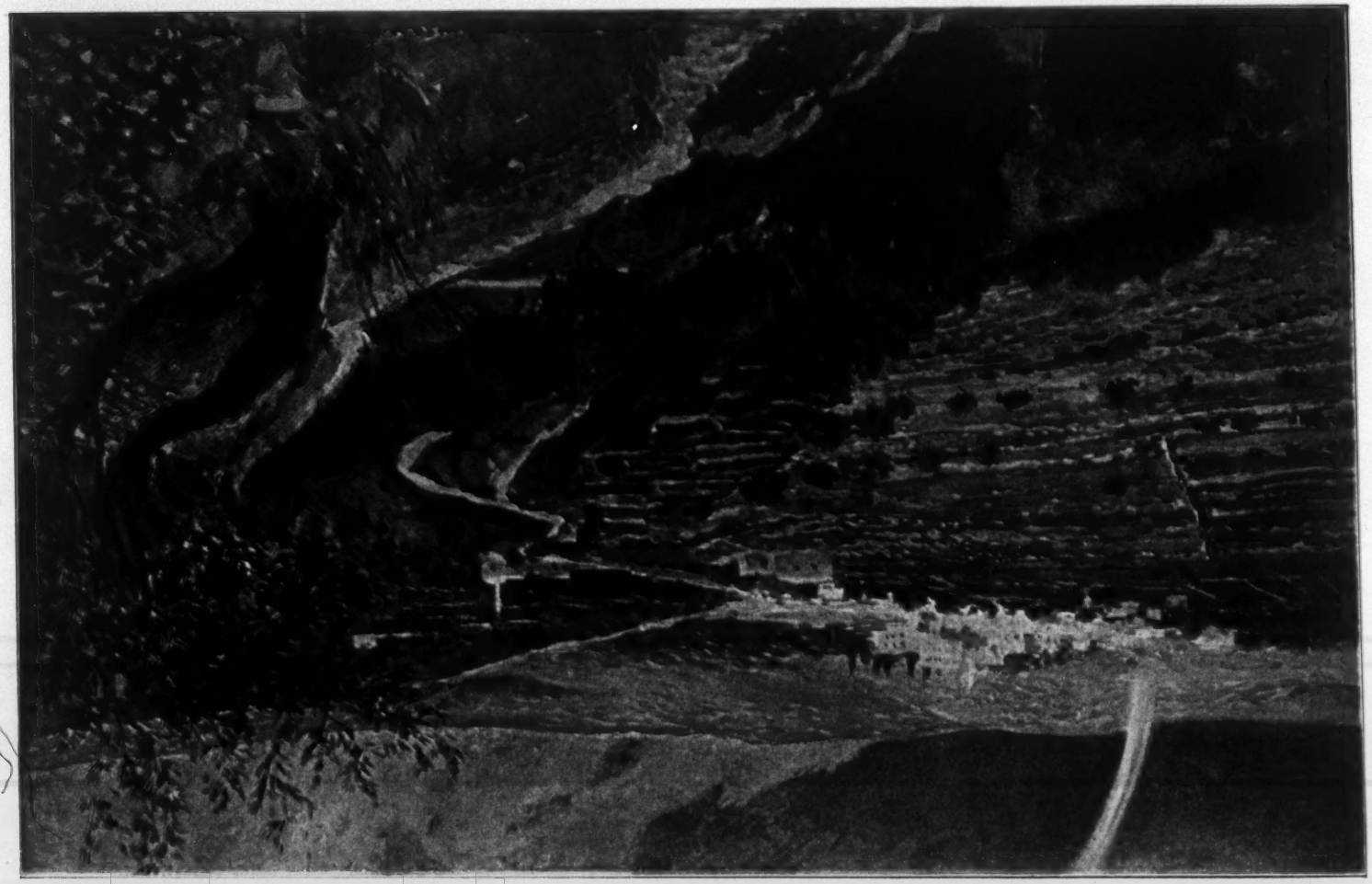
It was also, as we discover from His after-speech, a pure joy and a means of education to the Master that He spent His youth in a highland village. Nazareth itself lies in a valley, but Jesus had only to climb the hillside, and the Holy Land and the very history of Israel was spread out before Him. Beneath, as one looks southward, was the plain of Esdraelon, the site of many battles and glorious deeds, and the mountains of Samaria. To the east Tabor rises from the plain, richly wooded and perfect in its symmetry, whence Barak descended upon Sisera with ten thousand after him, and where the Rabbis thought the Temple ought to have been built. Carmel, where Elijah beat back the forces of paganism, stood out from the shore of the sea, which was another name for the West and whose shores were to see the triumphs of Jesus' Evangel. Northward were the hills round the Sea of Galilee, and distant Hermon, which was ever capped with snow, and made the boundary of the Holy Land.

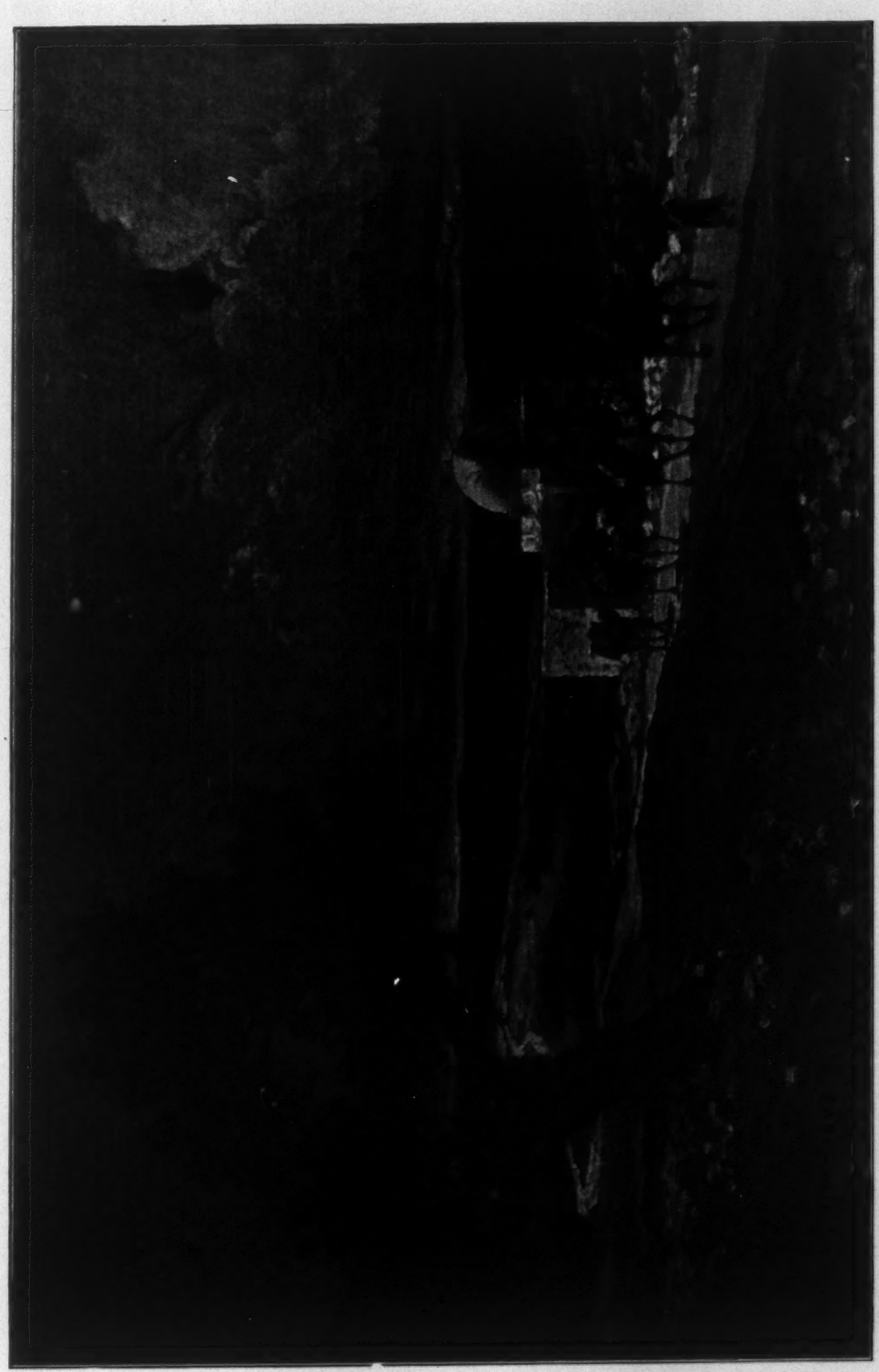
As the Master wandered round the ridge of the cup in which Nazareth lay, with open ear and understanding eye, He gathered that harvest of imagery with which He afterward delighted and instructed His disciples. There He saw the sun rise in grayness over the valley of the Jordan, and go down in red upon the waters of the great sea; the mountain torrent sweeping away the house built on the sand, and the leaves tossed to and fro as the wind blew where it listed; the sower going forth to sow on his four kinds of soil, and the husbandman pruning the vine that it might bring forth more fruit; the mountain flowers fairer than Solomon in all his glory, and the birds for whom His Heavenly Father cared; the fox creeping home to its lair, and the vultures gathering to their prey. From amongst the hills where the air was clear and sweet, from the simple home where Mary made an atmosphere of quiet, from the study of God's word, and from long meditations in the evening and morning hours, Jesus came forth at the Divine call to declare the Father whose voice He had heard in a secret place, and to establish the Kingdom which the Prophets had imagined.

While the call of God is ever incalculable and secret, like the mystery of the winds, yet there is also a certain setting of circumstances, and the first in Jesus' case was His age. One year is not the same as another in the development of human life, but certain are critical and dominant, dwarfing the years before, and swallowing up those to come. The most influential cannot be exactly fixed, since it comes sooner to some and later to others; but when it does arrive, neither can it be mistaken. Come this year when it may, at twelve or sixteen, it closes the door on childhood and opens it on manhood. It was at the age of twelve, according to Jewish law, that a child became a man, and then it was that the slumbering instinct of the Eternal awoke in Jesus, and He realized Himself.

THE FLIGHT (opposite page).—*He took the young child and his mother by night, and departed.*—MATTHEW ii. 14. In the picture the family have just left Bethlehem, going southward. Joseph looks back for fear of pursuers; for the same reason, he has left the highway, and is traveling down a dry water-way over unfrequented paths. "Tradition marks out the route which Joseph took into Egypt to have been by way of Hebron, Gaza, and the desert, which, as the most direct way, is very likely the true one." The authorities differ widely as to the age of Jesus at the time of the Flight, their conjectures ranging from two months to two years. But the better opinion seems to be that He could have been no more than two months old. A word as to the manner of travel in Palestine: I never saw a native woman, in riding, sit any other way than astride the animal. I have often seen a woman thus riding, and holding a little child; the man on foot, leading the way. And I have often seen the man riding, and the woman trudging after, and carrying, not only a child, but some other burden as well.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

AIN KARIM, THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST (page 208).—The identification of this village as the birthplace of John the Baptist is by a tradition not more ancient than the time of the Crusaders. But one is well disposed to accept it as the real place, for nothing could be more striking than its situation in the "hill country" of Juda, about an hour and a half's journey from Jerusalem. The valley which it overlooks is beautiful with its terraces of vineyards. The fig and olive are also abundant, and there are many fine gardens on the slopes. The water of the fountain is so good that in summer people in Jerusalem have it carried in skins for their use.—ARTIST'S NOTE.





Another influence which tells on a youthful soul in the day of its second birth is history. Through his boyhood the lad has lived in the secluded valley where the familiar hills make a horizon, as in Nazareth, and the petty affairs of the village are life—with only an occasional view of the land in its length and breadth and a faint echo of the larger life. The little commune is to him the commonwealth and its heads his heroes. One day he climbs the imprisoning hills, and passes out into the great world, where he finds himself one in the procession of his nation, and the past, studded with mighty deeds, bends over him. It was a Jewish custom of wisdom and felicity that in the year of emancipation a lad should go up to keep the feast at Jerusalem for his journey. Wheresoever he started, a journey through that land of sacred memories would be an education, and his coming to the capital an inspiration. Between Nazareth and Jerusalem Jesus, with Joseph and Mary, would pass through the fertile and lovely plains of Esdraelon, brilliant with flowers; and Shunem would recall Elisha, who in his gentleness and tolerance followed Elijah, as Jesus followed the Baptist; and He would see Gibeah, the birthplace of the first king of Israel, and very likely rest by the well of Jacob, whose spiritual intensity gave a new name to His people. Prophets, kings, and patriarchs would arise and accompany Him on His way, and the purpose of Jewish history, growing from age to age, would become luminous. As the little company sung the Psalms of degrees—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord," or "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say," or "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion"—the inextinguishable hope of the poets of Israel would take distinct shape in Jesus' mind. And when at last the great city burst upon His view, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, and the immense Temple, its massy white and gold glistening in the sunshine—the symbol and center of Jewish religion—then the veil, which had been for years growing transparent, would fade away and disappear from before Jesus' eyes; and He would come to the spiritual realities behind the figures and prophecies of His people's history.

In the awakening of youth perhaps the chief factor is a master. Within a restricted measure this service was rendered to Jesus by the doctors of the Temple when he was at the Feast. The feasts were not merely a round of religious ceremonies: they were also a convention for religious discussion. What time the people did not give to Temple duties they devoted to theology. During the day the doctors sat in council administering the law as the supreme tribunal of the nation, and then in the evening they met, in an outer court of the Temple, any who chose to come and desired to learn. It was a democracy of learning and an open school for the people. With a mysterious future opening before Him and the sound of the Divine Voice in His soul, Jesus found this fountain of knowledge, and was so fascinated that He forgot everything else and allowed His parents to start without Him. It was not till evening that they found that He was not anywhere in the company, which straggled in groups on the homeward way; and when they returned to Jerusalem, it was to see a strange sight. Their son, whose quietness and lowliness were the delight of his parents and the example of Nazareth, was standing in the presence of the chief doctors. Round the old men and the youth a crowd had gathered, and as Mary came near she heard Jesus' voice. He was asking questions and giving answers to questions with such insight and wisdom that the Rabbis were astonished. No one can read the account without keen sympathy, and no one can refuse his imagination some liberty. Who were these favored men to whom the honor came of satisfying the awakening mind of Jesus, and what was the subject of their conversation? Was old Hillel still living?

RACHEL'S TOMB (page 209).—*And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.*—GENESIS XXXV. 19-20. This is one of the few unquestioned historic sites in Palestine. Jacob's pillar served to mark the spot until replaced by other signs. It is now covered by the little Moslem dome. It is on the highway from Jerusalem to Hebron, the highway traveled by man from the earliest times in his journeyings from Damascus and the North to Hebron and Egypt in the South, and is about a twenty minutes' walk from Bethlehem. It is hard to believe that palms and forests once enriched the landscape, for now olive orchards alone relieve the hillsides. Rocks and stones abound, and, with the newly turned earth of the fields, color the hills with a play of gray, red, and green. Along the road, groups of laden donkeys are driven at a trot; and sometimes there is a train of camels in stately procession.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

JESUS LABORING AT HOME WITH JOSEPH AND MARY (opposite page).—*And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.*—LUKE II. 51. I have imagined the carpenter-shop as on the vine-covered porch, or outer court, so common to Oriental houses. I have seen these courts in Nazareth attached even to the smallest houses. The carpenter-shops are usually in the business streets, occupying little alcoves, sometimes no larger than six by ten feet, and the workmen sit before their doors, often holding with their feet one end of the wood upon which they are working. But the use of benches is more common still, and I see no reason why it could not have been as here shown. Tradition places the workshop of Joseph on the edge of the town, overlooking the valley and facing southward. As Nazareth, in all probability, has changed its position but little since Christ's time, this point must have been, as now, far from the business center. The top of Mt. Tabor is seen over the distant hills.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

It was pleasant to think that this kindest and wisest of all Jewish Rabbis, of whose gracious sayings some have found an echo in Jesus' words, had laid his hand on the Master's head and blessed Him—another Simeon receiving the wisdom of God into his heart. Was Shammai, the head of the harder school and Hillel's opponent, in the Temple that day, and did his sternness relax before the sweetness and light of the young Christ? It is almost certain that Gamaliel, so cool and judicious in intellect, and Nicodemus, so fair and candid, would be present and have their part. Are we to suppose that Jesus received clear light and guidance in His Messianic career from the Rabbis, or that their theology left any trace on His thinking? It is hardly necessary to answer this question: one of Jesus' chief faults in Jerusalem was His independence of Rabbinism. Yet it remains a fact of much interest that the awakening of Jesus' intellectual life is to be dated not in Nazareth among the simple village folk, but among the Rabbis in the Temple.

NAZARETH FROM THE SOUTH ACROSS THE VALLEY

This view shows how the town is gradually slipping down the hill. It formerly extended somewhat farther up the slope shown in the background; but it now begins to fill up the little valley and to climb up the opposite, southern, slope.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Jesus' answer to His mother's reproof for tarrying behind and causing her and Joseph delay and anxiety, and His submission—His first recorded action—are both altogether worthy, and struck the keynote of that life which was to move before God and man like a perfect symphony. With astonishment full of respect and affection, He appealed to His mother whether she could not understand His desire to learn the purposes of God, and His necessity to fulfil His Father's will: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" What a sudden and convincing light does Jesus' reply cast on the private conferences of Mary and her Child! How this woman must have spoken of God, and of the religious life, and of the inward call, and the loyalty of the soul, that Jesus was amazed that she did not see her teaching fulfilled that day, and said, "Wist ye not?"

With perfect fitness Jesus might have asked to remain in Jerusalem, and to sit at the Rabbis' feet. We had said that this would have been His best preparation for the office of Prophet, and we would have been short-sighted. For some—a Saul, if you please—this might have been best; for Him the atmosphere and studies of Jerusalem would have been a hindrance, stifling and contracting His soul. For Him it was best that He should be secluded in Nazareth, and live after a simple, humble fashion till all things were ready for His work. Between the Messiah-consciousness now growing within Him and the duty of respect to His earthly parents there could be no conflict in Jesus' soul or life, because His growth was orderly and harmonious. For youth there may be many inspirations which shall be the strength of after years; but the first discipline is obedience, and only he who has learned to wait and submit shall be able to achieve. Jesus heard the voice of God in the Temple, and He went down to Nazareth, and was subject to His parents.

(To be continued.)

ELECTRIC FURNACES

By STURGIS B. RAND

ONLY the outermost margins of the hottest heat and the coldest cold now remain unexplored by the scientific investigator. Professor Dewar of England has come within the mere step of forty or fifty degrees of the point which scientists name the "absolute zero," a region of death and negation, where the vibrations which we recognize as eat do not exist. At the same time, Moissan, Acheson, Siemens, Faure, and others are working with temperatures more than 7,000 degrees away, in a heat so inconceivably intense that it burns and vaporizes every known element. Under heat of this degree steel and nickel and platinum, the most refractory of metals, burn like so much beeswax; the best fire-brick known to furnace-makers is consumed by it like lumps of rosin, leaving no trace behind. It works, in short, the most marvelous, the most incredible chemical transformations. It is the condition under which the most beautiful and wonderful things in the world have been wrought. It made the diamond, the sapphire, and the ruby; it fashioned all of the most beautiful forms of crystals and spars; and it ran the gold and silver of the earth in veins, and tossed up mountains, and made hollows for the seas. It is, in short, the temperature at which worlds were born.

More wonderful, if possible, than the miracles wrought by such heat is the fact that men can now themselves produce it artificially; and not only produce, but confine and direct it, and make it do their daily service. One asks himself, indeed, if this can really be; and it was under the impulse of some such incredulity that I lately made a visit to Niagara Falls, where the hottest furnaces in the world are operated. Here clay is melted in vast quantities to form aluminium, a metal as precious a few years ago as gold. Here lime and carbon, the most infusible of all the elements, are joined by intense heat in the curious new compound, calcium carbide, a bit of which dropped in water decomposes almost explosively, producing the new illuminating gas, acetylene. Here also pure phosphorus and the phosphates are made in large quantities; and here is made carborundum—gem-crystals as hard as the diamond and as beautiful as the ruby. Just now, too, an extensive plant is building for the manufacture of graphite, such as is used in making lead-pencils, lubricants, electrical appliances, stove-blacking, and so on. Graphite has been mined from the earth for thousands of years; it is

pure carbon, first cousin to the diamond. Ten years ago the possibility of its manufacture would have been scouted as ridiculous; and yet in these wonderful furnaces, which repeat so nearly the processes of creation, graphite is as easily made as soap. The marvel-workers at Niagara Falls have not yet been able to make diamonds—in quantities. The distinguished French chemist Moissan has produced them in his laboratory furnaces—small ones, it is true, but diamonds; and one day they may be shipped in peck boxes from the great furnaces at Niagara Falls. This is no mere dream; the commercial manufacture of diamonds has already had the serious consideration of level-headed, far-seeing business men, and it may be accounted a distinct probability. What revolution the achievement of it would work in the diamond trade as now constituted and conducted no one can say.

These marvelous new things in science and invention have been made possible by the chaining of Niagara to the wheels of industry. A thousand horse-power from the mighty falls is conveyed as electricity over a copper wire, changed into heat and light between the tips of carbon electrodes, and there works its wonders. In principle the electrical furnace is identical with the electric light. It is scarcely twenty years since the first electrical furnaces of real practical utility were con-

MR. E. G. ACHESON, ONE OF THE PIONEERS IN THE INVESTIGATION OF HIGH TEMPERATURES.

structed; but if the electrical furnaces to-day in operation at Niagara Falls alone were combined into one, they would, as one scientist speculates, make a glow so bright that it could be seen distinctly from the moon—a hint for the astronomers who are seeking methods for communicating with the inhabitants of Mars. One furnace has been built in which an amount of heat energy equivalent to 700 horse-power is produced in an arc cavity not larger than an ordinary water tumbler.

On reaching Niagara Falls, I called on Mr. E. G. Acheson, whose name stands with that of Moissan as a pioneer in the investigation of high temperatures. Mr. Acheson is still a young man—not more than forty-three at most—and clean-cut, clear-eyed, and genial, with something of the studious air of a college professor. He is preëminently a self-made man. At twenty-four he found a place in Edison's laboratory—"Edison's college of inventions," he calls it—and, at twenty-five, he was one of the seven pioneers in electricity who (in 1881–82) introduced the incandescent lamp in Europe. He installed the first electric-light plants in the cities of Milan, Genoa, Venice, and Amsterdam, and during this time was one of Edison's representatives in Paris.

"I think the possibility of manufacturing genuine diamonds," he said to me, "has dazzled more than one young experimenter. My first efforts in this direction were made in 1880. It was before we had command of the tremendous electric energy now furnished by the modern dynamo, and when the highest heat attainable for practical purposes was obtained by the oxy-hydrogen flame. Even this was at the service of only a few experimenters, and certainly not at mine. My first experiments were made in what I might term the 'wet way'; that is, by the process of chemical decomposition by means of an electric current. Very interesting results were obtained, which even now give promise of value; but the diamond did not materialize.

"I did not take up the subject again until the dynamo had attained high perfection and I was able to procure currents of great power. Calling in the aid of the 6,500 degrees Fahrenheit or more of temperature produced by these electric currents, I once more set myself to the solution of the problem. I now had, however, two distinct objects in view: first, the making of a diamond; and, second, the production of a hard substance for abrasive purposes. My experiments in 1880 had resulted in producing a substance of extreme hardness, hard enough, indeed, to scratch the sapphire—the next hardest thing to the diamond—and I saw that such a material, cheaply made, would have great value.

"My first experiment in this new series was of a kind that would have been denounced as absurd by any of the old-school book-chemists, and had I had a similar training, the probability is that I should not have made such an investigation. But 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and the experiment was made."

This experiment of Mr. Acheson's, extremely simple in execution, was the first act in rolling the stone from the entrance to a veritable Aladdin's cave, into which a multitude of experimenters have passed in their search for nature's secrets; for while the use of the electrical furnace in the reduction of metals—in the breaking down of nature's compounds—was not new, its use for synthetic chemistry—for the putting together, the building up, the formation of compounds—was entirely new. It has enabled the chemist not only to reproduce the compounds of nature, but to go farther and produce valuable compounds that are wholly new and were heretofore unknown to man. Mr. Acheson conjectured that carbon, if made to combine with clay, would produce an extremely hard substance; and that, having been combined with the clay, if it should in the cooling separate again from the clay, it would issue out of the operation as diamond. He therefore mixed a little clay and coke dust together, placed them in a crucible, inserted the ends of two electric-light carbons into the mixture, and connected the carbons with a dynamo. The fierce heat generated at the points of the carbons fused the clay, and caused portions of the carbon to dissolve. After cooling, a careful examination was made of the mass, and a few small purple crystals were found. They sparkled with something of the brightness of diamonds, and were so hard that they scratched glass. Mr. Acheson decided at once that they could not be diamonds; but he thought they might be rubies or sapphires. A little later, though, when he had made similar crystals of a larger size, he found that they were harder than rubies, even scratching the diamond itself. He showed them to a number of expert jewelers, chemists, and geologists. They had so much the appearance of natural gems that many experts to whom they were submitted without explanation decided that they must certainly be of natural production. Even so eminent an authority as Geikie, the Scotch geologist,

on being told, after he had examined them, that the crystals were manufactured in America, responded testily: "These Americans! What won't they claim next? Why, man, those crystals have been in the earth a million years."

Mr. Acheson decided at first that his crystals were a combination of carbon and aluminium, and gave them the name carborundum. He at once set to work to manufacture them in large quantities for use in making abrasive wheels, whetstones, and sandpaper, and for other purposes for which emery and corundum were formerly used. He soon found by chemical analysis, however, that carborundum was not composed of carbon and aluminium, but of carbon and silica, or sand, and that he had, in fact, created a new substance; so far as human knowledge now extends, no such combination occurs anywhere in nature. And it was made possible only by the electrical furnace, with its power of producing heat of untold intensity.

In order to get a clear understanding of the actual workings of the electrical furnace, I visited the plant where Mr. Acheson makes carborundum. The furnace-room is a great, dingy brick building, open at the sides like a shed. It is located only a few hundred yards from the banks of the Niagara River and well within the sound of the great falls. Just below it, and nearer the city, stands the handsome building of the Power Company, in which the mightiest dynamos in the world whir ceaselessly, day and night, while the waters of Niagara churn in the water-wheel pits below. Heavy copper wires carrying a current of 2,200 volts lead from the power-house to Mr. Acheson's furnaces, where the electrical energy is transformed into heat.

There are ten furnaces in all, built loosely of fire-brick, and fitted at each end with electrical connections. And strange they look to one who is familiar with the ordinary fuel furnace, for they have no chimneys, no doors, no drafts, no ash-pits, no blinding glow of heat and light. The room in which they stand is comfortably cool. Each time a furnace is charged it is built up anew; for the heat produced is so fierce that it frequently melts the bricks together, and new ones must be supplied. There were furnaces in many stages of development. One had been in full blast for nearly thirty hours, and a weird sight it was. The top gave one the instant impression of the seamy side of a volcano. The heaped coke was cracked in every direction, and from out of the crevices and depressions and from between the joints of the loosely built brick walls gushed flames of pale green and blue, rising upward, and burning now high, now low, but without noise beyond a certain low humming. Within the furnace —which was oblong in shape, about the height of a man, and sixteen feet long by six wide—there was a channel, or core, of white-hot carbon in a nearly vaporized state. It represented graphically in its seething activity what the burning surface of the sun might be—and it was almost as hot. Yet the heat was scarcely manifest a dozen feet from the furnace, and but for the blue flames rising from the cracks in the envelope, or wall, one might have laid his hand almost anywhere on the bricks without danger of burning it.

In the best modern blast-furnaces, in which the coal is supplied with special artificial draft to make it burn the more fiercely, the heat may reach 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. This is less than half of that produced in the electrical furnace. In porcelain kilns, the potters, after hours of firing, have been able to produce a cumulative temperature of as much as 3,300 degrees Fahrenheit; and this, with the oxy-hydrogen flame (in which hydrogen gas is spurred to greater heat by an excess of oxygen), is the very extreme of heat obtainable by any artificial means except by the electrical furnace. Thus the electrical furnace has fully doubled the practical possibilities in the artificial production of heat.

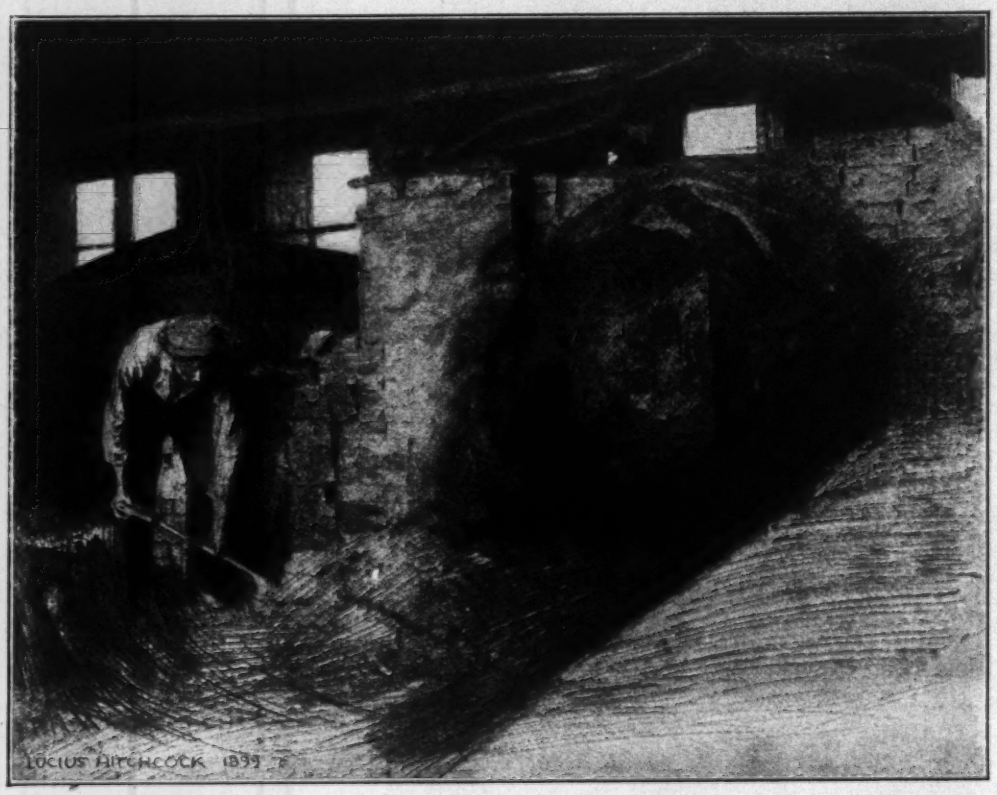
Mr. Fitzgerald, the chemist of the Acheson Company, pointed out to me a curious glassy cavity in one of the half-dismantled furnaces. "Here the heat was only a fraction of that in the core," he said. But still the fire-brick—and they were the most refractory produced in this country—had been melted down like butter. The floors under the furnace were all made of fire-brick, and yet the brick had run together until they were one solid mass of glassy stone. "We once tried putting a fire-brick in the center of the core," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "just to test the heat. Later, when we came to open the furnace, we couldn't find a vestige of it. The fire had totally consumed it, actually driving it all off in vapor."

Indeed, so hot is the core that there is really no accurate means of measuring its temperature, although science has been enabled by various curious devices to form a fairly correct estimate. The furnace has a provoking way of burning up all of the thermometers and heat-measuring devices which are applied to it. A number of years ago a clever German, named Segar, invented a series of little cones composed of various infusible

BLOWING OFF.

"Not infrequently gas collects, forming a miniature mountain, with a crater at its summit, and blowing a magnificent fountain of flame, lava, and dense white vapor high into the air, and roaring all the while in a most terrifying manner."

earths like clay and feldspar. He so fashioned them that one in the series would melt at 1,620 degrees Fahrenheit, another at 1,800 degrees, and so on up. If the cones are placed in a pottery kiln, the potter can tell just what degree of temperature he has reached by the melting of the cones one after another. But in Mr. Acheson's electrical furnaces all the cones would burn up and disappear in two minutes. The method employed for, in some measure, coming at the heat of the electrical furnace is this: a thin filament of platinum is heated red-hot—1,800 degrees Fahrenheit—by a certain current of electricity. A delicate thermometer is set three feet away, and the reading is taken. Then, by a stronger current, the filament is made white hot—3,400 degrees Fahrenheit—and the thermometer moved away until it reads the same as it read before. Two points in a distance-scale are thus obtained as a basis of calculation. The thermometer is then tried by an electrical furnace. To be kept at the same marking it must be placed much further away than in either of the other instances. A simple computation of the comparative distances with relation to the two well-ascertained temperatures gives approximately, at least, the temperature of the electrical furnace. Some other methods are also employed. None are regarded as perfectly exact; but they are near enough to have yielded some very interesting and valuable statistics regarding the power of various temperatures. For instance, it has been found that aluminium becomes a limpid liquid at from 4,050 to 4,320 degrees Fahrenheit, and that lime melts at from 4,940 to 5,400 degrees, and magnesia at 4,680 degrees.

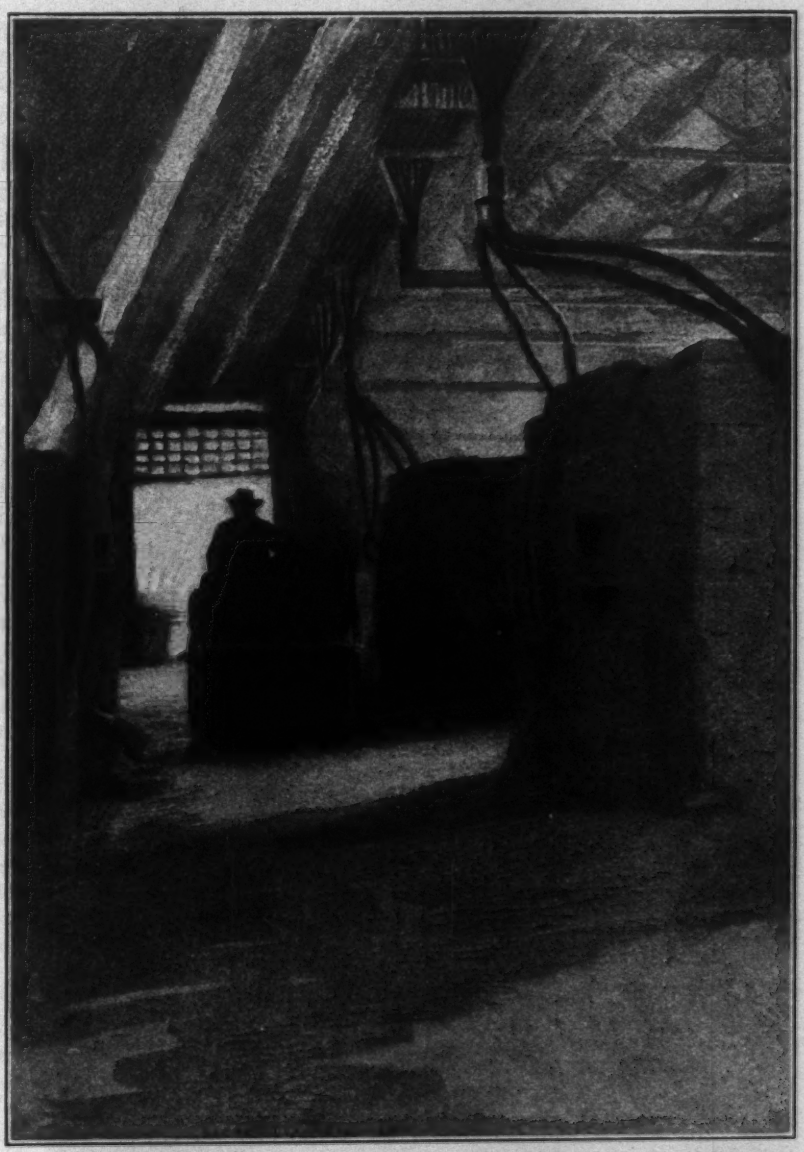


THE INTERIOR OF A FURNACE AS IT APPEARS AFTER THE CARBORUNDUM HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT.

There are two kinds of electrical furnaces, as there are two kinds of electric lights—arc and incandescent. Moissan has used the arc furnace in all of his experiments, but Mr. Acheson's furnaces follow rather the principle of the incandescent lamp. "The incandescent light," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "is produced by the resistance of a platinum wire or a carbon filament to the passage of a current of electricity. Both light and heat are given off. In our furnace, the heat is produced by the resistance of a solid cylinder of pulverized coke to the passage of a strong current of electricity. When the core becomes white hot, it causes the materials surround-

ing it to unite chemically, producing the carborundum crystals."

The materials used are of the commonest—pure white sand, coke, sawdust, and salt. The sand and coke are mixed in the proportions of sixty to forty, the sawdust is added to keep the mixture loose and open, and the salt to assist the chemical combination of the ingredients. The furnace is half filled with this mixture, and then the core of coke, twenty-one inches in diameter, is carefully molded in place. This core is sixteen feet long, reaching the length of the furnace, and connecting at each end with an immense carbon terminal, consisting of no fewer than twenty-five rods of carbon, each four inches square and nearly three feet long. These terminals carry the current into the core from huge insulated copper bars connected from above. When the core is complete, more of the carborundum mixture is shoveled in and tramped down until the furnace is heaping full.



THE FURNACE-ROOM, WHERE CARBORUNDUM IS MADE,—"A GREAT, DINGY BRICK BUILDING, OPEN AT THE SIDES LIKE A SHED."

Everything is now ready for the electric current. The wires from the Niagara Falls power-plant come through an adjoining building, where one is confronted, upon entering, with this suggestive sign:

> DANGER
>
> 2,200 Volts.

Tesla produces immensely higher voltages than this for laboratory experiments, but there are few more powerful currents in use in this country for practical purposes. Only about 2,000 volts are required for executing criminals under the electric method employed in New York; 400 volts will run a trolley-car. It is hardly comfortable to know that a single touch of one of the wires or switches in this room means almost certain death. Mr. Fitzgerald gave me a vivid demonstration of the terrific destructive force of the Niagara Falls current. He showed me how the circuit was broken. For ordinary currents, the

TAKING OFF A CRUST OF THE FURNACE AT NIGHT. THE LIGHT IS SO INTENSE THAT YOU CANNOT LOOK AT IT WITHOUT HURTING THE EYES.

breaking of a circuit simply means a twist of the wrist and the opening of a brass switch. Here, however, the current is carried into a huge iron tank full of salt water. The attendant, pulling on a rope, lifts an iron plate from the tank. The moment it leaves the water, there follow a rumbling crash like a thunder-clap, a blinding burst of flame, and thick clouds of steam and spray. The sight and sound of it make you feel delicate about interfering with a 2,200-volt current.

This current is, indeed, too strong in voltage for the furnaces, and it is cut down, by means of what were until recently the largest transformers in the world, to about 100 volts, or one-fourth the pressure used on the average trolley line. It is now, however, a current of great intensity—7,500 ampères, as compared with the one-half ampère used in an incandescent lamp; and it requires eight square inches of copper and 400 square inches of carbon to carry it.

Within the furnace, when the current is turned on, a thousand horse-power of energy is continuously transformed into heat. Think of it! Is it any wonder that the temperature goes up? And this is continued for thirty-six hours steadily, until 36,000 "horse-power hours" are used up and 7,000 pounds of the crystals have been formed. Remembering that 36,000 horse-power hours, when converted into heat, will raise 72,000 gallons of water to the boiling point, or will bring 350 tons of iron up to a red heat, one can at least have a sort of idea of the heat evolved in a carborundum furnace.

When the coke core glows white, chemical action begins in the mixture around it. The top of the furnace now slowly settles, and cracks in long irregular fissures, sending out a pungent gas which, when lighted, burns lambent blue. This gas is carbon monoxide, and during the process nearly six tons of it are thrown off and wasted. It seems, indeed, a somewhat extravagant pro-

cess, for fifty-six pounds of gas are produced for every forty of carborundum.

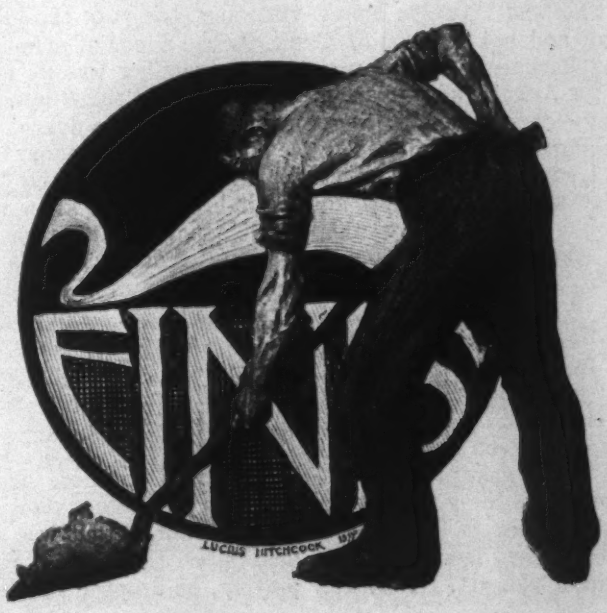
"It is very distinctly a geological condition," said Mr. Fitzgerald; "crystals are not only formed exactly as they are in the earth, but we have our own little earthquakes and volcanoes." Not infrequently gas collects, forming a miniature mountain, with a crater at its summit, and blowing a magnificent fountain of flame, lava, and dense white vapor high into the air, and roaring all the while in a most terrifying manner. The workmen call it "blowing off."

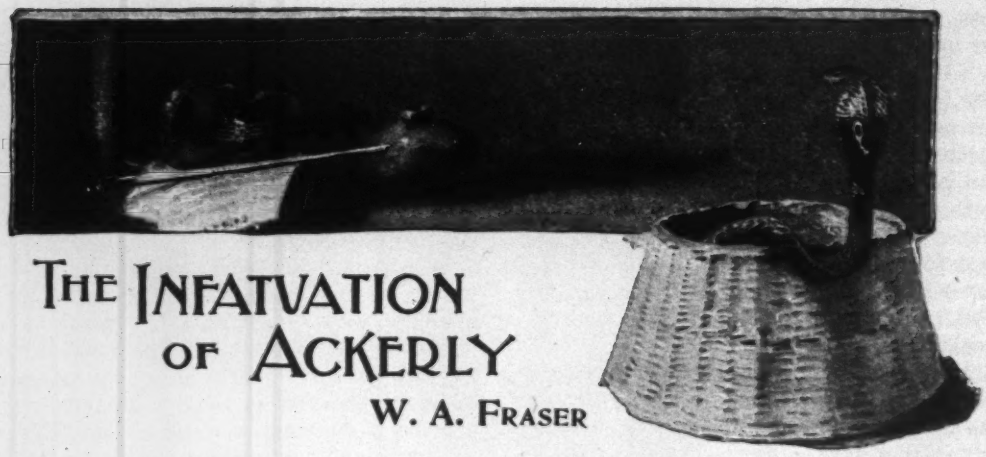
At the end of thirty-six hours the current is cut off, and the furnace is allowed to cool, the workmen pulling down the brick as rapidly as they dare. At the center of the furnace, surrounding the core, there remains a solid mass of carborundum as large in diameter as a hogshead. Portions of this mass are sometimes found to be composed of pure, beautifully crystalline graphite. This in itself is a surprising and significant product, and it has opened the way directly to graphite-making on a large scale. An important and interesting feature of the new graphite industry is the utilization it has effected of a product from the coke regions of Pennsylvania which was formerly absolute waste.

To return to carborundum: when the furnace has been cooled and the walls torn away, the core of carborundum is broken open, and the beautiful purple and blue crystals are laid bare, still hot. The sand and the coke have united in a compound nearly as hard as the diamond and even more indestructible, being less inflammable and wholly indissoluble in even the strongest acids. After being taken out, the crystals are crushed to powder and combined in various forms convenient for the various uses for which it is designed.

I asked Mr. Acheson if he could make diamonds in his furnaces. "Possibly," he answered, "with certain modifications." Diamonds, as he explained, are formed by great heat and great pressure. The great heat is now easily obtained, but science has not yet learned nature's secret of great pressure. Moissan's method of making diamonds is to dissolve coke dust in molten iron, using a carbon crucible into which the electrodes are inserted. When the whole mass is fluid, the crucible and its contents are suddenly dashed into cold water or melted lead. This instantaneous cooling of the iron produces enormous pressure, so that the carbon is crystallized in the form of diamond.

But whatever it may or may not yet be able to do in the matter of diamond-making, there can be no doubt that the possibilities of the electrical furnace are beyond all present conjecture. With American inventors busy in its further development, and with electricity as cheap as the mighty power of Niagara can make it, there is no telling what new and wonderful products, now perhaps wholly unthought-of by the human race, it may become possible to manufacture, and manufacture cheaply.





The Infatuation of Ackerly

W. A. Fraser

A STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA.

ACKERLY was an inspector of police at Thayetmyo, in Burma. He was tall and square and round-cheeked—a splendid specimen; just the sort of man to throttle men who needed it. "Not an ounce of sentiment in his gladiator head," some one said. That was what they thought. In point of fact, his great muscles were wrapped up in sentiment. That was why Mystery held up her cloak and threw a shadow across his path. If the Gomez girl had been beautiful, or even pleasing, the thing that happened might have been put down to the irresponsibility of a full-blooded youthfulness; but the Gomez was short and squat and broad-featured and black. She was "twelve annas in" of Hindoo blood, and not an anna of it had lost any of its darkness. There was nothing to account for Ackerly's infatuation—absolutely nothing—except her playing. That was the one thing she could do—play the violin. When I say *she* could, I must stop and think what a man who knew all about those things once said: "It is not this woman who plays; some spirit comes and uses her hands, that is all." It was like that, too.

The violin, a gentle-walled Cremona, had been in the Gomez family since the time of Pietro, Marie's great-grandfather, who played like an angel, tradition said. And all these years the spirit had lain asleep until Marie's fat hands had cried it into wakefulness. Of course she had learned the thing. A sister was married to an engineer in a rice-mill, and his money had been used freely to teach her the workmanship of the art. That was in Calcutta—she had been sent there. This in itself was a mere bagatelle, the tuition she received, as compared with the spirit that used her hands. It was only the knowledge of perspective an Angelo might use for one of his masterpieces.

Tall, broad-shouldered young men are fairish marks on the matrimonial rifle ranges; and Ackerly had been brought down by about as sweet a girl as any one could very well wish for. That was before he went to Thayetmyo, and it made the infatuation all the more like a piece of the evil goddess Kali's work. I have said that the Gomez's one accomplishment was the violin; but she had another. She could send that same subtle, magnetic influence that thrilled through the vibrating strings of the sobbing violin out to master the minds of animals. The first time Ackerly saw her was at her father's place. Old Gomez had asked him down to see Marie make a king cobra dance; that was the way *he* put it. But, then, old Gomez had no soul for anything beyond the flesh-pots of a rich son-in-law, and so knew nothing about the terrible power that came from the talking strings. A hamadryas is a king cobra; as vicious and as deadly as the capello, and as strong as a boa. But as Marie Gomez drew the bow across the strings of her violin in wailing tones, the king cobra was like a slim, silken ribbon, for the spell of the spirit numbed his vicious mind.

"It's extraordinary," Ackerly thought, as he sat and watched, and listened to the spirits in the violin calling to the king cobra.

And "Boh," that was the cobra's name, understood them too. When Marie ceased playing, he dropped full length on the hard-

beaten ground, a servant threw a basket down, and he glided in. As the Gomez raised her eyes Ackerly looked into them. He should not have done that, for the sighing of the spirits in the music had gone into his muscles and he was ready for the harm that was to come. He tried to remember where he had seen those eyes before; all at once it came back to him—it was that black leopard he had faced in Chittagong once. The leopard had eyes like these.

After this there was no rest for Ackerly; nor, for the matter of that, for his friends. Friends can't see a fine young fellow throw himself to destruction—this is what they said he was doing: though the Gomez was a good enough girl of her kind. All the same, anything but harm for both could scarcely come of it. He couldn't lift her up to walk where she'd get dizzy; she'd only tumble, and there'd be sorrow all over the place. That was the way the friends figured it out, and they had many good precedents on their side of the argument. No white man had ever done it yet; the man had always been dragged down to the level of the other. The friends looked at it from a reasonable, fair-to-all point of view. That was because the spirits in the fiddle hadn't talked to them. Ackerly knew that all they were saying was quite true; but what had that to do with it? When they talked to him, he said they were right; he was no end of a fool, and the girl was as black as his hat—the hat he wore in England. He admitted it all, and cursed the whole Gomez family for a lot of "thugs." But when the spirits that were in the girl sent their voices down through the tamarind trees that stood thick between the two bungalows, calling to him on the wailing violin, he rose, and went and sat where he could look into the eyes that made the cobra droop his head. "Devil's eyes" she had, the friends said; but they haunted Ackerly day and night. They weren't evil, he thought; but that they would work evil for him he knew, just as surely as any of the others.

And when he had come, the short, squat figure would huddle itself close beside him; and the music would talk to him of love and rest; and the sighing of the violin was the sighing of angels; and the sobbing, the crying of wrecked hopes; and the full notes were a godlike majesty; and the low, soft plaint, the whispering of the winds in the gossamer leaves of the tamarind. It was the spirit of something he had not yet known speaking to his soul—the strong young soul that was fresh for impressions—but he did not know this; he didn't *know* anything; he only felt it; and thought it was the figure with the broad, dark face at his side. And the eyes, too; they filled up the picture. Through them the other thing was speaking to him; but again they were the eyes of the figure, and that was all he really had that was tangible—the obese embodiment that felt warm against his side.

Nobody, not even the Gomez, knew about this, the only bit of truth there was in the whole thing. She thought it was for herself the strong-limbed inspector of police came—because he loved her. Had not her sister, who was also fat, married a sahib?—a sahib who drew six hundred rupees a month, more even than the Government paid Ackerly. The Gomezes had always held their heads high since this commercial alliance; and the "six hundred a month" had gone with unvarying regularity toward keeping up the position they fancied they held.

Marie knew that Ackerly's friends were kicking up a *boberie* about it, but that was because they were jealous; there were no other Gomez girls to be had—she was the last. When she tried to talk to Ackerly about these things, he said, "Oh, hush! Get the fiddle." It was that way: when she talked to him, he felt the degradation of his position; when she played, he forgot it. It was like the drunkard hurrying himself under the influence of liquor to shut out the barrenness of being sober.

The king cobra was always about, too. "I believe that he is jealous," Ackerly once said to the Gomez girl. "See the way he looks at me."

"Oh, he won't harm you," replied his companion; "he likes the music, that is all. If I tell him to go live in your bungalow, he will go."

"Don't do that!" exclaimed Ackerly. "He'd strangle me, or else I should kill him."

The squat figure laughed a little, and made a pass at the cobra with her fiddle bow. He raised his head slightly, blew out his hood, and then glided off among the silk leaves of the plantain trees. "I'll send him to your bungalow to-morrow," she said, "to guard it, lest some other girl comes and steals you away from me."

"If you do, I'll shoot him," replied her companion, looking at her with a grave, determined face.

She pulled the bow across the strings of the violin that lay upon her knees, and the note cut through him like a knife. Yes, it

was some one dying, that was the cry that came up from the strings. "You see," she said, looking into his face with those strangely lighted eyes, the leopard eyes, "if you kill Boh, you kill me."

"You must not say such a silly thing as that," he answered angrily; "it's only a cobra, and should be killed."

"No," she said, and the violin was wailing again as the bow touched it tremblingly, "if you kill him, I shall die. I can't tell you about it, but that is so."

And then the violin wailed and moaned, and the cadences of the dirge rose and fell just like the wind sighing through the gaunt cassarina trees, with their harp boughs, which grew down on the salt-sea shore where Ackerly's white girl lived. She let the hand that held the bow suddenly stop, and lie across his wrist, as she said, "And if anything were to happen you, it would be the same, too. I should die."

The hand scorched his wrist; and her voice, which was only the continuation of the plaint that had come from the violin, seared his ears, and lay hot against his soul. It was an accursed thing this; even if she *were* to die, or the whole family were to die, he couldn't wreck everything—his own life, the life of the girl who lived down where the cassarinas grew, and his mother's life. That was *all* so; but strong as these things were, they were not so strong as the other, the voices that spoke to him from the fat hands of the Gomez, and told him to come night after night, and sit where the big black eyes might look into his.

The next day Ackerly heard a soft rustle in the corner of his bedroom. It was Boh. When the inspector saw him, he swore like a proper soldier. That was because the sound of the violin was not in his ears, and he was more or less in his right senses. He took his police sword down, exclaiming: "I'll not stand your nonsense, anyway. It's bad enough to play the fool with a Portuguese half-caste, but when it comes to keeping a menagerie, it's too much of a good thing."

The cobra looked at him sleepily; he felt sure that nothing would happen *him*. Ackerly took two steps toward him, then stopped. "Hang the thing!" he said; "he's harmless, and I suppose I've no right to kill him—there'd be no end of a row over it. He's just crept in out of the sun, I fancy." So he put the sword up, and threw a guava at the cobra. Boh dodged the little round fruit, and glided into a hole in the wall he had already found.

Ackerly thought of what the Gomez had said about sending Boh there to keep his heart true to her. "There's no danger of *that*," he exclaimed angrily; "if any one blacker or uglier than she turns up, there might be a chance."

You see, he used to score himself heavily when he was away from her, trying to break the infatuation, as a man reviles liquor when he is sober. Boh heard him, and spread his hood in anger when he spoke of the Gomez as being black and ugly.

That mail Ackerly got a letter from the girl down by the sea—the white one. There was none of the weird music of the fiddle in it; nothing but plain trust and an undercurrent of love, only discernible by the little eddies it threw to the surface. It made him revile himself, but it helped nothing toward breaking the spell. As he sat on the veranda reading it, Boh came out, glided up on the ironwood rail which ran from post to post, and, lying full length, looked at him questioningly. "Curse the brute!" Ackerly said, and threw his cheroot at the cobra's head.

"Nice chum you've got," a cheery voice laughed, as the owner came through the dining-room. It was Green, the deputy commissioner, who had come in the back way. "The Gomez's pet," he continued, nodding his head carelessly toward Boh as he pulled a chair alongside of Ackerly.

The cobra glided down the post and disappeared. "I've offended him," he added. "They say the beastly thing knows what you say to him. Can't understand why he should have picked up English though; 'chee-chee' *bat* [half-caste *patois*] would be more in his line."

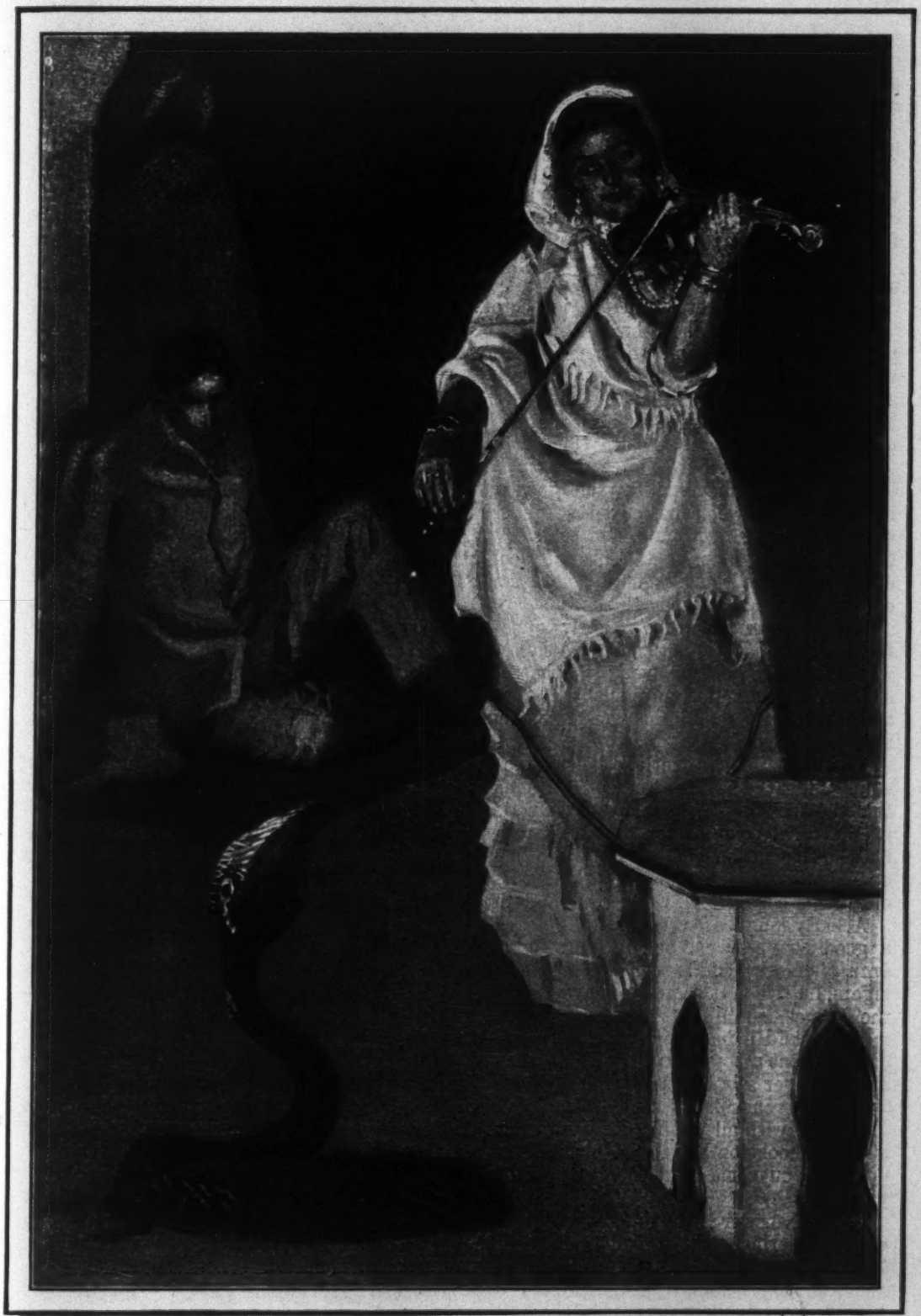
"Have a cheroot, Green?" said Ackerly, holding his cigar-case toward the newcomer.

"I've written to have you transferred to some other place," continued the deputy jerkily as he lighted a cheroot. "If I could only find out where there's a good healthy scourge of cholera on, I'd have you sent there," he added, looking indulgently at the inspector.

"Look here," exclaimed Ackerly, shifting in his chair, "you fellows are bothering your heads confoundedly about me. Leave me alone. I'm all right."

"So was Sanburn," said Green, "and he shot himself at the finish."

"Well," answered Ackerly, "when the order comes, I won't budge. I'm not a griffin



"'IT'S EXTRAORDINARY,' ACKERLY THOUGHT, AS HE . . . LISTENED TO THE SPIRITS IN THE VIOLIN CALLING TO THE KING COBRA."

just out from home, to be ordered about the country by a lot of paternal fellows who have gone through the whole thing themselves, and are sick of it."

"What'll you do?" asked his friend laconically.

"I'll cut the force first; go into something else, where I'll have a little say in my own affairs. I'd like to be my own master for a minute, just to see how it feels."

"You'll never be that if you stay here," asserted Green decisively.

"Here, stop!" broke in the inspector. "I'm sick of the whole business—sick of you fellows lecturing me as though I were worth bothering about. Besides, Green"—and he reached over and laid his hand on his friend's arm, and looked in his eyes with a queer, tired look—"it's no use; I can't help it. We may talk here and say it's a bad business, and I may kick myself good and hard; and then when the spirit that's in that woman finds me out again, and talks to me through that violin or the black, gloomy eyes, the whole thing is upset, and I don't care what you or anybody thinks."

It was a long speech for Ackerly to make, for he wasn't a talking man. Also there was much in it to think over. So they both sat for a few minutes quite silent. At last the friend spoke, and in his words was much unhewn wisdom.

"You're a fool, Ackerly," he said, pointedly; "but the saving grace of the thing is that you know it. If you didn't, it would take magic to save you. You may buck all you like, but if you simply don't lay violent hands on me while I'm busy with it, I'll pull you out of the mire yet."

Ackerly laughed incredulously. "You're a good chap, Green, among your Burmese *kranies* [clerks] and your mud-coated villagers, but when it comes to playing against the Gomez, she'll beat you out. You remember the Hindoo *fakir* who came here one day and sent a boy up a string into the air, and we never saw him again?"

"Yes, I remember," said Green listlessly.

"Well, with all your codes of procedure, and your books on how to do this and how to do that, you couldn't account for it, could you?"

"No," answered the deputy absent-mindedly, wondering what it had to do with the thing in hand.

"And you couldn't bring the boy back again? No, of course you couldn't. Neither can you tell anything about the power this woman uses to send me up a string, if you like. Neither can you bring me back again. That's because your logic is of the West, where you've got to get at the cubical contents of the thing before you can do anything with it. You've got to measure it, and weigh it, and pound it up, and assay it—and then write out a sort of formula about the thing. But this other problem you can't understand, because it's of the East; but it's as simple to these close-to-nature beings as your mathematical rot is to you. There, I have spoken. Let's gallop down to the polo grounds—that's healthier. And also if I ride hard, perhaps I'll break my stupid neck, and it'll save you meddlesome grannies a lot of worry."

As they went out they saw Boh lying under the veranda, his wicked eyes gleaming like two blood-streaked diamonds. "Did the woman give him to you," asked Green, nodding his head sideways toward the cobra, "or did she send him here to keep your mind fixed on her? You're the bird, and he's to keep up the fascination, I suppose."

"I don't know," answered Ackerly carelessly; "he turned up to-day, that's all I know about it." But it wasn't; he knew the violin-player had sent him—he could feel it.

"He's really not a cobra at all," remarked the deputy. "In the books on snakes he goes under another name. I forget what it is: 'Devil,' for choice, I should say."

They played polo, and nobody's neck was broken, not even Ackerly's. After dinner Green called at the policeman's bungalow to lug him off to the Club. "I must amuse this strange animal," he thought, as he went up the steps, "until I break her hold on him."

But Ackerly was gone. "He's over there," muttered the deputy, nodding in the direction from which came dreamy, sensuous music. "I'll go and take part in that *séance*," he told himself. "If there are two of us, it will split up the blessed thing, perhaps."

He found the inspector sitting beside the black Gomez. Of course she was playing to him, just as she had been to the cobra that night. It made Green angry; his anger silenced him. He said, "Good-evening," sullenly, as he came up to them.

Ackerly looked up good-naturedly, and pointed to a big chair. "I suppose you want me. I'll come with you in a minute. Sit down," he said. He nodded toward Marie, and ejaculated, "Play!" for she had stopped.

As Marie played, the deputy's anger slipped away from him. He tried to think of why

he had come; tried to remember why he was angry. But the melody was of green fields and sunshine, and water splashing over the rocks, and of birds; and nothing else there

When she ceased playing, and there was only the squat, dark-faced figure bulging misshapenly in the white muslin dress, he thought of the unholiness of it all. Surely it was

"SHE LET THE HAND THAT HELD THE BOW SUDDENLY STOP, AND LIE ACROSS HIS WRIST, AS SHE SAID, 'AND IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN YOU, IT WOULD BE THE SAME, TOO. I SHOULD DIE.'"

—nothing only love. It was the song of a love-dream. He sat a long time watching the fat hands caressing the spirit-voiced violin, and wondering why he had been angry at all, why the thing was wrong.

something to undertake, the redemption of his friend from this mystic spell. "Come along, old chap," he said rudely, getting up and putting his hand on Ackerly's shoulder; "we promised to meet the colonel at the

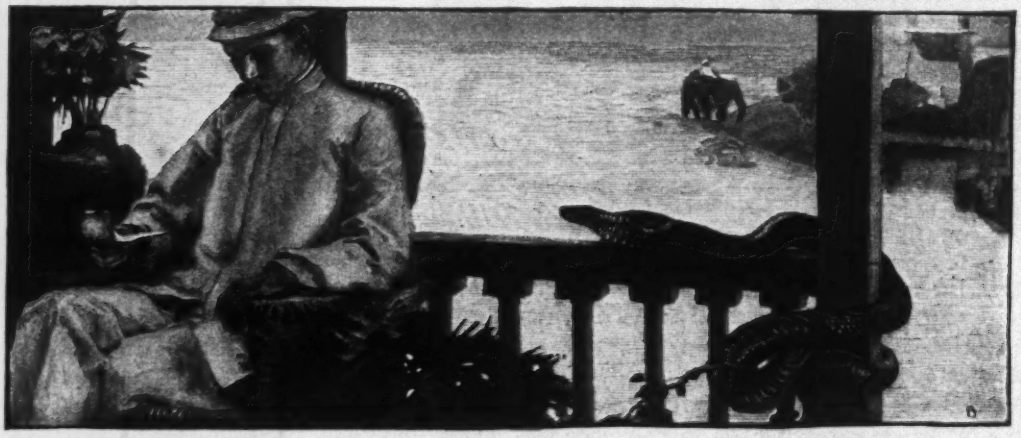
"THEN ONE DAY JESS CAME."

Club at ten o'clock, and you've forgotten all about it." That was an impromptu lie, but Green knew he'd never do penance for it. The fair-haired boy beside him was worth a great deal more than that, if he could bring him back to his senses.

"Don't preach," commanded Ackerly, as they swung along the hard road together. "You've seen what you've seen, and you're going to do something; but don't preach, it's no good."

That was why Green said never a word for days to his friend about the Gomez, but stuck close to him, until the inspector began to almost hate the sight of his face. "You're too friendly," he said fretfully. "I'm sure you're neglecting your villagers looking after me."

That was because the influence wasn't good for his nerves and he was getting irritable. Green wasn't trying to cure him that way; he was only holding him in check until the *coup d'état* he had planned should come off. He had worked out the saving of Ackerly with his wife. "A woman is worth a dozen men in a case of this kind," he said to himself. To her he said, "I want you to help me a little. Ackerly is in a bad way; something has got to be done pretty quick. If they trap him with a marriage it will be too late. I've written to have him transferred as far as they can send him. The correspondence is only just nicely under way as yet, and I have received fourteen communications from three different departments about the matter. And it appears that I have nearly ruined the man's character as



"AS HE SAT ON THE VERANDA READING IT, BOH . . . GLIDED UP ON THE IRONWOOD RAIL . . . AND . . . LOOKED AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY."

an officer; also considerably damaged my own as a man of sense, I think. They want me to specify my charges against him. Has he been looting or taking bribes? Is it drink? Has he been banging the natives about? Or is he simply inefficient? One department intimates that he is not supposed to take orders from me, and if he has been insubordinate, it serves me right. At any rate, they are not paying traveling allowance for officials from one end of Burma to the other, simply because somebody wishes somebody else shifted, they say. One man who seems to have got an inkling of what's in the wind —inkling! I thought I had put it as plain as I dared—writes that the Government is not a maternal institution, looking after hair-brained youngsters and keeping them out of matrimonial entanglements. I should say they weren't; but they'd weed him out quick enough if he married the Gomez."

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Green, "you've got to send for the other one; that's the only way. She'll come quickly enough, too. She loves this soft-headed youngster, and she has sense enough to lift him out of this business."

That was the *coup d'état* that Green was holding Ackerly in check for. Ackerly was leading a haunted life. Green stuck to him with a feverish intentness. "I must hold him till Jess comes," he thought. "Jess" was the girl.

On the other side, Boh had nested in the inspector's house; and often when he fancied he was breaking away from the spell a little, the devil eyes of the cobra would peer at him from some hole, and he could feel that the Gomez saw him, and was reproaching him. Of course he went many times over to the other bungalow. Sometimes the violin called to him down through the tamarinds, sometimes the dark eyes beckoned to him out of the night.

Then one day Jess came. She stopped with the Greens, as had been arranged. They took Ackerly in hand with a proprietary right, but with much diplomatic gentleness; that was Mrs. Green's doing. The Gomez knew the other had come, and *why*. She talked to her violin, and it wailed back; and the big gloomy eyes looked at Boh, and he too knew. It was all of the spirits that worked through the fat hands which caressed the strings of the throbbing violin.

"How is it going, Jack?" Mrs. Green asked her husband. "Does he go there now?" That was two or three days after Jess had come.

"I think not," replied Green. "Looks as though it's broken up."

He was right in a way. Ackerly had not gone to the Gomez's since Jess came; but it was not broken up, not by a great deal. The young fellow was only torturing his soul that he might be a man for three or four days. He talked to Jess in the evening, and then went to his own bungalow, and the sobbing violin carried its tale of anguish to him through the heavy Burmese night. When its plaint came to him, he went out, and lay on the damp earth, and moaned in his bitterness of spirit, "Oh, God, kill me before I become utterly vile!" That was because he knew that only a little longer would the power of Jess keep him from the spell.

Boh only knew what the violin cried: that for three nights his mistress Marie had sat with hot, scorched eyes and low-drooped head. The fourth night from the coming of Jess, Ackerly and Green sat late on the veranda of the latter's bungalow. Jess had gone to bed, and Green had kept his friend there long into the night. "Have you seen Boh about here lately?" asked Ackerly, trying to speak carelessly. "He's cleared out from my bungalow, and I was afraid that—that——"

"The Gomez had whispered to him about Jess, eh?" continued Green, as Ackerly stumbled in his speech.

"No; but he's quite likely to come over here from my bungalow. I wish you'd keep an eye open for him, and if he bothers, club him away."

Then Ackerly thought of what Marie Gomez had said about sending Boh to prevent his falling in love with any other girl. What if there was anything in that and Boh should revenge his mistress on Jess? He was still in this train of thought when he was startled by Jack's wife gliding toward them with a fright-blanched face. "Jess!" she gasped. "The cobra!"

Ackerly knew; his thoughts had just been of it. "Quick, Green, your twelve-bore!" he ejaculated with subdued earnestness. Green handed him his gun, and they hurried to Jess's apartment. Ackerly knew exactly what he should find; he knew just what Boh would do.

At the door he stopped. On the dressing-table a lamp was burning, and by its light he saw Boh's flat, arched head, with the wicked, gleaming eyes, erect and motionless, not two feet from Jess's face; the body of the cobra was coiled up on her breast. Jess was awake; her eyes moved; but for that she was perfectly

motionless. "Don't be frightened, little woman," he said tenderly; "I am going to shoot, but don't move."

Then without raising the gun—for he saw the evil in the cobra's eyes—he fired point blank from his hip. The report was terrific in the closed room, and the heavy pall of the sulphurous smoke shut out the sight of everything. He sprang forward, and his strong arm swept the girl, covers and all, from the bed. There was really no hurry, for Boh was stone dead, his ugly head shot to pieces.

Green had never arranged for that act in his *coup d'état*. Whether it was the death of Boh or not, I am not prepared to say; but the mystery and power had passed away from the Gomez from that time. Marie didn't die physically, as she had said she would, with the death of Boh; but the other, the greater, died. The spirits called no more to Ackerly from the strings of her violin.

THE LUCK OF THE NORTHERN MAIL.

THE STORY OF A RUNAWAY BOY AND A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

By Alvah Milton Kerr.

SOILED, sunburned, and gray with dust, he reluctantly entered the gate leading to a small house not far from the railway. Poplars stood about the humble structure, and back of it Oregon pines hung like a green cloud on the lifted forehead of a mountain. A gray-haired woman, bending over some sewing, sat in a rocking-chair upon the porch of the house. The dusty youth approached her timidly, his battered hat in hand. The woman started, looked up, and peered hard at him over her glasses. "We don't want any tramps 'round here," she said in dry, severe tones.

The boy hesitated, twisting and rolling up his hat in embarrassment. "I'm not a tramp, missus. I'm a thief—that is, they charged me with stealin' money that I didn't steal, an'—an' I'm tryin' to get away," he stammered. "I ain't got a cent, an' I ain't had anything to eat since yisterday mornin'. I don't like to beg, but—but——"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the woman; "you do look weak an' awfully petered out. Come in here, and set down."

The youth approached, and sank down upon the porch steps.

"Come up an' set on a cheer," said the woman, "an' I'll get you somethin' t' eat."

The boy stirred restlessly. "No, thank yeh, I ain't—I ain't so very clean," he said; "I'd ruther set here."

The woman's face softened as she turned and entered the house. Presently she returned, bringing several dishes of food. "I'll just set 'em before you here on the steps," she said. "I reckon y'll enjoy things best that way."

"Oh, missus—" the boy began, a world of gratitude and eagerness in his voice, then suddenly fell to eating in wild, half-famished fashion. The woman, mercifully, did not look at him, but continued her sewing. When the wayfarer had finished, she placed the empty dishes on a chair, and again seated herself. "Did you come through Borpee?" she inquired, a smile hovering about her mouth.

"The town 'bout two miles back there?"

"Yes, that's Borpee."

"Yes, I come through it. I didn't stop long," in a rueful tone.

The woman laughed. "I reckon you didn't," she said. "It's awful the way they treat—treat tramps up t' town. You see, the town board had a fuss with the railroad. They passed an ordinance that the railroad must stop all trains at Borpee, on account of the town havin' give 'em the right o' way. So the railroad men got up a scheme to make the town sick of its bargain by bringin' every tramp from the north that they can get hold of an' dumpin' 'em out in Borpee. Sometimes there's a hundred put off the train there at one time, folks say. The town folks try to make the tramps stay on the trains, and they have a great time."

"I understan' now," said the youth. "That's why the trainmen was good to me all the way from Portland an' then kicked me off at the town. I tried t' get back on, but one of 'em kicked me in the face, an' I had to let go."

"Is that how you got that bruised place on y'r cheek?"

"Yes," and his soiled fingers clenched involuntarily.

"It's mean as—as *dirt*," said the woman hotly. "What might y'r name be?"

"Saul Banks. The boys back in Painter District used to call me Sorrel, 'cause my hair's red."

"'Tain't so *very* red," said the woman gently. "Where's Painter District?"

"Back in Wisconsin. It's a school district in the country. It's most all woods there." A wistful look came into his eyes.

"Y'r people live there?"

"Not many now—on'y a uncle."

"Where's y'r father an' mother live?"

"I ain't got any; they're dead."

"Long?"

"Since I was five or six year old. They was—was burned in a big forest fire, back there."

"In Wisconsin?"

"Yes. The woods got afire for miles an' miles an' miles 'round us. Mother an' pap hid me in a hole in the bank of a creek, an' I was saved; but they—they burned. Pap's brother tuck me to raise, but after a while he treated me so bad I couldn't stay, an' I run off. I guess I wasn't very good," and Sorrell rolled his twisted hat back and forth on his ragged knee and looked away.

"But you didn't steal?" queried the woman, looking at him over her glasses.

A flush came into the youth's freckled, dusty face. "No, on'y sometimes melons or apples t' eat, jus' for fun. Most boys do that, yeh know."

"Yes, but you was charged with stealin' somethin' else, you said."

Sorrell hesitated a moment. "Yes, that was money," he said. "I run off from Uncle Reuben's early this spring an' come West. I wanted to get to Aunt Lucy's—she's mother's sister, an' lives down at Sacramento, in California—an' so I got to St. Paul, an' beat my way over the railroad out into Washington State. I had a awful hard time. I went t' work on a wheat ranch up in the Palouse country t' get money t' pay my way down the coast to Aunt Lucy's. There was a lot of men workin' on the ranch, an' one young feller named Sime Saucer, 'bout my age an' size. Him an' me run together all the time. 'Bout two weeks ago, Mr. Young, the ranch man, was goin' t' pay the men off, an' brought a lot of money out from the bank—three or four hundred dollars, I guess. That night somebody stole it. They suspected Sime an' me, an' Sime he lit out; but the sheriff nabbed me, an' tuck me over to a town on the railroad, an' jugged me. The jail wasn't much account, though, and the second night I got out and made tracks for California. I've got this far. I want t' get down to Aunt Lucy's, but I don't know; I s'pose the sheriff'll be there watchin' for me." He ended with a note of hopelessness in his voice.

"Did the folks at the ranch know about y'r wantin' t' go to Sacramento?"

"Sime did, an' mebbe some of the others did, too. I'm goin', anyhow. I've made up my mind." He rose stiffly to his feet. "I'm much obliged to you, missus; I was mighty hungry." He started toward the gate.

"Wait jus' a minute," said the woman, hastily rising and entering the house.

Sorrel stood fidgeting. After a little time the good soul returned, in her hand some bread and butter and pickles and meat, tied up in a clean handkerchief. "When the vittles are gone, you can have the handkerchief," she said in kindly voice, "and here's a little money. It's all I got in the house jus' now, or I'd give you more. I hope they won't never find you."

Sorrel's lips began to quiver. "I don't want the money," he said huskily. "I couldn't take that. But I'd like the vittles, for—for I was awful hungry."

She reached the money toward him. "You'd best take it; you'll need it," she said.

"No, I'm all right," he replied, and started hastily toward the gate. There he turned, and awkwardly took off his hat. "I'm much obliged. I'll tell Aunt Lucy how—how good yeh was," he said.

"Good-by; take keer of yourself," said the woman.

"Good-by. I'll try to."

The woman turned toward the house wiping her eyes with the corner of her gingham apron, while Sorrel trudged southward along the track, a fugitive from the law, but happier than he had been for days.

Near sundown he came to a little box-like station in a narrow gulch, but there seemed to be no one in charge. "I reckon the trains don't stop here," he said wearily, and after a moment's rest plodded onward. Twilight descended, purple and shadowy, and slowly merged into darkness. He sat down, and took some food from the handkerchief, and ate it; then stumbled onward again. Presently an enormous red moon rolled up over a mountain-top, and dropped its wan light into the ghostly cañons. "I must find a place where the trains stop," he kept saying to himself, and pushed onward. He

crossed long trestles, hearing streams roaring far below; passed through cuts blasted from the rocks, and heard the cries of night birds and wild animals rise weirdly from the cloud of pines on the mountain-sides. He felt inexpressibly lonesome, save when at long intervals trains thundered by, filling the silent mountain gorges with a thousand clapping echoes, and leaving the solemn hush more deep and heavy than before.

At last he came to a strip of bench-land, a side-track, and long ricks of corded wood. "Here's where trains wood up," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and crept in behind a rick and laid down to wait. He was dead tired, and despite all his efforts to beat back the numbing tide of sleep, its soft waves flowed over and engulfed him. Presently he sat up with a thrill of fear and expectation; a train was drawing in on the siding. He cautiously drew himself up, and peered over the top of the rick. The train was a long one, a string of flat cars loaded with something that looked like a mixture of sand, gravel, and broken stone. At the forward end of the train panted a great 120-ton mogul engine, with the moonlight glinting softly on her polished jacket; at the rear end was a stubby caboose, its red and green lights gleaming. Sorrel could dimly make out that the conductor was standing on the front steps of the caboose. The rear brakeman was going forward.

"Look out for hoboes, Jim," shouted the conductor. "If you see any of 'em trying to get on, you just paralyze 'em!"

Nevertheless, when Sorrel had noted the conductor's withdrawal into the caboose, and had listened a moment to the men plugging the wood into the engine tender, he crept round the end of the rick and up into one of the flat cars. Sinking prone on his stomach, he hastily scraped back some of the earthy conglomerate from along one of the side-boards of the car, rolled into the depression, and covered himself up as best he could with the broken stuff. After a little time the mogul roared "off brakes," the couplings clanked sharply, and the train jarred and rumbled away through the echoing defiles.

Sorrel, lying snugly and, save for his face, quite covered by the crushed and mealy matter, smiled and whispered, "I'm all right. This must be a train of low-grade ore goin' down t' the reduction works in California, or somewhere else;" in which apprehension Sorrel did not err: the train would ultimately have borne him to Sacramento, had not fate stored up a very great disaster for it and willed that Sorrel should enter into a new and broader career.

After a time Sorrel's busy thoughts fell quiet, and he slept. Twice a brakeman passed his rough couch, wading through the yielding mass of crushed volcanic rock toward the caboose, but without dreaming that a human being lay almost under his feet. Hours passed, and finally the tired fugitive awoke. The stars were fading from the sky, and a curling film of rose was creeping up the east. The boy lifted his head a little, and glanced around. They were still in the mountains; but while he slept the train had made its way out of one mountain district, had traversed the valley of the Rogue River, and was now climbing into the Klamath Range. On every hand rose the pine-covered shoulders and craggy elbows of the mountain-land, a heaped and tumbled chaos of steeps and far-reaching heights, touched with the filmy flush of dawn. Sorrel could not say whether they had entered California or were still in Oregon. He sighed, dropped his head back on its pillow of stone, and lapsed into a doze.

A train overcomes the resistance of a mountain much as a sailing-vessel overcomes a head wind on the sea. Both tack to right and left, and force the very thing that opposes them to aid them to the desired achievement. It was thus the great mogul engine scaled the range, following the track wherever it twisted, to right and left, doubling back and curving forward again, plunging through cañons and tunnels, curving around jutting spurs, yet always steadily ascending toward the summit and the clouds.

When Sorrel awoke again, he saw a world of mountain-tops below him, heaped and strangely beautiful in the yellow glory of the early morning. He partly turned his body, and, propping his chin in his hands, looked ahead. He could see the top of the cab and the smokestack of the mogul swaying softly. Evidently they had passed over the summit, for the speed of the train was momentarily increasing. He wondered where they were. Had he known, and could he have foreseen what lay before them, he would not have slipped his hand into the handkerchief and cautiously drawn forth a piece of meat and munched it, as he did, thinking gratefully the while of its gray-haired giver. The meat tasted sweet in his mouth. "Wish I had a mother like her," he mumbled. "Wonder how Aunt Lucy looks? Hope she's good."

The downward inclination of the track was very pronounced. For thirty miles ahead of

the train there was a continuous fall, a tremendous whip-lash of steel winding round the mountain-sides, over streams, through tunnels, down cañons, through abysses, until it fell at last across the waters of the Klamath, and began to climb away to mount the base of snow-capped Shasta. Like some sort of jointed monster with mighty iron head, the long train went downward, roaring and swaying and undulating continuously like a racing snake, as it followed the never-ceasing curves. Sorrel munched at the meat contentedly. It was not half bad, this swimming without effort down the steeps of the swelling range.

Suddenly there came a pealing roar from the mogul, a wild shout for brakes! The drawheads crashed together along the train, and involuntarily Sorrel jumped to his feet. The train was rounding a shattered shoulder of the mountain, a point where the footing for the track had been blasted from the rock. On the left, a splintered wall of stone swept p vard; on the right, the ground fell downward, thick with pines and the strewn *débris* of the blasting. Not fifty feet ahead of the engine Sorrel saw a huge wedge of stone protruding from the shattered wall; with the same look he saw the fireman leap out from the gangway of the mogul and turn in the air as he went downward among the trees. The next instant, with a tearing crash, the smokestack, sand-chest, whistle, bell, and cab were swept from the top of the engine. Sorrel saw the engineer whirl backward in the flying wreck of the cab, and caught a glimpse of something red gushing from the man's mouth. The next moment the boy flung himself face downward on the crushed stone in the car. He threw one frightened glance upward as the protruding tongue of rock flashed above him; then turned his head, and saw the caboose meet it. With a splintering crash it sheared half-way through the sturdy car, flinging a brakeman into the air from the cupola and tearing the drawhead and couplings apart as if they were cotton strings. With a lurch the caboose whirled half-way round, fell upon its side, and slid down the rocky dump. The next moment Sorrel lost sight of it as the train passed around the bend.

Quivering from head to foot, he got to his feet and looked round him. On the right, the mountain-side swept downward by gentle slopes and sharp plunges for seemingly the distance of a half mile; on the left, it towered upward beyond his vision. The train was rushing along a descending groove in the mountain-side. With a cold thrill of fear and horror he realized that he was alone on the runaway train. Smoke was pouring from the hole in the engine where the stack had been torn off, a white and hissing plume of steam spurted from the whistle-pipe, the cars rocked and battered together, and all went roaring headlong, entirely without control. "I must git offen this thing," said Sorrel, turning round and round. "First thing I know it'll jump the track an' go down the mountain."

With staring eyes he climbed over the sideboard, looking wildly for a place where he might jump clear of the ties. "It'll kill me sure if I jump among them rocks," he half whispered. "I better stay here."

But a moment later he saw a long dump of dirt and gravel, and dropping his body low over the sideboard, flung himself outward. With a swimming, awful sense he went over and over through the air and struck the yielding slope and shot downward. Bruised and half-conscious, he scrambled to his feet among some bushes, fifty feet from the track. In his excitement he turned and made directly up the dump, digging his toes in the shaly mass and gasping for breath. In a few moments he was on the track, brushing the dirt from his mouth and eyes.

"Some of them fellers must 'a' been killed back there," he panted; then suddenly held his breath and listened. He could still hear the doomed train madly following the great groove downward. As he turned about excitedly, his mind in a maze of emotions and half-formed purposes, he saw the cuts and fills and shining rails of a track on the mountain-side below him. Seemingly it was a thousand feet below the ground where he was standing. He looked puzzled.

"Oh, I see," he panted; "the track runs clean around the mountain's top and comes out lower down. That same train will go by down there in a few minutes. What's that down there on the bench? That's a side-track an' a wood-yard. Why, there's a passenger train comin' up the mountain!"

An invisible hand seemed to clutch Sorrel's heart and take it from him; his pulses seemed to stop. "That runaway train'll go plumb through that passenger," he gasped. "It'll never leave a thing of 'em on the track."

The imperiled train was possibly two miles distant, but, seen through the clear mountain air, it looked to be much nearer. It was the Northern Mail, scheduled to meet the train the mogul was pulling at the spur on the mountain-side. The ore train would reach the spur in time, but the hand whose

function it had been to close the mogul's throttle was lifeless now, and the brakeman who had expected to throw the switch was lying among the rocks with a gashed forehead and a broken leg.

Sorrel stood still a moment, all unconscious of the sweet air in his nostrils, the glory of morning on the mountain heights, and the vast panorama spreading away from his feet. The picture of the Northern Mail, curving and straightening, glinting and hiding and reappearing, as it climbed toward the summit, enthralled him. A burning flight of awful things swept through his mind. In a few minutes the beauteous scene would darken with unspeakable tragedy. The monster mogul would crash through the on-coming train, and hurl everything into ruin. A hundred happy human beings would be rent and battered in the grind and crush, and rail and rock would be reddened with blood.

Like one breaking from a horrible dream, Sorrel suddenly started, paused hesitatingly, then plunged down the gravelly slope into the woods. His freckled face looked white, his dust-rimmed eyes were wide and glowing. "If I can on'y git down to that spur in time an' can git the switch open!" he was saying, as he lunged through fallen tree-tops and over boulders and down shelving breaks. He seemed not far from the lower track when he stopped in consternation; he had all but rushed over the edge of a break which dropped sheer downward for apparently fifty feet. It looked as if he might step from the edge directly into the tops of the pines below. With a strange, whining cry he ran along the brink of the precipice, looking wildly for some place where he might descend. He wasted only a few seconds in the search; then flung himself over the edge, and began hurriedly working his way downward, clinging to vine and bramble and ledge as he went. In his heart burned so hot a haste, the need of speed was so great, the responsibility that lay upon him was so overwhelming, he could not be careful. Suddenly his feet slipped, his clinging fingers jerked the vine-growth from the rocks, and he whirled backward into space. The unconscious cry which springs of mortal terror had scarcely left his throat when he felt himself strike and a dizzying pain shoot through his frame. He grasped some object, and turned himself; he was hanging in the fork of a tree! Instantly he pulled himself loose, and slipped rapidly to the ground. Here he found the wood more open and the railroad track in sight, and he ran forward with all his might, stooping half-way to the ground. Something was the matter with his side. He was dimly conscious of terrible pain, but he could not stop. He must beat the mogul to the switch. He was running a race with death.

Almost falling, he came down upon the track. As he crossed it he heard the thunder of the runaway train. With a half-dozen mad bounds he was at the switch. He tore at the lock in a kind of insanity. How should he ever get it loose? Suddenly he snatched up a heavy stone, and delivering blow upon blow, beat the lock to pieces. Jerking out the pin, he threw the lever round, pinned it again, and leaped back, all his features wild and working. The next moment the train burst round a bend in a storm of noise. Some of the upper works of the huge engine were lying along the boiler-top, and she looked like some mighty animal rushing forward with ears laid back in rage. Sorrel drew farther away, bending almost double, his mouth white and puckered, his eyes staring. With deafening roar the engine and train rushed on to the spur. Nothing short of a solid mountain-wall seemed capable of stopping these unbridled bolts of force. The bunting-post at the end of the spur was swept away like a reed, and the whole train, led by the great ram, went headlong down the sloping mountain-side.

Should Sorrel Banks live a thousand years he would not forget that spectacle. Trees leaped from their roots, great spurts of ore-bearing stone shot into the air, about the mogul whirled a chaos of broken things, a crackling thunder followed it. Sorrel bent forward, gaping, speechless. Down, down the train plunged, cutting through everything, until, a quarter of a mile away, he saw the mogul leap clear of the earth, and streaming fire from her open furnace-door, turn once in the air; and then he heard her fall with an appalling crash at the bottom of a cañon. A number of the cars leaped upon her, some rolled over sidewise near the brink. Then silence fell.

Sorrel, pale and laboring for breath, turned toward the track. The Northern Mail stood not 200 feet south of him. A dozen men were running toward him. He turned round and round; he seemed somewhere in a horrible dream. The engineer of the Mail was first to reach him.

"Tell us! What's going on here?" he panted.

Sorrel stood bending forward, his hands clutching his side. His twisted mouth worked dryly; his poor, soiled clothes were sadly

torn; his hands and face were streaked with blood. "I turned her down the mountain," he whispered hoarsely. "I s'pose that hankercher with th' bread an' meat in it went down there, too. I didn't git through eatin'."

He turned his glazing eyes around at the wondering men, put one of his hands to his throat, and suddenly plunged forward upon his face. The blue-clad conductor pushed through the crowd, followed by the sheriff from Palouse. At the same moment a dusty youth crept from his hiding-place on the forward truck of the mail car and came up the track. The conductor and most of the others were panting. There was wild talk and exclamations. Sorrel lay limp and still.

"I was hunting for that boy," said the sheriff. "I've been down to Sacramento; couldn't find him, and was coming back."

The conductor of the ore train, hatless, white-faced, and with a dangling arm, burst out from the trees, and came suddenly down upon the track.

"Hello, Andy," cried the conductor of the Northern Mail, "what is this? Where's your train?"

The pale fellow looked wildly about him. "Some one throwed the switch, then! I was trying to get here to do it. She's gone down the mountain! I'm glad of that. I expected t' find you all killed. A rock slipped out of Twiller Head, and tore the top works of the engine off and wrecked the caboose. Several of the boys hurt—maybe killed; I didn't wait to see. Who turned the switch?"

"That boy lying there."

"Why, that's the young hobo that was hid in the slack! I told Jim not to disturb him." The conductors looked at each other.

"He's a good one," said the Northern Mail man.

The other nodded. "I guess I'll let 'em all ride after this," he said.

"Hello, he's come to," said the sheriff, bending over Sorrel. "Young feller, are you ready to go back and tell where the money is?"

Sorrel stared, running his blood-blotched fingers through his tumbled hair.

"Yeh needn't bother *him*," said a voice at the sheriff's elbow. "I got the money here, every cent of it. I'm takin' it back to Mr. Young."

"Well, if it ain't Sime!" said Sorrel, a smile lighting his ashen face.

"Yes, I found out they was after yeh, Sorrel, so I brung th' money back. I didn't want it nohow; I'd ruther work for it. I've beat my way and rid on th' trucks ruther 'en spend it. Here 'tis, sheriff."

Investigation disclosed the fact that Sorrel had a pair of broken ribs, but never was a prince cared for with greater tenderness. He completed his journey to Sacramento in a Pullman sleeper, and found Aunt Lucy a "good mother." To-day he holds an enviable position in the employ of the great railway system in whose interest he displayed such masterly courage that morning when he saved the Northern Mail.

PEARY'S LATEST WORK IN THE ARCTIC.

HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO GREELY'S OLD CAMP.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN,

Secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, in command of the auxiliary expedition of 1899.

WHEN Lieutenant Robert E. Peary embarked on his seventh voyage into the Arctic regions, in July, 1898, it was with the determination to remain in the far North until he reached the Pole. His plan of operations, as explained by himself in an article written on the eve of his departure and published in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for March, 1899, was to establish a base as far north as possible, and thence make a persistent march toward the Pole with dogs and sledges. The great difficulty hitherto encountered by explorers has been in carrying sufficient fuel and food for men and dogs to sustain them a long time on the last stages of the journey. Lieutenant Peary believes that this difficulty may be overcome by establishing a base of supplies as far north as possible, and from there sending out parties to cache food at various points along the proposed line of march, thus enabling the explorer, when the march proper begins, to travel lightly and quickly. In mere recital this plan seems comparatively easy; but how very far from

easy Lieutenant Peary is finding it in practical execution may be in some measure gathered from a review of his hardships last winter, in a trip to Fort Conger, General Greely's old camp, where he finally succeeded in establishing a base.

The latest word from Peary, prior to the return of the "Diana" in September last, was dated Etah, North Greenland, August 12, 1898; and on the next day, the "Hope," the steamer which had taken him north, turned her prow southward and homeward, the "Windward," to which he had transferred his flag and his forces, standing over northwesterly across Smith Sound toward the grim, red heights of Cape Sabine. The Peary Arctic Club, an association of fifteen, of whom President Morris K. Jesup, of the New York Chamber of Commerce, is president, and President Henry W. Cannon, of the Chase National Bank, is treasurer, had pledged Peary, before his departure, that they would "stand behind" him in his enterprise and supply the necessary coöperation and support in his great undertaking. His original project, approved by the American Geographical Society, contemplated the sending out to him of an auxiliary steamer each summer, and in accordance with this plan, the steam-sealer "Diana," one of the best of the St. Johns (N. F.) fleet, was chartered, laden with supplies and equipment, and despatched on July 21, 1899, from Sydney, Cape Breton, under the command of myself as the secretary of the Club, to reach Lieutenant Peary, if possible, deliver all the "ways and means" of which he stood in need, and bring home report of his fortune. The "Diana" was altogether successful in her expedition. She reached Peary at Etah, North Greenland, and delivered her stores; and then, on August 27th last, started on her return home, bringing with her full notes of the work and experiences of the preceding twelve months.

When the "Hope" and the "Windward" parted company, August 13, 1898, off the entrance to Foulke Fjord, 78° 18′ N., the latter was surrounded by moving floes, against which she pluckily battered her way. One week later, and not more than sixty miles away, she was finally beset and stopped—in Allman Bay, 250 miles south of Sherrard Osborne Fjord, the point Peary had hoped to reach. This did not prevent him from continuing in his campaign northward, although it forced him to adopt other methods than those he had had in contemplation. He was compelled to abandon entirely his first idea of establishing a base at Sherrard Osborne Fjord, as access to that point was cut off by the ceaselessly moving floes of Kane Basin. He determined, instead, to establish his main depot of supplies at Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin Sound, the headquarters of the English expedition of 1875–76 and of the Greely expedition of 1881–83. But the only possible way from Allman Bay to Fort Conger led along the ice foot, crossing from headland to headland, and winding around the exposed coasts—a road no man had ever traveled, and one of such character that traveling it was really an untried experiment in Arctic work. Peary realized the full difficulty of such a journey, and he also realized that it would be much the harder from having to be made in the darkness of winter.

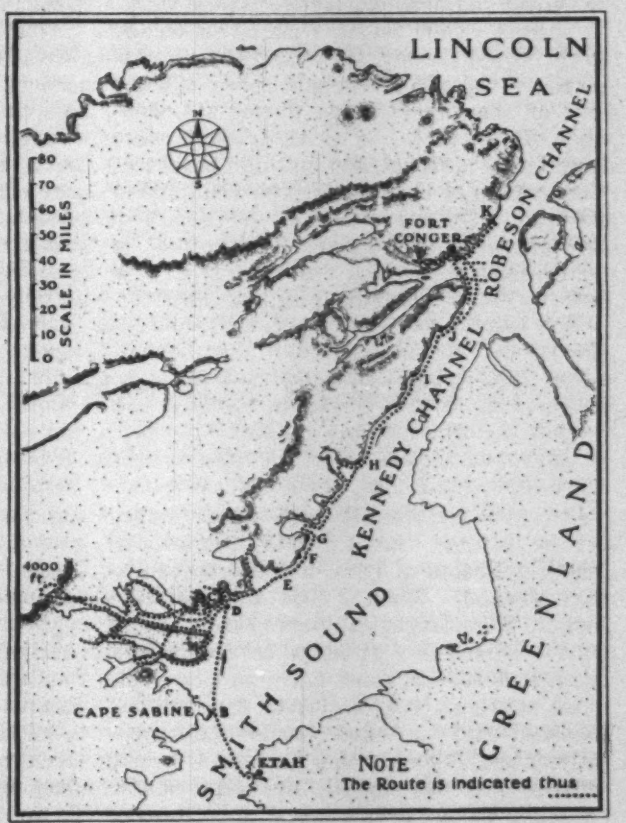
November and the early part of December, 1898, were spent in preparation, and on December 29th the start was made with eight sledges, Peary expecting to reach Fort Conger in five days of travel. But the obstacles proved even greater than had been foreseen. On the first two days, the merciless blasts sweeping out of Kennedy Channel rendered progress almost impossible, and only a small northing was made. The dry snow was like sand, and over it the sledges could be moved only with the utmost difficulty, and for two or three days failure seemed inevitable. Undaunted, the men pressed on, however. Along some of the headlands the masses of ice were piled often to a height of seventy-five or a hundred feet, and it seemed as though the way was absolutely barred. Picks, shovels, axes, and sometimes blasting powder were used to open a passage through. The strain told severely on both men and dogs. The strength of the latter became so much reduced, that it finally became necessary to resort to the slow and laborious process of "double banking": that is, reducing the size of the sledge loads, and carrying first one part, and then returning for the other. So slow was the advance that the food supply became seriously impaired, and any other leader than Peary, who never knows when he is beaten, would certainly have ordered a retreat. Peary says, "Just south of Cape De Fosse, we ate the last of our biscuit; just north of it, the last of our beans. At Cape John Barrow a dog was killed for food." Could anything be more simple, yet more expressive of heroism and endurance?

At last, in darkness, the party reached the last headland that lay between them and Fort Conger, the goal they had so long been seeking. But the final march was a twenty-

five hours' struggle, and more severe than any that had preceded it. For eighteen hours, in the thick darkness, the little company, reduced to three Americans and two Eskimos, groped and almost felt their way. The darkness was that of absolute midnight, and only in the most indistinct outlines could the forms of the land masses be distinguished. At last, however, the faint outlines of the dilapidated building were discerned, and a few minutes later the men, frozen and half-famished, fairly fell through the doors which no human being had entered since the Greely party, sixteen years before, began that retreat which became a tragedy.

The goal had been won, but Peary paid dearly for it. A suspicious, "woodeny" feeling in the right foot, as he entered the historic house, gave the first intimation of trouble; and as the faint flicker of a lamp (a tin basin and a piece of a towel) made the chill darkness more visible, Peary found that both feet were "frosted," as they say in the North, but frozen solid was the literal truth. With a rare combination of patience and skill, only the simplest means being at his command, Surgeon Dedrick, who had faithfully borne his share of the exposure and hardships of the march, took the case in hand. After six weeks' prostration and confinement, Peary was permitted by the surgeon to carry out his resolve to return to the "Windward." His feet had been saved, but seven of the toes were hopelessly affected, and the necessary amputation could safely be attempted only on the "Windward," then 250 miles to the southward. On March 18th, wrapped in musk-ox skins, and lashed to a sledge, Peary started on his return. Fortunately, though the temperature was from 60° to 70° below zero all the time, there was little or no wind, and the return journey was made in ten days and without ill effects. Still the agony suffered by Peary was almost beyond endurance. At times the sledge was stopped and turned up on its side, in order that the pain-racked limbs of the patient might have a little relief, which it was impracticable to give by loosening and removing his lashings.

Fortunately, Peary recovered rapidly, and April found him again following the path to the far North. The work of transporting provisions was resumed with all the force at his command. Caches were made at Cape Louis Napoleon and Cape Lawrence, and supplies were pushed to the headlands still farther north, as designated on the accompanying map. During one of the halts, in crossing Rawlings Bay, Peary despatched one of the natives to the "Windward" with the note received four months later by the captain of the auxiliary steamer, from a pole on the top of Littleton Island, containing full instructions for the work of the summer. This note, brought nearly 200 miles by the faithful native, was lashed to the long bamboo, where it remained exposed to all kinds of weather for more than 120 days, whence it was taken in perfect condition by Captain Bartlett on



PEARY'S ROUTE FROM ETAH TO FORT CONGER, SHOWING POINTS WHERE STORES ARE CACHED.

ETAH.—*Present winter quarters.*
B.—*750 lbs. cached.*
C.—*House, boat, 6 tons coal, 14 barrels dog food, 10 tons provisions.*
D.—*Winter quarters of "Windward."*
E.—*Boat and 700 lbs. cached.*
F.—*500 lbs. cached.*
G.—*1,200 lbs. cached.*
H.—*1,200 lbs. cached.*
I.—*1,600 lbs. cached.*
J.—*80 lbs. cached.*
FORT CONGER.—*Nearly 14 tons of provisions, including the meat of 23 musk-oxen killed in May, 1899.*
K.—*Cape Beechey—northernmost point reached by Peary in this expedition.*

the morning of August 5th. The pole was brought to the United States by the "Diana," with the purpose ultimately of giving it to the Post-Office Department at Washington, as the most northern post-office in the world.

Pushing on to Fort Conger for a second visit, Peary spent a busy and profitable month in securing supplies of food, clothing, and other articles of service. At the same time he prosecuted with much success a hunt for musk-ox. When Fort Conger was finally left, on May 26th, for the summer, nearly fourteen tons of provisions, a considerable part of which had been brought by Peary, were stored there ready for future use. The meat of twenty-eight musk-oxen had been cached under and within the house, and everything about the place had been put in good order. Fort Conger will now become for the third time the center and headquarters of Arctic work.

Upon his second return from Fort Conger, Peary brought away the complete original records of the two and a half years' life and work of the Greely party during its occupancy of the post. With the records were also all the personal and private papers of the members of the Greely expedition, living and dead, classified and sealed for return to their relatives and friends. All these, in the original packages, are now in a New York safe-deposit vault awaiting delivery. General (then Lieutenant) A. W. Greely retained and brought home duplicates of all the papers. He left the comfortable and well-stocked house at Fort Corger, to suffer subsequently the greatest hardships of Arctic conditions in his camp at Cape Sabine, because he had been definitely ordered to abandon his station at Fort Conger not later than September 1, 1883, if no vessel arrived. He and his party started south in their steam launch and small boats on August 9, 1883. They were caught in the ice pack, and were compelled to abandon their launch and effect a landing. They did this on September 21st, north of Cape Sabine, where they built a small stone hut and lived in dire distress until rescued by the "Thetis" and the "Bear" in June, 1884. These records were all left behind at Fort Conger; but copies of most, if not all, of them were brought away.

Among the most interesting of the documents brought home by us is Peary's own account of what he found at Fort Conger. This has never before been published, and was delivered to me for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by the explorer himself at his present headquarters at Etah, North Greenland, just after midnight of Sunday, August 27th last, an hour before the "Diana" bade him and his party farewell for at least another twelve months.

IN GREELY'S OLD CAMP AT FORT CONGER.

By Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.

ANYTHING connected with Fort Conger and the ill-fated United States International Polar Expedition of 1881–83 possesses especial interest. When I first reached Fort Conger, at midnight of January 6th [1899], a foot or more of soft snow covered everything, and the darkness made it impossible to see anything. A circuit of the building indicated that the house proper was apparently intact, though the lean-tos were all more or less dilapidated, the west one in particular having been crushed in by snow or wind, so that we had difficulty in opening the west door. I had feared all along that I might find the place unroofed.

Once inside, a hasty tour, by the uncertain light of our sledge stove (before I discovered that my feet were frozen), showed the interior presenting a scene of the utmost confusion. The floors of officers' and men's rooms, kitchen, and vestibule were littered and blocked with boxes, empty and packed, trunks, cast-off clothing, and rubbish of various descriptions. In the kitchen, cans containing remnants of tea, coffee, etc., were scattered about, with the rest of what had been their contents spilled on floor and table. In the men's room, dishes remained on tables just as left after lunch or dinner on the day when the fort was deserted. Biscuits scattered in every direction, overturned cups, etc., gave indications of a hasty departure. To my surprise, the biscuits, though tough, were not moldy or spoiled in any way. Everything within seemed dry and in good condition. Articles of food which we needed at once, such as tea, coffee, biscuits, beans, molasses, were located without difficulty the next day.

Gradually the items in the Greely official list of subsistence stores left at the fort were, with one or two exceptions, accounted for by the Doctor and Henson. The 1,100

odd pounds of bacon were never located. Contrary to the impression given by the above-mentioned report, practically no provisions were stored in the house, and less than half in the south and west lean-tos. Provisions piled outside had originally been covered with tarpaulins, but these had long since been torn off by the wind. The most important items to me in the official list were the biscuits (some 17,000 pounds) and the tea and coffee. The two latter being in tins, I had no fears of; the former, being packed in barrels, I feared would be almost entirely uneatable. I was agreeably disappointed, therefore, to find the biscuits very largely in good condition. The first barrel opened was not moldy at all, but the biscuits on the outside were very strongly impregnated with the taste of wood. This barrel had been outside, and exposed to the summer sun. The second barrel (from the south lean-to) was perhaps one-fourth moldy and one-fourth tainted in taste, though not in appearance, half being good. Of the various barrels opened during my two visits to the fort, those from outside were found in better condition than those in the south lean-to. As regards the other supplies, the beans, coffee, molasses, cranberry sauce, damson plums, peaches, corn meal, oat meal, hominy, soups, etc., were very good. Canned apples, onions, and potatoes were eatable. A case of Eagle milk was as good as ever. Rhubarb, sauerkraut, pickles, beef extract, condensed eggs, beef, and pork were entirely impracticable.

As noted above, all three of the lean-tos were more or less dilapidated. The lower layers of boxes and barrels in each were bedded in solid ice. This was especially the case in the north lean-to, where the specimens were stored. It was evident that many of these were valueless. Boxes stored outside, which we opened in the search for medical stores, were found to have their contents almost invariably frozen solid; and instruments with iron and steel parts found outside were badly corroded. On the other hand, instruments, weapons, and tools, as well as bedding, found in the house, were in a perfect state of preservation. The contents of most of the trunks were in good condition also, except in some cases where the contents were moldy, mildewed, and frozen.

The return of the moon showed that the instrument-shelter had been overturned; the magnetic observatory and transit-house both had suffered some damage; but the photographic-house was intact. During our winter stay at Fort Conger, we lived in the officers' room, and after the first four days I had the west door nailed up and the south one opened, giving entrance to our room only through the men's room. This made a pronounced improvement in the temperature.

On leaving Conger, the 18th of February [1899], I fastened up the following notice in a conspicuous place:

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern:

This station of Fort Conger, with all the property and supplies in and about it, has been taken possession of by R. E. Peary, Civil Engineer, U. S. N., in behalf of the United States Government, and it is hereby forbidden to remove or destroy anything in or about said station.

R. E. PEARY.

On my return to the fort, April 28, 1899, the bright sunshine revealed everything, and showed that, though the house had stood its siege of over seventeen Arctic years wonderfully well, yet it had reached the point where a very little longer time would leave it only a ruin. The tarred paper covering was everywhere cracked and torn, and in many places carried away entirely; battens were missing; shutters were off; the guys of the wind-vane were torn loose; and sections of the chimney-pipe were torn off. Later, as the snow disappeared under the May sun, long cracks were disclosed through the roof and walls, the banking about the walls was shown to have settled away in various places, and the structure stood out a great airy barn. Had it not been for the thick blanket of snow and the absence of wind, our stay there in January and February would have been an all but impossible fight with the cold.

When I left the fort to make my attempt to reach the Greenland coast, the Doctor remained behind, with one native, for the express purpose of overhauling the provisions and property at the station and discovering how much of both were still serviceable. After my return, every one took a hand in this work. The south and west lean-tos were removed entirely, to give the sun access to the interior. Boxes from both within and without the lean-tos were opened, and their contents, when it proved practicable to remove them, were carried into the house or spread in the sun to dry. When the contents were frozen solid, the top articles were removed as soon as thawed sufficiently, and thus gradually, removing a part from day to day, the entire contents would be extracted. In this way the records and most of the

books and instruments were secured and taken into the house. The more delicate instruments, such as the chronograph, chronometers, aneroids, were to all appearances completely ruined; and almost without exception, iron and steel articles or parts of instruments were deeply rusted. The large transit instruments, the magnetometer, the large reflecting circle, one or two chronometers (all but the first being found in the house), are apparently in good condition.

The fine, penetrating drift of the winter wind storms, insinuating itself into every crack and crevice, then in summer melting, and with the drip from the snow resting on the boxes and gradually percolating into them, had, in the course of fifteen years, saturated the entire contents. In the lean-tos, the water from the melting snow on the canvas roofs, as well as the drip from the roof of the main house, had run through, instead of off, the canvas, saturating the boxes, and, running down between them to where the summer heat did not penetrate, formed ice, which gradually bedded the lower boxes completely. In the north lean-to, most of the boxes and barrels containing specimens were still immovable when I finally left the fort. Another effort will be made next season to remove these. I imagine that the contents of all boxes will be more or less valueless. The contents of tins, tanks, and water-tight barrels will very likely be in good condition. Had provisions, instruments, and specimens been stowed in the house, instead of in the lean-tos and outside, there would have been little or no loss.

In connection with the work of rescuing the property, I had the transit and photographer's houses repaired and made tight; cleared the men's room of dirt and rubbish; put the bedding and clothing in the attic; and removed the bunks, bathroom, and observer's room, giving one large clear room. In this room I placed about half of my musk-ox meat, suspending the frozen quarters from the ceiling. The remainder I put under the house. Provisions (excepting biscuits and one or two minor items), together with certain other important items, such as firearms, ammunition, tools, and clothing, were stowed in the transit and photographer's houses, and the houses boarded up. This disposition was made to avoid the loss of the provisions by an accidental burning of the main house. The biscuit-casks were piled in two lots, and covered with tarpaulin. To fit the station for the purposes of a base for my own work, I sheathed the old kitchen throughout inside, packing the spaces overhead and in the outer wall with rags and old clothes; covered it outside and lined it inside with tarred paper, battened on; then lined it with blankets and canvas, and fitted it with bunks. This room can be warmed thoroughly by the range with a small amount of fuel—an important point this last, for the fuel supply at Fort Conger is extremely limited, and consists only of broken boxes, barrels, and the like. On leaving the fort, May 23d [1899], all shutters and doors were securely nailed up.

I imagine that a classification as to relative value of the Government property abandoned at Fort Conger would be as follows: 1. Original records of the expedition. 2. Scientific collections. 3. Scientific instruments. 4. Provisions and equipment. The first I return; the second I fear has at present but little value. I shall endeavor to send back next year all of the third that appears to be serviceable. As to the fourth, I have applied, as a matter of form, for permission from the Secretary of War to make use of as much of it as I may need.

I remember few more grim and desolate scenes than the environs of Fort Conger as I took them in while being lashed on to my sledge, a helpless cripple, on the bitterly cold February morning when I left the fort to return to the "Windward." The dead-white slopes of the hills lifting to the lifeless blue-black sky, the dead-white expanse of harbor and bay reaching away to the ribbon of pale, steely light past the black blot of Cape Lieber, where in ten days, if the weather held clear, the sun would appear, are deeply graven on my memory. The unrelieved blackness of the preceding six weeks, during which I lay there on my back, accompany the scene as a nightmare.

In May I gained another impression. The site of Fort Conger is, unquestionably, especially sheltered and protected. Not a breath of most of the furious storms which sweep over the summit of the land descends to the sea level here, and the spring sun makes itself felt here sooner than anywhere else in the neighborhood. When we left, on May 25th, the snow had already long since melted off the roof, and was rapidly disappearing from the ground about, while pools of water stood in every depression near the house. Yet when we had passed from the shelter of Distant Cape, the snow seemed just as frosty and the wind of Robeson Channel almost as penetrating as in February.

GETTING CAPTAIN CAMERON.

AN ADVENTURE OF MAJOR G. S. BAKER OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE following story was told to me by my father, Major G. Stannard Baker, who himself served in the Federal Secret Service Bureau during the Civil War. I repeat it here in substantially his own words. The names, in several instances, are fictitious; but the incidents related are true in every particular.

In the spring of 1862 I was comparatively new in the work of the Secret Service. I had joined the force at the request of my cousin, Colonel L. C. Baker, the organizer and chief of the Bureau, and he was anxious that I become at once familiar with its workings. Perhaps that is why he soon sent me out with Traill for a tutor. Traill was a close-knit, swarthy-faced Virginian, with thin lips and a sharp nose of singularly delicate cut. On his left cheek there was a puckered white spot the size of a flattened Minié ball. Under excitement it sometimes twitched slightly and reddened—the only evidence of emotion that I ever knew him to show. Traill had made a reputation in the service. If there was a particularly desperate undertaking in hand, the Colonel had a way of calling off his force on his fingers, man by man, as if he felt uncertain which to send—and then always sending Traill. He knew every by-path and ford and ravine in the Potomac valley, and he possessed an aptitude, that fell only a little short of a passion, for slipping back and forth through the Confederate lines. In all my experience with him I never saw him frightened, nor even ruffled; and, to the best of my knowledge, he never was hungry nor tired—although I have seen him amazingly thirsty.

I had been lounging in the waiting-room one night for upwards of an hour, when Traill came out of the Colonel's private office and closed the door gently behind him.

"You are going with me," he drawled; "I have ordered up the horses."

One thing a military man learns early in his career—not to ask questions until there is a fair likelihood of having them answered—and I followed Traill's preparations in silence. He selected three revolvers, and twirled the chambers of each of them and clicked the triggers to make sure that they were in good working order. Two of them he loaded, thrust deftly into the holsters of his belt, and buckled the leather flaps down over them; the third he slid into the slack of his cavalry boot. Then he rolled a blue army blanket inside of his poncho, and drew the bundle into wrinkled ridges with thongs of leather. A certain silent swiftness and gentleness marked everything that Traill did.

It was a dark night. We crossed the Long

"'YOU ARE GOING WITH ME,' HE DRAWLED."

Bridge at a sharp trot, and climbed the Virginia hills. The road was soggy with moist sand that slipped and clogged under the hoofs of our horses—like riding in an oats bin, Traill said. For miles the road crooked through the pine woods, and, as we moved, the trees seemed to march up out of the darkness, present themselves like soldiers on parade, then wheel backwards again, and give place to other companies and battalions. The spring air was heavy and pungent with the smell of moist mold, and in the hollows almost sharp with the lingering coolness of winter. I had no idea where we were going. Traill galloped steadily at my side, saying nothing. He was a man of few words, although by no means sullen.

"I EDGED FURTHER UP ON THE PORCH."

"I haven't heard the nature of our mission," I said to him: I felt that the auspicious moment for asking questions had come.

"We're going out to get Captain Cameron," he answered shortly.

I had heard much of Captain Cameron even during the short time I had been in Washington. He was a young Southern officer, born of a well-known Virginia family. Early in the war he became a violent Confederate, and, from his intimate knowledge of the country about Washington, he was assigned to the work of spy and blockade-runner. He was related by ties of blood more or less direct to half the aristocracy of Virginia and Maryland, and when we went out after him, we found that he had as many holes as a gopher. Ever since the opening of hostilities the authorities at Washington had sought to effect his capture; but a year of the war had passed, and he was still spreading terror along the Potomac. His finger, so said common fame, was always crooked to the trigger of his pistol, and more than once his reckless daring had cost the life of Northern soldiers sent out to trap him. Report added to his reputation for bravado by arming him always with a bowie-knife, which he had used on several occasions with bloody effect.

Beyond Alexandria, where we halted a moment while our horses plunged their noses into a watering-trough, the country grew more desolate and forbidding. Many of the plantation buildings had been deserted, and they loomed up black and forlorn in the darkness. Sometimes a dog howled from the negro quarters in the rear, and dismal echoes responded from plantation to plantation as we passed.

The first incident of the night worth mentioning—and it nearly cost the success of our expedition—occurred just after we tightened our saddle-girths for the third time, about midnight, as I judged. We knew that the country swarmed with Confederate guerrillas, but it was never the custom of the secret service to give them even the passing compliment of anxiety. We had stopped at a cross-roads, and Traill had thrown his bridle-rein to me while he went down on his knees and crept across the road, feeling for the wagon tracks: he was not quite certain in the darkness which road to take. In a moment there came a voice so sudden and sharp that it seemed to split the darkness: "Halt! Who comes there?"

Traill leaped to his saddle without a word. We drove the spurs into our horses' flanks, hugged close to their reeking necks, and galloped up the road. We heard a sharp command, then the sound of beating hoofs behind us. A revolver shot rang out sharply in the night air, and we heard the wailing cry of the bullet as it passed over our heads.

We were riding up a long hill. At the top, cut in silhouette against the sky, I saw

the form of a horseman sitting statue-like at his post. We were evidently surrounded. Before I could speak, Traill laid his hand on my bridle-arm.

"Turn in here," he said.

We swerved wildly to the right, into what seemed an impenetrable forest, and rode a hundred yards or more in imminent danger of being brushed from our saddles by the down-sweeping limbs of the trees. Then the horses came to an abrupt standstill, and we narrowly escaped pitching headlong into a deep ravine that yawned before us. As we paused, we could hear the sound of hoofs in the road, then the sudden fierce challenge of the vedette, then voices in conversation. Traill grasped the nose of his horse, to prevent a tell-tale whinny.

A moment only we waited; then we scrambled down into the ravine, our horses sliding after us, and made our way around the vedette, striking the road again less than a mile further to the south.

"A narrow escape," I commented, as our horses' hoofs again beat the steady music of the gallop.

Traill laughed. "There was only a handful of 'em or they would have given us a harder rub," he said.

Once more we hitched our saddle-girths, this time without dismounting, for time was precious, and rode in silence for an hour or more. At length Traill drew rein near a high arched gateway of the kind so familiar in the ante-bellum South. Then he swung from his saddle and knelt close to one of the ghostly white columns, parted the weeds about its base, and struck a match. It lit up his face for a single instant, and then went out.

"'I MUST SEARCH THIS HOUSE,' TRAIL DRAWLED."

"This is the place," he said; "I have found O'Dell's mark."

To this day I do not know the exact location of the plantation, but of this I am certain: it was in Prince William County, not far from the Potomac River. It took us upwards of four hours of hard riding to reach it.

The gate was locked, but I wrenched loose two of the boards from the dilapidated fence, and we rode up the long, winding lane, guiding our horses to the grass at the edge of the drive, that they might make no noise.

It was a beautiful old place, even as we saw it, by dead of night. Great spreading trees covered the knoll on which it stood, and their branches, reaching out over the wide verandas, swept the gutter eaves.

The building had every appearance of being deserted—a great, black, silent block of uncertain shadows. The blinds were drawn, and not a ray of light gleamed anywhere from its windows, or from the negro quarters, which we could see dimly huddled together half a hundred yards to the rear. There was not even a dog to bark, nor a sleeping negro to waken and cry out.

"The house is vacant," I said to Traill, as we tossed our reins over the pegs on the hitching-bar.

"No, it isn't," he answered with some positiveness.

We stood under a syringa bush that half hid the wide front door.

"Have you got your pistols?"

"Yes," I said, drawing one of them from its holster and feeling for the loads.

"Go round to the rear of the house. Take care to make no noise. You will find a wide back porch. Go up and stand on the steps, near the back door, so that you can

cover all the windows. If any one tries to leave the building, shoot 'em." Traill said it softly, almost gently.

"That man Cameron," he cautioned, as I was starting, "is a good deal of a fighter; he's quick on the trigger."

I went to the rear. I remember I was lame and moist from riding, and that my fingers clutched the revolver handle until my wrist throbbed with pain. It was the hour of night when a man's blood doesn't run the bravest, especially if he isn't sure what odds he may have to meet, or whether a shot from a darkened window may not drop him in his tracks.

My sense of hearing was painfully acute. I distinctly heard the squeaking of Traill's boots and the metallic tinkle of his spurs as he mounted the front porch, and then the resonant echo of his summons on the iron knocker. Like many Southern mansions, the house was built with a wide hall running straight through from the front to the back door. For a moment I fancied I heard the cautious squeak of steps on the stairs within, and then all was still again. I edged further up on the porch, that I might better command a wide, shutterless window at the right of the door. There is this terror in a dark window: those within may see out, while those without cannot see in; but you don't appreciate it until you imagine a desperate man inside, waiting to put a bullet through your jacket.

There came a second and much louder knock on the front door. I knew that Traill was using his pistol butt. The sound echoed and reëchoed through the big, silent building. Presently I heard a shutter creak somewhere at the front of the house, and I set the hammer of my other revolver. A woman's voice spoke; I could not catch the words.

"Never mind, come down here and open the door," I heard Traill reply.

There was another parley, and then the shutter creaked again in closing. A moment later I saw through the glass of the side-light the glimmer of a candle, with its sharp shadows creeping in huge angles along the ceiling of the hall.

"Who is there?" asked a frightened, feminine voice.

I heard a chain jingle and the sliding of a bar, and then voices in low conversation. Traill was speaking:

"I tell you he's here, and I'm going to have him. He can't get away."

"He is not here; I tell you he is not here. You have come to the wrong place."

The woman's voice was wonderfully calm and clear, and I mentally decided that Traill had made a mistake. Then I heard a sharp whistle, the signal agreed upon, and I ran around to the front door.

"All quiet out there?" asked Traill, speaking in a loud voice. "Are the men all stationed?"

"Yes, sir; the sergeant has every window covered."

As I said this, I fancied I saw the corners of the woman's mouth twitch just a little, and she drew herself together as if she felt the cold. She was past middle age, with the beauty of the South yet clear in her face, and a cold, fearless black eye. In spite of her hurried toilet, she carried herself proudly, as if accustomed to be obeyed.

"I must search this house," Traill drawled gently.

"There is nothing here," she answered; "you can search it if you care to."

As she threw open the door of the drawing-room she was as calm and dignified as if ushering a company of guests to some grand dinner.

The house was much dismantled, but it still showed traces of its former estate. There yet remained a few fine old paintings on the walls, and the furniture—what was left of it—was of carved mahogany. Traill examined the desks and wall cases, and peered into the fireplace and up the chimney. From the kitchen we stooped our way down a narrow passage into the cellar. The woman led, holding a candle high, and I covered the rear, revolver in hand. We found butter-tubs, apple-barrels, and wine-cases, long since empty, but there was no trace of our quarry.

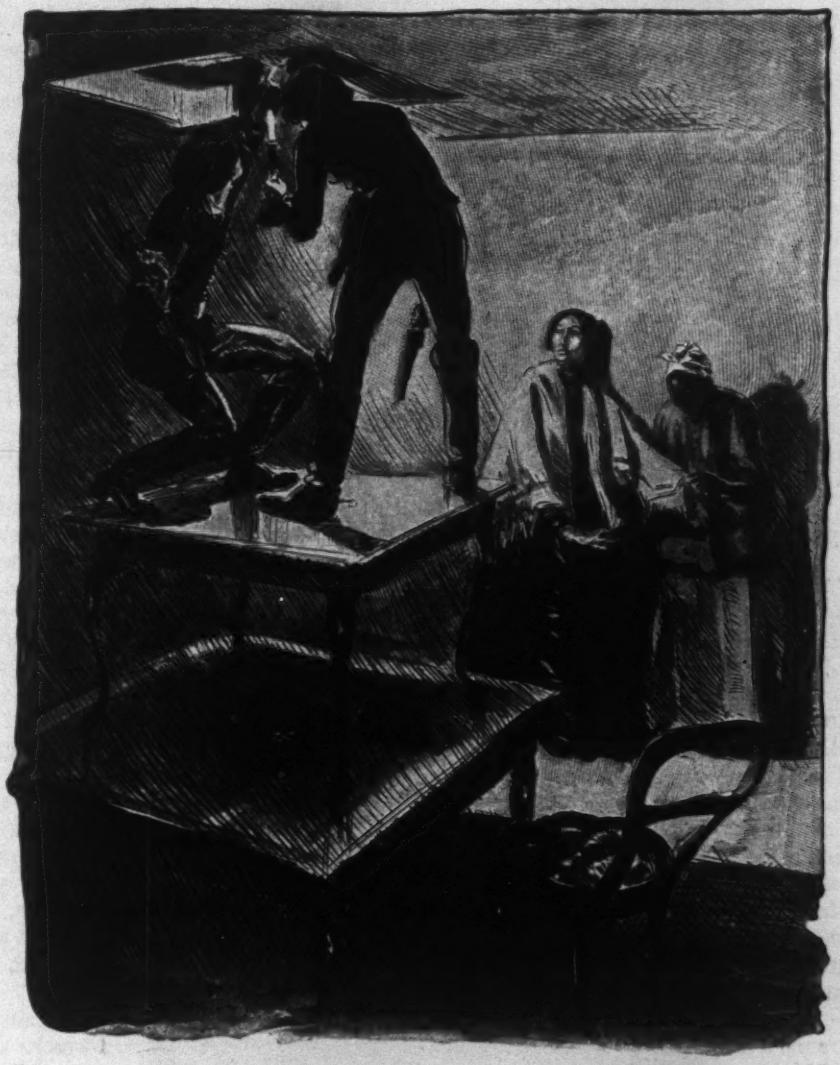
"What is in here?" asked Traill, when we again reached the wide hall.

"That is the chapel; there is nothing in there that you want. Surely you will not desecrate the chapel?"

"I'll see," said Traill.

As the woman threw open the door, I remember thinking how easy it would be for a man hidden within to kill us both as we stood there with our arms down and the candle-light in our eyes.

It was the only room in the house that had not been dismantled—a high, somber room with Gothic furnishings and all the fittings of a private chapel. Traill searched every nook and corner. At the altar he paused, and poked his pistol under the embroidered curtain. I saw the woman's face flame red and then fade swiftly white again. Traill



"'WHEN I OPEN THE TRAP-DOOR, YOU THRUST THE CANDLE UP AS FAR AS YOU CAN.'"

laughed softly. Hanging to the altar sides in regular rows were twenty carbines.

"You can have them," said the woman coldly.

"I am here for Captain Cameron," was Traill's response.

The search went on uninterrupted. In one of the upper rooms—the room occupied by the mistress of the house—we found a terrified mulatto girl crouching and praying.

"Is Captain Cameron here?" Traill asked her suddenly, his face glaring close to hers.

She glanced at her mistress fearfully.

"Fo' de Lawd, he ain't yere. He done gone 'way las' week. Fo' de Lawd, I ain't seen nothin' ob him——"

"So he has been here," said Traill quietly.

"Yes, he has," was the woman's response, her voice still clear and steady; "but, as the girl says, he has gone away."

Traill paused in the upper hallway. I knew he was perplexed.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are the only person in this house?"

"The only white person, and this girl is the only negro—the others have all been stolen by your army," and the fire of the South blazed up in her eyes, and died away again as swiftly as it came.

Just then I caught the outlines of a square trap-door in the high ceiling at the further end of the hall. I touched Traill's shoulder, and pointed it out. His eyes flashed, and I saw the jagged white scar on his cheek twitch and color.

"How do you get up there?" he asked, fixing his eyes on the woman's face.

"We don't get up," she answered steadily; "we haven't had the place open for years."

Traill turned to me.

"Get that table out of the bedroom."

I pulled it out, taking care to make no noise, and placed it under the trap. Traill jumped up on it, but he could not reach the ceiling. The woman had followed us as if fascinated. She leaned against the wall, and looked up, with a sarcastic smile curling her lips.

"Do you intend to go up there?" she asked, and there was a hint of the sarcasm in her voice.

"Certainly," said Traill.

"If Cameron was in that attic, do you suppose you would come down alive? You evidently have not made the acquaintance of Captain Cameron."

She spoke steadily, but her fingers were knotted and twisted together, and I remember observing that the nails were blue.

I brought another table—a smaller one—and placed it on top of the first.

"WE . . . LEFT THE WOMAN LEANING AGAINST THE WALL, LOOKING UP."

"Jump up here," said Traill. "Hand up the candle."

I climbed up beside him. I remember observing, with the minuteness of attention that comes with moments of great intensity, that Traill's cavalry spurs were scratching the polish of the mahogany. We were now both standing on the narrow top table, stooping over, with our heads close to the ceiling. The woman's lips had dropped open, and there was such a look of horrified interest in her face as I hope I may never see again. Traill handed me the candle.

"Is your pistol ready?" he asked quietly. "That man is up here. He is probably awake and ready for us. When I open the trap-door, you thrust the candle up as far as you can. If he shoots me, you kill him."

"What if there are other men with him?"

Traill shrugged.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Ready," I answered.

Traill straightened upward, and threw back the trap-door. Both of us rose through the opening together. As I raised the candle, my hand grazed the shaggy face of a man in Confederate uniform, who was leaning almost over us. By the stare of his eyes, he had just wakened from a heavy sleep.

Within a breath I was looking into a black hole with a gleaming rim around it. Traill had no time to raise his pistol. I heard the click-click of a hammer drawn sharply back. Traill bent forward, and grasped the handle of a bowie-knife sheathed at the other man's belt. A flash of steel in the candle-light, a swift lunge of the arm, and I felt the hot blood spatter in my face. The pistol rattled to the loose boards of the attic. With a sobbing in-drawing of the breath, the man lurched forward, quivered convulsively, and then lay quite still. I saw the useless fingers loosen their

clutch, and a little dark fountain playing about the knife-handle and spreading on the white shirt-bosom. The blade had reached the heart. While this happened no one spoke.

"Now we will get down," said Traill almost gently.

The woman leaned stiffly against the wall. Her face was a ghastly blank, neither interest, nor fear, nor hatred in its lines. "What have you done?" she whispered. Traill glanced upward. On the dingy plastering, near the gaping trap-door, a red spot was slowly widening. There was no outcry, no confusion. "No use in staying here," said Traill.

We went down the stairway, and left the woman leaning against the wall, looking up. Ten miles we rode without saying a word, and then, just as the dawn was breaking through the scrubby yellow pines, we drew rein on our gaunt and lather-gray horses. There was a little creek at the roadside, and we stooped to drink. I looked at Traill's face. It was studded with black blotches; so was his gray coat. "Am I bloody?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

And then my knees gave way under me, and I shook with the horror of my first killing. I could not control the trembling of my hand when I tried to wash away the blood. Traill looked at me.

"Never mind," he said quietly, "it could not be helped; it was death to him or death to us. We took the only course."

"Was that woman Cameron's mother?"

"She said she wasn't."

"But she was?"

"Yes." Traill dabbled his hands in the water, in his peculiar deft way, but his face showed no emotion.

At noon we reached Washington. I followed Traill into the Colonel's private office, weary of body and wretched of soul.

"Well?" questioned the Colonel.

"We got Captain Cameron," drawled Traill.

More than ten years afterward, although I had seen more than one bloody battle-field later in the war, I woke up sometimes with the picture of that woman standing there alone, looking up, still distinct in my mind.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By Booth Tarkington,

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana."

PART II.

(*Conclusion.*)

V.

BEAU NASH stood at the door of the rooms, smiling blandly upon a dainty throng in the pink of its finery and gay furbelows. The great exquisite bent his body constantly in a series of consummately adjusted bows: before a great dowager, seeming to sweep the floor in august deference; somewhat stately to the young bucks; greeting the wits with gracious friendliness and a twinkle of raillery; inclining with fatherly gallantry before the beauties. The degree of his inclination measured the altitude of the recipient as accurately as a nicely calculated sand-glass measures the hours.

The King of Bath was happy; wit, beauty, fashion—to speak more concretely: nobles, belles, gamesters, beaux, statesmen, and poets—made fairyland (or opera bouffe, at least) in his dominions. Play ran higher and higher, and Mr. Nash's coffers filled up with gold. To crown his pleasure, a prince of the French blood, the young Comte de Beaujolais, just arrived from Paris, had reached Bath at noon in state, accompanied by the Marquis de Mirepoix, the ambassador of Louis XV. The Beau dearly prized the society of the lofty, and the present visit was an honor to Bath: hence to the Master of Ceremonies. And there would be some profitable hours with the cards and dice. So

it was that the Beau smiled never more benignly than on that bright evening. The rooms rang with the silvery voices of women and delightful laughter; the fiddles went merrily, and their melody chimed sweetly with the joyance of his mood.

The skill and brazen effrontery of the ambassador's scoundrelly servant in passing himself off as a man of condition formed the point of departure for every conversation. It was discovered that there were not three persons present who had not suspected him from the first; and, by a singular paradox, the most astute of all turned out to be old Mr. Bicksit, the traveler who had visited Chateaurien; for he, according to report, had by a coup of diplomacy entrapped the impostor into an admission that there was no such place. However, like poor Captain Badger, the worthy old man had held his peace out of regard for the Duke of Winterset. This nobleman, who had been heretofore secretly disliked, suspected of irregular devices at play, and never admired, had won admiration and popularity by his remorse for his mistake, and by the modesty of his attitude in endeavoring to atone for it, without presuming upon the privilege of his rank to laugh at the indignation of society; an action the more praiseworthy because his exposure of the impostor entailed the disclosure of his own culpability in having stood the villain's sponsor. To-night, the happy gentleman, with Lady Mary Carlisle upon his arm, went grandly about the rooms, sowing and reaping a harvest of smiles. 'Twas said work would be begun at once to rebuild the Duke's country seat, while several ruined Jews might be paid out of prison. People gazing on the beauty and the stately, but modest, hero by her side, said they would make a noble pair. She had long been distinguished by his attentions, and he had come brilliantly out of the episode of the Frenchman, who had been his only real rival. Wherever they went there arose a buzz of pleasing gossip and adulation.

Mr. Nash, seeing them near him, ran forward with greetings. A word on the side passed between the nobleman and the exquisite.

"I had news of the rascal to-night," whispered Nash. "He lay at a farm till yesterday, when he disappeared; his ruffians, too."

"You have arranged?" asked the Duke.

"Fourteen bailiffs are watching without. He could not get within gunshot. If they clap eyes on him, they will hustle him to jail, and his cutthroats shall not avail him a hair's weight. The impertinent swore he'd be here by nine, did he?"

"He said so; and 'tis a rash dog, sir."

"It is just nine now."

"Send out to see if they have taken him."

"Gladly." The Beau beckoned an attendant, and whispered in his ear.

Many of the crowd had edged up to the two gentlemen, with apparent carelessness, to overhear their conversation. Those who did overhear repeated it in covert asides, and this circulating undertone, confirming a vague rumor that Beaucaire would attempt the entrance that night, lent a pleasurable color of excitement to the evening. The French prince, the ambassador, and their suites were announced. Polite as the assembly was, it was also curious, and there occurred a mannerly rush to see the newcomers. Lady Mary, already pale, grew whiter as the throng closed around her; she looked up pathetically at the Duke, who lost no time in extricating her from the pressure.

"Wait here," he said; "I will fetch you a glass of negus," and disappeared. He had not thought to bring a chair, and she, looking about with an increasing faintness and finding none, saw that she was standing by the door of a small side-room. The crowd swerved back for the passage of the legate of France, and pressed upon her. She opened the door, and went in.

The room was empty save for two gentlemen, who were quietly playing cards at a table. They looked up as she entered. They were M. Beaucaire and Mr. Molyneux.

She uttered a quick cry and leaned against the wall, her hand to her breast. Beaucaire, though white and weak, had brought her a chair before Molyneux could stir.

"Mademoiselle——"

"Do not touch me!" she said, with such frozen abhorrence in her voice that he stopped short. "Mr. Molyneux, you seek strange company!"

"Madam," replied Molyneux, bowing deeply, as much to Beaucaire as to herself, "I am honored by the presence of both of you."

"Oh, are you mad!" she exclaimed, contemptuously.

"This gentleman has exalted me with his confidence, madam," he replied.

"Will you add your ruin to the scandal of this fellow's presence here? How he obtained entrance——"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," interrupted Beaucaire. "Did I not say I should come? M. Molyneux was so obliging as to answer for

"TO-NIGHT, THE HAPPY GENTLEMAN, WITH LADY MARY CARLISLE UPON HIS ARM, WENT GRANDLY ABOUT THE ROOMS."

me to the fourteen frien's of M. de Winterset and *Meestaire* Nash."

"Do you not know," she turned vehemently upon Molyneux, "that he will be removed the moment I leave this room? Do you wish to be dragged out with him? For your sake, sir, because I have always thought you a man of heart, I give you a chance to save yourself from disgrace—and —your companion from jail. Let him slip out by some retired way, and you may give me your arm and we will enter the next room as if nothing had happened. Come, sir——"

"Mademoiselle——"

"Mr. Molyneux, I desire to hear nothing from your companion. Had I not seen you at cards with him I should have supposed him in attendance as your lackey. Do you desire to take advantage of my offer, sir?"

"Mademoiselle, I could not tell you, on that night——"

"You may inform your high-born friend, Mr. Molyneux, that I heard everything he had to say; that my pride once had the pleasure of listening to his high-born confession!"

"Ah, it is gentle to taunt one with his birth, mademoiselle? Ah, no! There is a man in my country who say strange things of that—that a man is not his father, but *himself*."

"You may inform your friend, Mr. Molyneux, that he had a chance to defend himself against accusation; that he said all——"

"That I did say all I could have strength to say. Mademoiselle, you did not see (as it was right) that I had been stung by a big wasp. It was nothing, a scratch; but, mademoiselle, the sky went round and the moon dance' on the earth. I could not wish that big wasp to see he had stung me; so I mus' only say what I can have strength for, and stan' straight till he is gone. Beside', there are other rizzons. Ah, you mus' belief! M. Molyneux I sen' for and tell him all, because

he show courtesy to the yo'ng Frenchman, and I can trus' him. I trus' you, mademoiselle—long ago—and would have tol' you ev'rything excep' jus' because—well, for the romance, the fon. You belief? It is so clearly so; you do belief, mademoiselle?"

She did not even look at him. M. Beaucaire lifted his hand appealingly toward her. "Can there be no faith in—in—" he said timidly, and paused.

She was silent, a statue, my Lady Disdain.

"If you had not belief' me to be an impostor; if I had never said I was Chateaurien; if I had been jus' that Monsieur Beaucaire of the story they tol' you, but never with the *heart* of a lackey, an hones' man, a *man*, the man you knew, *himself*, could you—would you—" He was trying to speak firmly; yet as he gazed upon her splendid beauty, he choked slightly, and fumbled at his throat with unsteady fingers—"would you—have let me ride by your side in the autumn moonlight?"

Her glance passed by him as it might have passed by a footman or a piece of furniture. He was dressed magnificently, a multitude of orders glittering on his breast. Her eye took no knowledge of him.

"Mademoiselle—I have the honor to ask you: If you had known this Beaucaire was hones', though of peasant birth, would you——"

Involuntarily, icy as her controlled presence was, she shuddered.

Beaucaire dropped into a chair with his head bent low and his arms outstretched on the table; his eyes filled slowly in spite of himself, and two tears rolled down the young man's cheeks.

"An' live men are jus'—*names!*" said M. Beaucaire.

"Mr. Molyneux," said Lady Mary, "in spite of your discourtesy in allowing a servant to address me, I give you a last chance to leave this room undisgraced. Will you give me your arm?"

"Pardon me, madam," said Mr. Molyneux.

In the outer room, Winterset, unable to find Lady Mary, and supposing her to have joined Lady Rellerton, disposed of his negus, and approached the two visitors to pay his respects to the young prince, whom he discovered to be a stripling of seventeen, arrogant-looking, but pretty as a girl. Standing beside the Marquis de Mirepoix—a man of quiet bearing—he was surrounded by a group of the great, among whom Mr. Nash naturally counted himself. The Beau was felicitating himself that the foreigners had not arrived a week earlier, in which case he and Bath would have been detected in a piece of gross ignorance concerning the French nobility—making much of de Mirepoix's ex-barber.

"'Tis a lucky thing that fellow was got out of the way," he ejaculated, under cover.

"Thank me for that," answered Winterset.

An attendant begged the Beau's notice. The head bailiff sent word that Beaucaire had long since entered the building by a side door. It was supposed Mr. Nash had known of it, and the Frenchman was not arrested, as Mr. Molyneux was in his company, and said he would be answerable for him. Consternation was so plain on Mr. Nash's trained face that the Duke leaned toward him anxiously.

"The villain's in, and Molyneux hath gone mad!"

Mr. Bantison, who had been fiercely elbowing his way toward them, joined heads with them. "You may well say he is in," he exclaimed, "and if you want to know where, why in yonder card-room. I saw him through the half-open door."

"What's to be done?" asked the Beau.

"Send the bailiffs——"

"Fie, fie! A file of bailiffs? The scandal!"

"Then listen to me," said the Duke. "I'll pick out half a dozen gentlemen, explain the matter, and we'll put him in the center of us and take him out to the bailiffs. 'Twill appear nothing. Do you remain here and keep the attention of Beaujolais and de Mirepoix. Come, Bantison, fetch Lord Townbrake and Harry Rakell yonder; I'll get the others."

Three minutes later, his Grace of Winterset flung wide the card-room door, and, after his friends had entered, closed it.

"Ah!" remarked M. Beaucaire quietly. "Six more large men."

The Duke, seeing Lady Mary, started; but the angry signs of her interview had not left her face, and reassured him. He offered his hand to conduct her to the door. "May I have the honor?"

"If this is to be known, 'twill be better if I leave after; I should be observed if I went now."

"As you will, madam," he answered, not displeased. "And now, you impudent villain," he began, turning to M. Beaucaire, but to fall back astounded. "'Od's blood, the dog hath murdered and robbed some royal prince!" He forgot Lady Mary's

presence in his excitement. "Lay hands on him!" he shouted. "Tear those orders from him!"

Molyneux threw himself between. "One word, gentlemen," he cried, "one word before you offer an outrage you will repent!"

"Or let M. de Winterset come alone," laughed M. Beaucaire.

"Do you expect me to fight a cutthroat barber, and with bare hands?"

"I think one does not expec' monsieur to fight anybody. Would *I* fight you, you think? That was why I had my servants, that evening we play. I would gladly fight almos' any one in the worl'; but I did not wish to soil my hand with a——"

"Stuff his lying mouth with his orders!" shouted the Duke.

But Molyneux still held the gentlemen back. "One moment," he cried.

"M. de Winterset," said Beaucaire, "of what are you afraid? You calculate well. Beaucaire might have been belief'—an impostor that you yourself expose? Never! But I was not goin' reveal that secret. You have not absolve me of my promise."

"SHE UTTERED A QUICK CRY AND LEANED AGAINST THE WALL, HER HAND TO HER BREAST."

"Tell what you like," answered the Duke. "Tell all the wild lies you have time for. You have five minutes to make up your mind to go quietly."

"Now you absolve me, then? Ha, ha! Oh, yes! Mademoiselle," he bowed to Lady Mary, "I have the honor to reques' you leave the room. You shall miss no details if these fren's of yours kill me, on the honor of a French gentleman."

"A French what?" laughed Bantison.

"Do you dare keep up the pretense?" cried Lord Townbrake. "Know, you villain barber, that your master, the Marquis de Mirepoix, is in the next room."

Molyneux heaved a great sigh of relief. "Shall I—" He turned to M. Beaucaire.

The young man laughed, and said: "Tell him come here at once."

"Impudent to the last!" cried Bantison, as Molyneux hurried from the room.

"Now you goin' to see M. Beaucaire's master," said Beaucaire to Lady Mary. "'Tis true what I say the other night. I cross from France in his suite; my passport say as his barber. Then to pass the *ennui* of exile, I come to Bath and play for what one will. It pass the time. But when the people hear I have been a servant they come only secretly; and there is one of them—he has absolve' me of a promise not to speak—of him I learn something he cannot wish to be tol'. I make some trouble to learn this thing. Why I should do this? Well—that is my own rizzon. So I make this man help me in a masque, the unmasking it was, for as there is no one to know me, I throw off my black wig and become myself—and so I am 'Chateaurien,' Castle Nowhere. Then this man I use', this Winterset, he——"

"I have great need to deny these accusations?" said the Duke.

"Nay," said Lady Mary wearily.

"Shall I tell you why I mus' be 'Victor' and 'Beaucaire' and 'Chateaurien,' and not myself?"

"To escape from the bailiffs for debts for razors and soap," gibed Lord Townbrake.

"No, monsieur. In France I have got a cousin who is a man with a very bad temper at some times, and he will never enjoy his relatives to do what he does not wish——"

He was interrupted by a loud murmur from without. The door was flung open, and the young Count of Beaujolais bounded in and threw his arms about the neck of M. Beaucaire.

"Philippe!" he cried. "My brother, I have come to take you back with me."

M. de Mirepoix followed him, bowing as a courtier, in deference; but M. Beaucaire took both his hands heartily. Molyneux came after, and closed the door.

"My warmest felicitations," said the Marquis. "There is no longer need for your incognito."

"Thou best of masters!" said Beaucaire, touching him fondly on the shoulder. "I know. Your courier came safely. And so I am forgiven! But I forget." He turned to the beauty—she was trembling. "Faires' of all the English fair," he said, as the gentlemen bowed low to her deep courtesy, "I beg the honor to presen' to Lady Mary Carlisle, M. le Comte de Beaujolais; M. de Mirepoix has already the honor. Lady Mary has been very kind to me, my frien's; you mus' help me make my acknowledgment. Mademoiselle and gentlemen, will you gran' me the favor to detain you one instan'?"

"Henri," he turned to the young Beaujolais, "I wish you had shared my masque—I have been so gay!" The surface of his tone was merry, but there was an undercurrent weary-sad, to speak of what was the mood, not the manner. He made the effect of addressing every one present, but he looked steadily at Lady Mary. Her eyes were fixed upon him, and she trembled more and more.

"I am a great actor, Henri," laughed Beaucaire. "These gentlemen are yet scarce convince' I am not a lackey! And I mus' tell you that I was jus' now to be expelled for having been a barber!"

"Oh, no!" the ambassador cried out. "He would not be content with me; he would wander over a strange country."

"Ha, ha, my Mirepoix! And what is better, one evening I am oblige' to fight some frien's of M. de Winterset there, and some ladies and cavaliers look on, and they still think me a servant. Oh, I am a great actor! 'Tis true there is not a peasant in France who would not have then known one 'born'; but they are wonderful, this English people, holding by an idea once it is in their heads—a mos' worthy quality. But my good Molyneux here, he had speak to me with courtesy, jus' because I am a man an' jus' because he is al—ways kind. (I have learn' that his great-grandfather was a Frenchman.) So I sen' to him and tell him ev'rything, and he gain admittance for me here to-night to await my frien's.

"I was speaking to messieurs about my cousin, who will meddle in the affairs of his relatives. Well, that gentleman, he make a

"HE BOWED VERY LOW, AS . . . LADY MARY CARLISLE, THE BEAUTY OF BATH, PASSED SLOWLY . . . OUT OF THE ROOM."

marriage for me with a good and accomplish' lady—very noble and very beautiful—and amiable." (The young count at his elbow started slightly at this, but immediately appeared to wrap himself in a mantle of solemn thought.) "Unfortunately, when my cousin arrange' so, I was a dolt, a little blockhead; I swear to marry for myself and when I please, or never if I like. That lady is all things charming and gentle—and, in truth, she is—very much attach' to me—why should I not say it? I am so proud of it. She is very faithful and forgiving and sweet; she would be the same, I think, if I—were even—a lackey. But I? I was a dolt, a little unsensible brute; I did not value such thing' then; I was too yo'ng, las' June. So I say to my cousin, 'No, I make my own choosing!' 'Little fool,' he answer, 'she is the one for you. Am I not wiser than you?' And he was very angry, and, as he has influence in France, word come' that he will get me put in Vincennes, so I mus' run away quick till his anger is gone. My good frien' Mirepoix is jus' leaving for London; he take' many risk' for my sake; his barber die before he start', so I travel as that poor barber. But my cousin is a man to be afraid of when he is angry, even in England, and I mus' not get my Mirepoix in trouble. I mus' not be discover' till my cousin is ready to laugh about it all and make it a joke. There may be spies; so I change my name again, and come to Bath to amuse my retreat with a little gaming—I am al—ways fond of that. But three days ago M. le Marquis send me a courier to say that my brother, who know where I had run away, is come from France to say that my cousin is appeased; he need me for his little theater, the play cannot go on. I do not need to espouse mademoiselle. All shall be forgiven if I return. My brother and M.

de Mirepoix will meet me in Bath to felicitate.

"There is one more thing to say, that is all. I have said I learn' a secret, and use it to make a man introduce me if I will not tell. He has absolve' me of that promise. My frien's, I had not the wish to ruin that man. I was not receive'; *Meestaire* Nash had reboff me; I had no other way excep' to use this fellow. So I say, 'Take me to Lady Malbourne's ball as "Chateaurien."' I throw off my wig, and shave, and behol', I am M. le Duc de Castle Nowhere. Ha, ha! You see?"

The young man's manner suddenly changed. He became haughty, menacing. He stretched out his arm, and pointed at Winterset. "Now I am no 'Beaucaire,' messieurs. I am a French gentleman. The man who introduce' me at the price of his honor, and then betray' me to redeem it, is that coward, that card-cheat there!"

Winterset went white to the lips. The gentlemen who surrounded him fell away as from pestilence. "A French gentlemen!" he sneered savagely, and yet fearfully. "I don't know who you are. Hide behind as many toys and ribbons as you like; I'll know the name of the man who dares bring such a charge."

"Sir!" cried de Mirepoix sharply, advancing a step towards him; but he checked himself quickly. He made a low bow of state, first to the young Frenchman, then to Lady Mary and the company. "Permit me, Lady Mary and gentlemen," he said, "to assume the honor of presenting you to His Highness, Prince Louis-Philippe de Valois, Duke of Orleans, Duke of Chartres, Duke of Nemours, Duke of Montpensier, First Prince of the Blood Royal, First Peer of France, Lieutenant-General of French Infantry, Governor of Dauphiné, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Master of the Order of Nôtre Dame, of Mount Carmel, and of St. Lazarus in Jerusalem; and cousin to His Most Catholic Majesty, Louis the Fifteenth, King of France."

"Those are a few of my brother's names," whispered Henri of Beaujolais to Molyneux. "Old Mirepoix has the long breath, but it take' a strong man two days to say all of them. I can suppose this Winterset know' now who bring the charge!"

"Castle Nowhere!" gasped Beau Nash, falling back upon the burly prop of Mr. Bantison's shoulder.

"The Duke of Orleans will receive a message from me within the hour!" said Winterset, as he made his way to the door. His face was black with rage and shame.

"I tol' you that I would not soil my hand with you," answered the young man. "If you send a message no gentleman will bring it. Whoever shall bear it will receive a little beating from François."

He stepped to Lady Mary's side. Her head was bent low, her face averted. She seemed to breathe with difficulty, and leaned heavily upon a chair. "Monseigneur," she faltered in a half whisper, "can you—forgive me? It is a bitter—mistake—I have made. Forgive."

"Forgive?" he answered, and his voice was as broken as hers; but he went on more firmly. "It is—nothing—less than nothing. There is—only jus' one—in the—whole worl' who would not have treat' me the way that you treat me. It is to her that I am goin' to make reparation. You know something, Henri?" He turned to his brother. "I am not goin' back only because the king forgive' me. I am goin' to *please* him; I am goin' to espouse mademoiselle, our cousin. My frien's, I ask your felicitations."

"And the king does not compel him!" exclaimed young Henri.

"Henri, you want to fight me?" cried his brother sharply. "Don' you think the King of France is a wiser man than I?"

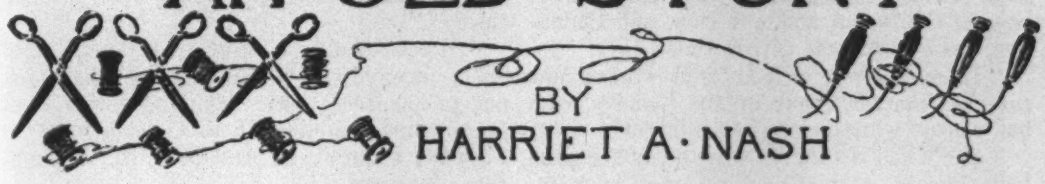
He offered his hand to Lady Mary.

"Mademoiselle is fatigue. Will she honor me?"

He walked with her to the door, her hand fluttering faintly in his. From somewhere about the garments of one of them a little cloud of faded rose-leaves fell, and lay strewn on the floor behind them. He opened the door, and the lights shone on a multitude of eager faces turned toward it. There was a great hum of voices, and, over all, the fiddles wove a wandering air, a sweet French song of the *voyageur*.

He bowed very low, as, with fixed and glistening eyes, Lady Mary Carlisle, the Beauty of Bath, passed slowly by him and went out of the room.

AN OLD STORY



BY

HARRIET A. NASH

Author of "The Twenty-Dollar Bill" and other stories.

A NEW ENGLAND EPISODE.

MRS. GREELEY sank into the big rocker, and looked helplessly at her husband. "I'd rather anything else in the world would have happened," she said.

Mr. Greeley, leaning against the woodbox in an attitude of self-defense, commenced to whistle drearily. It was one of Mrs. Greeley's complaints that her better half never whistled like other men—lightly and cheerily, when skies were clear. But let a cloud of difficulty shadow their domestic horizon, and he never failed to add to her distractions by whistling in a minor key.

"I don't see what we're goin' to do," she continued anxiously, waiting for a reply.

Mr. Greeley apparently had no suggestion to offer, but thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and whistled on, the tune growing more mournful.

It was a pleasant room. The autumn sunshine lay in yellow patches on the painted floor. A small fire crackled in the great kitchen fireplace, and a fat dog of the nondescript size and color that denote no particular variety, but just dog in general, slumbered on the braided rug. Mr. Greeley continued to whistle. The sound penetrated to the brain of the slumbering dog, who opened one eye lazily, listened to the tune, and slumbered again. Mrs. Greeley, finding she was to get no response within, looked out of the window, as if expecting advice from that direction. The bare branches of the maples rose stiffly, deigning no downward glance at the heaps of brown leaves that had so lately deserted them. A motherly hen, that had foolishly undertaken family cares late in the season, scratched about the frosty yard, followed by her shivering brood.

The door of the stairway opened, and a bright-faced girl of twenty entered, her arms laden with strings of dried apple. Halfway into the room she paused abruptly, turning her eyes from one to the other of its occupants in questioning wonder. "What on earth's the matter?" she inquired.

Mr. Greeley looked toward his wife, who, it appeared, was not loath to voice the difficulty. "Matter enough, I should say," she replied. "Here's your father been and engaged Ruel West to come cobblin' next week, and Emmeline is goin' to be here tailorin'."

"Well, what of it?" said the daughter, closing the door behind her. "The house is large enough for both, isn't it?"

"Jest what I say," put in her father eagerly.

Mrs. Greeley silenced him with a contemptuous glance. "That's just what it isn't," she declared with emphasis. "Perhaps it's not surprisin', Susie, that you don't understand; but a man of your father's age ought to show some sense. He knows as well as I do that Ruel and Emmeline ain't spoke for twenty years. And here it is comin' cold weather and no place for either one of 'em but right here in my kitchen," Mrs. Greeley finished in an aggrieved tone. Mr. Greeley resumed his whistling.

"But why don't they speak?" asked Susie, festooning the strings of apple beneath the mantel. "I thought they were relation or something."

"Only by marriage," replied Mrs. Greeley. "It's an old story and a long one. If you'd had some mothers, Susie, you'd heard it years ago. But I'm one that never calculates to repeat gossip before my children. I never rightly settled in my own mind which was to blame. It takes two to make a quarrel anyhow. But it begun this way: When they was young, Ruel and Emmeline was engaged to be married."

"How interesting," exclaimed Susie. "Is that why they don't speak?"

"That's a part of it. They was all ready and had the day fixed, when all to once they quarreled over some foolishness or other,

and broke it off. Folks always thought they might have made up again if Ruel's brother John hadn't come home jest then. He'd been in California and got rich, and Emmeline was a handsome girl in those days."

"Emmeline's a well-favored woman now for that matter," put in Mr. Greeley, who had ceased whistling to listen intently.

"She's had nothin' to wear away her good looks like the rest of us," returned his wife, her tart tone denoting that he was still out of favor.

"Well," interposed Susie, impatiently.

"Well, so the first anybody knew she and John was gettin' married. 'Twas a great surprise, and there was them that said she married him for his money; but if she did she got come up with, for in jest six months he was layin' in his coffin, and the whole property went to Ruel. By some legal quibble I never understood she didn't even get her thirds."

"It sounds like a story in a book," said Susie, dreamily. "Only they usually come out pleasanter. But I don't see why Ruel goes round cobbling if he's got property. I always thought he was cut out for something better."

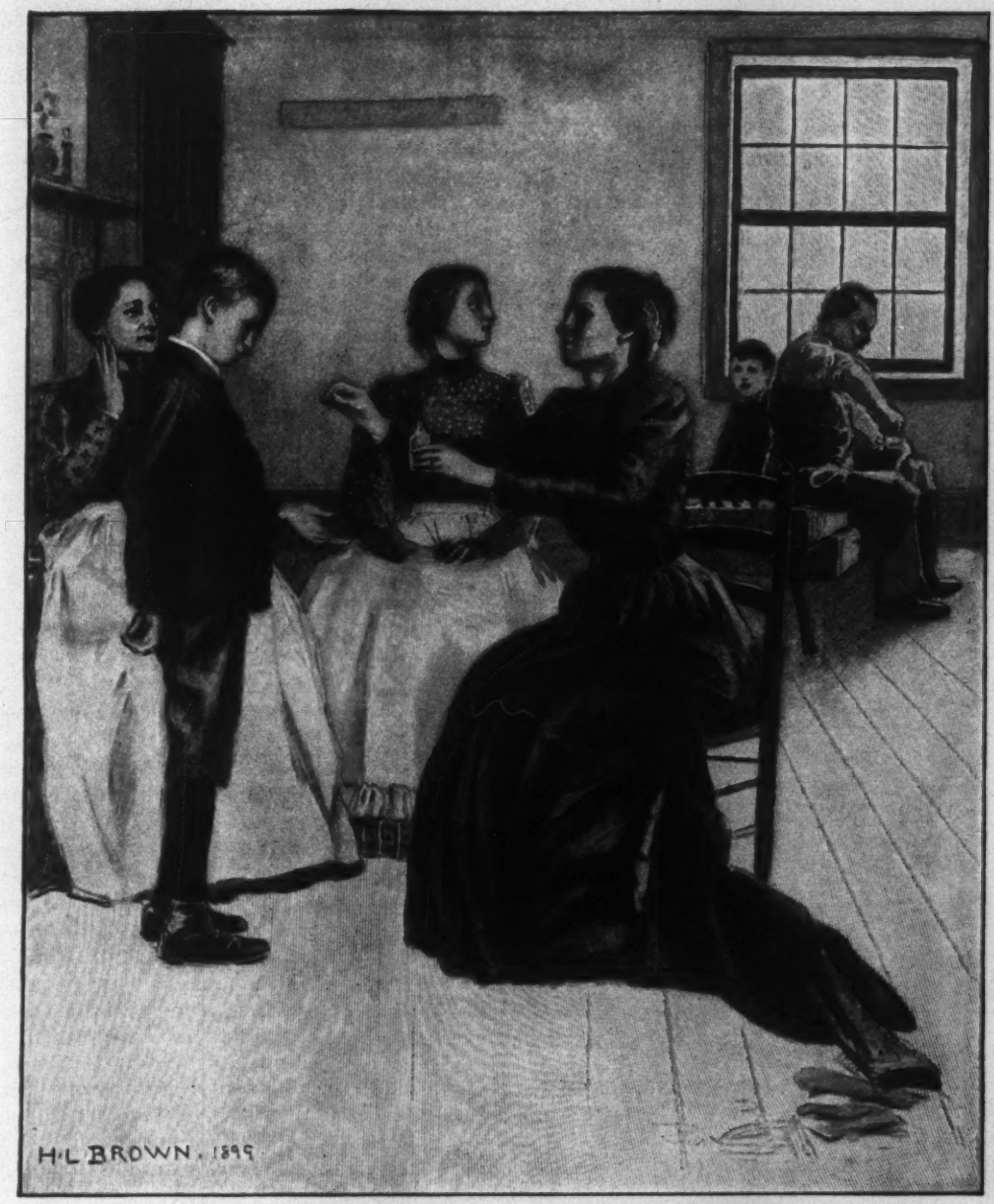
"There's meaner trades 'n cobblin'," asserted Mr. Greeley. "And as for the money, Ruel vowed he wouldn't have it. So there 'tis, accumulatin' and pilin' up. The Jedge of Probate—old Jedge Pratt that was—knew the family well, so he interested himself and got trustees appointed. But your mother's wrong about Emmeline's thirds. She might have had 'em, but 'twas the whole or none with her. They said she 'n Ruel had some pretty stormy interviews. But they warn't either of 'em any hand to talk, so nobody knew much about it."

"'SUSIE, . . . EMMELINE'S SPOKE TO YOU THREE TIMES.'"

"Well," interrupted Mrs. Greeley impatiently, "this won't help us out of the scrape you've got us into. I'd put Emmeline off if I could, but the boys are sufferin' for their winter clothes, and it's next week or not at all."

"Jest what Ruel said," replied Mr. Greeley stubbornly. "And the boys need shoes jest as much as they do clothes."

There was no way out of the dilemma but to let them come and make the best of it. Ruel West's bench was set up beneath the south windows of the Greeley kitchen on Tuesday morning, and a pair of stout shoes for little Noah were well under way when Emmeline appeared, carrying a large basket in which were her implements of trade. Neither was prepared for the meeting. Mrs. Greeley had thought best to let matters take their own course since they were beyond her control



"'TAKE THIS BACK TO THE GENTLEMAN, NOAH,' SHE SAID SEVERELY."

already. Ruel's thin face was the picture of consternation, and the wonderful story he was telling Noah and Tom came to an abrupt end. But Emmeline was quite equal to the occasion. "Good-morning, Mrs. Greeley," she said airily. "I don't know but I'm a little late, but I stopped to finish the button-holes in Squire Pettingill's coat. I'm just overrun with work." Then as she removed her bonnet and took possession of one of the north windows, "I'm always glad to get here. It seems like visitin'. How nice the sun comes in your south windows now the leaves are off." She looked straight through poor Ruel as she spoke, and Ruel, unable to resume the broken thread of his discourse, whispered to his disappointed auditors that he'd finish some other time, bestowing upon them by way of compensation a handful of butternuts from his pocket.

The trying day opened, on the whole, more favorably than Mrs. Greeley had feared. Ruel effaced himself as much as possible, speaking little, and whispering his answers

"A HARD COUGH FROM THE WOODSHED STARTLED HER."

to the children's questions, while Emmeline, talking fluently on one subject and another, remained oblivious to his presence. Susie, who had for her that unreasoning admiration which a girl frequently bestows on a woman twice her age, hovered near the cutting-table in the intervals of household duties, and Mrs. Greeley, her sleeves rolled up and hands white with flour, came frequently from the pantry to make some communication—"while she thought of it."

"I guess 'tain't goin' to be so bad as I thought," she whispered to Susie behind the pantry door. "Emmeline seems to be carryin' it off splendid. If only it wa'n't for your father. Every minute he's in the house I shall be scared of what he'll say next."

A fear not wholly ungrounded, as it proved, for not only did the good man by an awkward blunder place Ruel and Emmeline side by side at dinner, but reassured by Emmeline's composure, he rushed into various conversational indiscretions, rallying Ruel on his bachelor existence, and assuring Emmeline that "second marriages sometimes turned out better than first ones." Mrs. Greeley looked the indignation she could not utter, and Susie made strenuous efforts to turn the conversation into indifferent channels. Emmeline remained apparently undisturbed; but Ruel blushed, and choked over the mouthful of bacon he was trying to swallow, finally crowning the series of misfortunes by overturning his cup of tea upon Emmeline's wrist and the sleeve and skirt of her new green dress. Scalding hot it was, for Mrs. Greeley prided herself that her tea never came to the table lukewarm. Emmeline, unheeding Ruel's stammered regrets and apologies, assured her anxious hostess that it was of no consequence, and, winding her handkerchief about the burn, proceeded with her dinner. Not so Ruel—his appetite had vanished, and hot biscuit, pie, and pudding remained untasted before him.

Dinner over, Ruel disappeared, followed by his host, who, conscious that he had in some manner incurred the domestic displeasure, had urgent business at his woodlot. Emmeline returned to her work, self-possessed as ever, though a little less talkative. She steadily declined all remedies for the injured wrist, declaring, in reply to Mrs. Greeley's lamentations, that the burn was slight and that, if the dress stained, she had plenty new at home with which to repair it.

It was two o'clock when Ruel stole quietly into the kitchen and resumed work at his bench. Susie and her mother, with their

knitting, were established near Emmeline. The sun had gone around to the west, and Ruel's side of the room seemed a little lonely. Susie stole furtive glances from Emmeline to Ruel. Emmeline's glossy braids bent over her work, and her face, despite its forty years, looked young and fair. Ruel's clear-cut profile showed plainly against the window. Susie decided that he had been fine-looking in his youth. There was nothing about either of them incompatible with a romance. Still she was a little disappointed, for, according to all her theories, the unfortunate episode at dinner should have effected a reconciliation. In any tale of romance she had ever read Ruel would have knelt in remorse, and Emmeline should have forgiven him on the spot. After all, Susie reflected, Ruel had exhibited the remorse, even though he omitted to kneel. She began reluctantly to admit that her heroine had been at fault in not acting her part. How worn and discouraged Ruel looked—in sharp contrast to Emmeline's prosperous appearance. She wondered why he wouldn't use that money.

"Susie," interrupted her mother sharply, "Emmeline's spoke to you three times, and you gazin' out them south windows in a daze."

Susie roused herself, blushing crimson. Emmeline looked curiously at her, a vague suspicion darting through her mind.

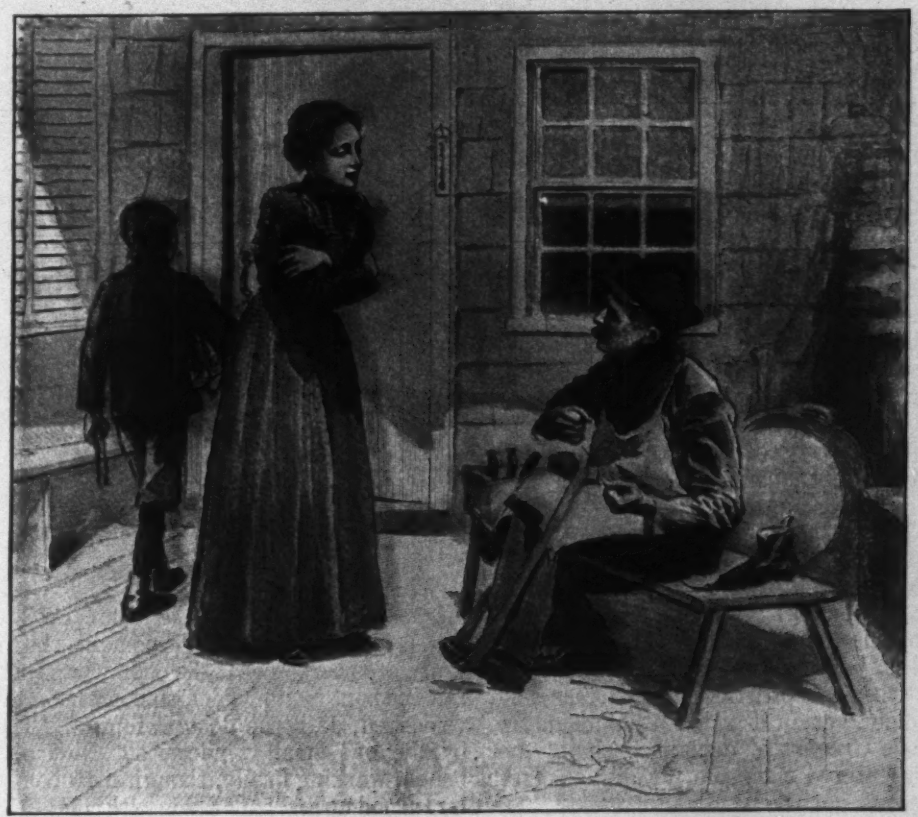
At four o'clock, Tom and Noah, rushing in from school, took possession of Ruel, demanding the conclusion of the story. A whispered conversation ensued. Presently Noah slipped across the room, and dropped a small package in Emmeline's lap. "Here's some liniment for your wrist," he said bashfully, retreating behind his mother's chair.

"Bless the child," cried the surprised recipient. "Now wasn't that nice of him? I s'pose he'll be hurt if I don't use it," she added in an aside to Susie, as she loosened the stopper.

"That's a thoughtful little boy," said his mother proudly. "Where'd you get it, sonny?"

Noah hung his head, and didn't want to tell. Mrs. Greeley insisted. Noah mumbled something in a low tone. "Speak right up," demanded Mrs. Greeley.

"Mr. West got it," interposed Tom. "He walked clear to the village after it."



"SUSIE CONVEYED THE MESSAGE."

Emmeline swiftly put the stopper back in the bottle. "Take this back to the gentleman, Noah," she said severely. "And—wait." Taking her purse from her pocket, she extracted therefrom two large coppers. "This will pay him for the small amount I have used," she added stiffly.

Ruel pocketed the bottle silently. The two coppers he impartially bestowed on Tom and Noah, who, finding their play-fellow dull company, sought amusement out of doors. Mrs. Greeley entered into a long story of her sister in Colorado, giving Emmeline an excuse for silence. A strong odor of liniment pervaded the room.

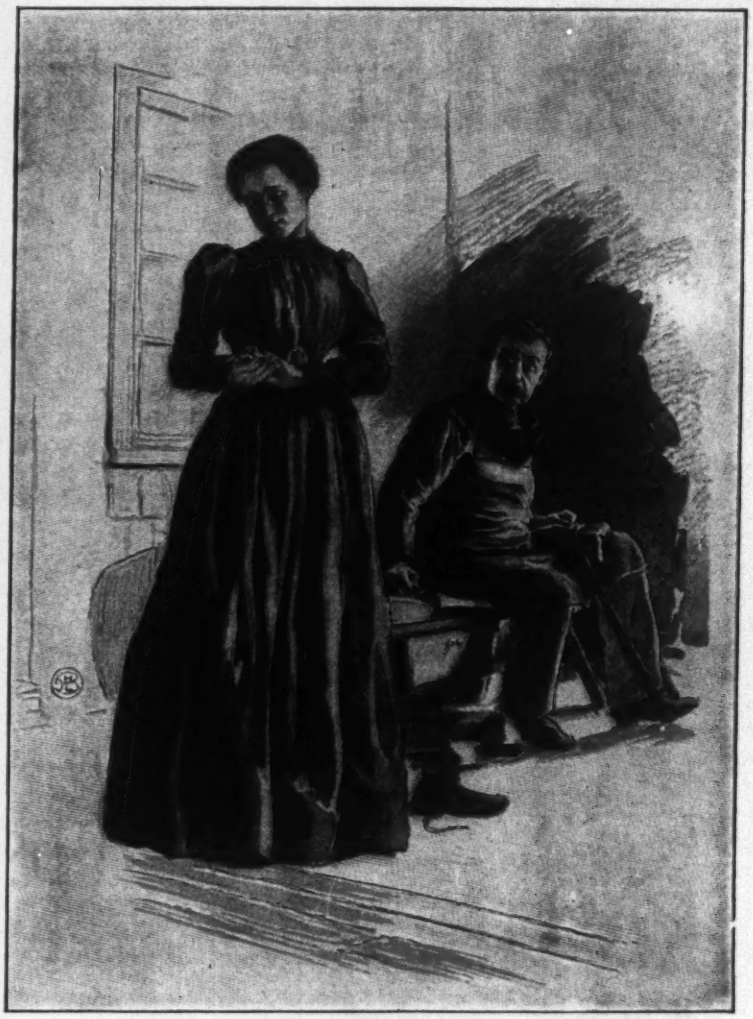
Susie felt disapproval mingle with her admiration for Emmeline. Ruel was conducting himself in every way as a hero should. Why should Emmeline scorn his advances? Thought with Susie was close akin to action. She rose, and deliberately moving her chair close to Ruel's bench, entered into a low-toned conversation with him. The early dusk was falling, but the flashing fire lighted up the room, shining full upon the pink cheeks and curly brown hair by the cobbler's bench. Emmeline watched them from her shadowy corner, the vague suspicion stirring again. Mrs. Greeley had left the room.

"Oh, you must," Susie was saying eagerly. "Why, it wouldn't seem like singing-school with any one else to teach. Do say you will, Mr. West." It was only a girl's innocent attempt to set an embarrassed man at ease, but to the older woman it sounded like coquetry.

"Susie Greeley!" exclaimed the mother, as she reëntered the room, "Why on earth haven't you got the candles?"

Susie replied that she thought there was no hurry. It seemed nice in the twilight.

Emmeline pleaded an engagement for the evening, and went away before supper, and Ruel soon followed, to Mrs. Greeley's relief. "I'm all beat out," she declared as the sound of his footsteps died away. "A week of soap-making wouldn't have tired me like to-day."



"'RUEL,' SHE SAID SOFTLY AT LAST, 'WON'T YOU PLEASE GO IN?'"

When Emmeline reached the Greeley kitchen next morning, the cobbler's bench had disappeared. For a moment she congratulated herself that the enemy was routed. But the next instant Tom, rushing in from the woodshed, left the door swinging. There, by the one small window, sat Ruel on his bench, working busily, though with coat collar turned up and hands blue with cold. Nothing was said, but Emmeline fancied that Mrs.

Greeley looked troubled, while Susie was unusually quiet and avoided the work-table. Once or twice in the forenoon an errand took her to the woodshed, and Emmeline could hear the ripple of her girlish laughter through the closed door. She came in the last time shivering. "It's terribly cold out there," she said pointedly.

Emmeline was less at ease than yesterday. Pain from the neglected burn had caused her a restless night, and a dim sense of being put in the wrong annoyed her. A hard cough from the woodshed startled her several times. Mrs. Greeley seemed not to hear it. "That man 'll get his death of cold out there," Emmeline said at last.

"Jest what I told him," responded her hostess impatiently. "But he's a man, and as a consequence sense and reason is two things he's got no understandin' of."

The subject dropped for a time. The keen November wind rattled the windows of the farm-house and sent the brown leaves outside scurrying in all directions. To Mrs. Greeley's annoyance, Ruel declined to come in to dinner, remarking that he lost some time yesterday and must make it up to-day. Mrs. Greeley might send him out a bite, if she liked; or he could wait till he got home just as well.

Susie, who felt that Ruel would carry out his part better if he refused to eat at all, carried him a substantial plateful, and watched him dispose of it with some disapproval. When she returned to the kitchen, she was glad to notice that Emmeline seemed uneasy and was eating little. The day grew colder. The sun was shut in by leaden clouds, and Mr. Greeley, clinging to the weather as the one safe topic, predicted an early fall of snow. "I'm afraid Ruel's gettin' cold," he remarked to his wife in a stage whisper, as he set off for a long drive to town.

"Susie," commanded Emmeline after a struggle, "go and tell that man, if he's moved out there on my account, he may come straight back in here."

Susie conveyed the message, but returned alone. Mr. West was very comfortable, and preferred to stay where he was. It wasn't so crowded out there, and though the air might be colder, it wasn't so chilly.

The day wore on. Emmeline, growing more and more uncomfortable, worked steadily, but talked little. From the woodshed came a cheery whistle, broken occasionally by a hoarse cough. Susie went out again, and Emmeline heard Ruel ordering her in lest she take cold. Something in his tone brought back a memory of long ago, for which she chided herself angrily. She overheard Susie telling her mother that Ruel was going to take her to singing-school that evening. "He's so hoarse, though, I don't believe he can lead," Susie said regretfully.

Emmeline began to be sorry she had promised to spend the night, and attempted to withdraw, but Mrs. Greeley would not hear of it. "You must stay," she urged. "The young folks 'll all be off to singing-school, and we'll have a good visit."

It was a relief to all that Ruel went home early to make preparations for the evening. Susie, in her crimson merino, was fluttering about the room long before seven. Emmeline watched her, thinking how pretty the girl had grown. It seemed but yesterday that she was in her cradle. Emmeline and —another—had been wont to stroll across the fields on Sunday afternoon, and spend an hour at the Greeley farm-house. And the other had petted and tossed the baby in his arms, declaring he'd half a mind to wait for her to grow up. Well, she was ready now. Ruel called that he couldn't leave his horse, and Susie, in cloak and hood, ran gayly out, flinging back a light-hearted pity for people who were too old to go to singing-school.

Another morning broke, cold and gray. "Too cold to snow," Mr. Greeley asserted. Emmeline, listening half unconsciously, heard Ruel whistling in the shed at an early hour. Susie ran out to welcome him, and their voices rose in laughter over some incident of the night before. Emmeline tried to pay attention to Mrs. Greeley, who was commenting critically on her husband's easy-going nature. "He don't begin to show his age as I do," she said half complainingly; "and it's all along of my doing the worryin' for the two."

Emmeline sighed. "Women grow old faster than men do," she said. "You and I will soon be on the down-hill side of life."

The cough from the shed sounded more frequently to-day, and Emmeline heard Mrs. Greeley tell her husband that Susie was worrying about Ruel's cold. Emmeline hesitated, struggling with pride and a half dozen other conflicting emotions which she could not name. "Susie," she said at last, "can't you persuade that man to quit making an idiot of himself?"

Susie admitted that she had used all her powers of persuasion in vain. Emmeline rose with determination, and walked to the woodshed door. "I absolutely refuse to have his suicide laid at my door," she said. "Ruel West," she commanded, opening the

door, "if you're staying out there on my account, I want you to come straight in here to the fire; or else I shall bring my work out there and sit, too."

Ruel's thin lips shut together like a vise. The man whom yesterday the lifting of her finger might have swayed, was beyond her power to move to-day. Mrs. West might please herself, he answered politely; he was not coming in. To Susie's amazement, Emmeline took her work and departed to the woodshed, where she settled herself on an overturned washtub, near the door.

"It seems there's a pair of them," grumbled Mrs. Greeley, determining for the hundredth time that the present *contretemps* should never occur in her house again, while Susie decided that romance in a story differed widely from the quality found in real life. Susie was beginning to taste the bitter fruit which not infrequently falls to him who meddles with his neighbor's affairs; for a certain young man among the tenor singers had chosen to resent her appearance with Ruel, intimating that, if she preferred that old curmudgeon, he would take himself out of the way with pleasure. To which Susie had responded promptly that she had no wish to interfere with his pleasure. And John Porter had walked away with a sarcastic remark about Ruel's reputed wealth. Susie wondered if she was to repeat Emmeline's story.

In the woodshed there reigned a stony silence, broken only by Ruel's cough. Emmeline glanced at him occasionally, but his stern face gave no sign of yielding. Going in to press a seam, she noticed that Susie looked strangely downcast, and her heart went out to the girl. "Can't you get him to come in?" asked Susie with a wistful touch of sympathy for the woman.

"I'm going to try again, dear," Emmeline answered, giving up to Susie, with the answer, something left over from long ago which she had not known she held.

"Ruel," she said, going back to the woodshed, "I think you ought to come in for Susie's sake. She is worrying about you."

Ruel, with a cough, didn't see why Susie need trouble herself about him. In his opinion she was far more likely to be worrying about young John Porter, who seemed a trifle off the hooks last night.

"Do you mean"—Emmeline forced herself to ask the question—"that Susie and John Porter——"

Ruel's laugh had a bitter note. "Oh, Susie's a woman," he said. "Most likely she'll throw him over for a few hasty words. As for me, I never made a fool of myself for but one woman, and I never will."

Emmeline hastily returned to her tub. The place was bitterly cold, but she was thinking of something else. "Ruel," she said softly at last, "won't you please go in?"

He looked a moment at her downcast face. The set lips relaxed. "Yes," he said, "I'll go in—on one condition."

She waited. "There's all that money laying in the bank," he said slowly. "If you'll take it—the whole of it—as I wanted you to twenty years ago."

"Oh, no, not that," she answered; "anything but that!"

"All right," replied Ruel, bending with fresh energy to his work.

The wind wailed around the building, and stole in through cracks about the window. Emmeline rose at last. "Very well," she said in a hard voice. "I'll take that money. You may bring it to me in bank bills, and I'll put every dollar of it in the fire before your face. Maybe, that'll convince you at last that I didn't marry for the sake of it."

"I'd like to know what you did marry for," put in Ruel stubbornly.

"Well, you can know," she replied, in the same hard voice. "I've been misjudged by men, women, and children for twenty years, and for once I'll right myself at any cost. There was all sorts of stories going"—a long pause. Ruel put down his awl and waited. "I married John to show I didn't care," concluded Emmeline.

"The stories wa'n't true—" began Ruel indignantly.

"I found out they wa'n't—afterwards. But it doesn't matter now. And you're quite welcome to stay here and freeze if you want to. I'm going."

She had her hand on the latch when Ruel's voice sounded beside her. "Emmeline," he said, "will you take half that money."

She hesitated. "Perhaps," she said slowly, "if you would take the other half. Couldn't we divide it?"

"I'll take the other half," agreed Ruel. "But—I wasn't thinking of dividing it."

Five minutes later Mrs. Greeley threw open the woodshed door with a bang. "I won't have any more such carryin's on in my house," she declared. "Emmeline, you come straight in here out of the cold. And you, Ruel West, do the same. And if you can't agree, you can set right here by the fire and fight it out."

Ruel took the hand which Emmeline had snatched away when the door opened. "We were coming," he said with a hoarse laugh.

THE BLIZZARD AT IMOGENE

BY FRANK B TRACY

A STORY OF THE DAKOTA PRAIRIES.

IMOGENE, the metropolis of the "second mountain," had never before entered upon a winter with so much downright confidence, pride, and security. The valley was groaning with fullness. Imogene belonged to the soil, and had never sought to depart from it. There the town lay on the top of the "second mountain"—fat, self-satisfied, and vain.

It is always difficult to make strangers understand about the "mountain." Prairie City, on the river, lies much lower that Imogene. Fifty miles west of Prairie City, there rises from the plain a quite abrupt elevation. That is the "first mountain," and on its top is St. Charles, with its little stores, its big Roman Catholic church, its half-breeds, and its Hotel de Log. There is plenty of timber about St. Charles, and altogether it isn't a bad place for those who insist on trees and water in their scenery, although the common-sense Dakotan knows that water isn't necessary and that the best land is that which isn't encumbered with woods. Then, on west of St. Charles, after a while you come again to the prairie, and on another elevation, the "second mountain," lies Imogene.

The town was said to have been named after the daughter of the superintendent of the railroad which ran its "accommodation trains" to the town three days a week—for Imogene was at the end of the branch, and the train which wearily brought its great load into the station every other night, started back to Lambert (the point at which the branch joined the main line) at daybreak the next morning, with the same crew. The people declared such an arrangement was an outrage on the trainmen and the service a gross insult to the county that was making Dick Webb rich. But no competition threatened; and if the trainmen didn't like that kind of work they could quit, quoth Dick Webb. The people at first were glad enough, he added, to get any kind of trains, and they would grumble at the best.

"Johnny McGufre's dead!"

One night in January, there were signs of a storm. Some persons regarded them lightly, saying that the day of blizzards had gone by. Others were less lighthearted, and looked abroad with some anxiety. One who felt especially fearful that night

was Helen Brewster. She was a brave, cool, and sagacious woman, whose experience on the frontier had made her the more hardy and self-reliant. But the most courageous woman cannot avoid a feeling of nervousness when her husband has been called away from home and detained beyond his time. Howard Brewster was the cashier of the Imogene National Bank, and he had often to go here and there to aid in the establishment of new national banks in various parts of the new State. Helen had never lost heart in spite of the perils, trials, and miserable vexations and inconveniences of her life. At times the visions of the dear old home in Pennsylvania, with its sweet memories, its restful calm, and its environs of shady walks, broad streams, and majestic hills, made the contrast acute and painful; but she never permitted herself to dwell long in such visions, for duty and love calmed her soul. Her present uneasy feeling came partly from the fact that her little four-year-old Rachel complained of a headache. This was unusual, for the mother feared that the child might be falling ill. "And if she should be," mused Mrs. Brewster, "I don't know what I should do. I haven't the least confidence in Dr. Phinney."

No one had much confidence in Dr. Phinney. He was a very large man with a long beard, and a low voice which in some men might have been reassuring, but in him was exasperating. He had come to the county in the early days; and seeing that the people suffered from two classes of maladies—lung diseases and malarial fevers—he had applied himself stubbornly in an attempt to master these. He had no competitor; he was the town's sole dependence.

"She sat by her window, gazing."

The signs proved only too true. In the night came the blizzard—the most violent, fierce, and destructive storm known to the Northwest in a quarter of a century. It blocked every car-wheel, destroyed scores of lives, and left a trail of suffering, misery, and desolation throughout that vast region. There is no such thing as a "howling blizzard." The true blizzard does not howl. It roars, roars, and the sound is like that of a not far-distant waterfall. Storms are frequent and familiar to the Northwest, but blizzards seldom come as often as once a year—this was the blizzard of twenty-five years! The snow began falling thick and fast about midnight. The wind gradually rose higher and stronger until a short time before dawn; then, with a sudden leap, it struck its gait and went with a rush and sweep that swayed even the staunch buildings of the town, and shook the little shacks out on the prairie as would a giant an urchin of the street. Next morning, snow was found inside every house. It had driven through the openings in the outer, or storm, windows and was plastered upon the panes of the inner windows, shutting out whatever faint light might have emerged from the dark sky. A mighty, sullen roar kept up during the whole day and almost all the next night. The people remained at their homes, doing nothing with a placidity that only long experience can give. Some watched the storm, and the sight was a confusing kaleidoscope of images made by the snow—sweeping, writhing, tumbling, and piling up in the air.

No man could front that blast for many rods and live. It threw snow into the face with blistering fury; the snow then melted under the heat of the face and next froze into ice under the contact of the cold air and the impact of the succeeding billows of snow. The effect was agony. The eyes were blinded, and all sense of direction was lost. Those who set out in the tempest and reached their destinations were guided by intuition, for reason and judgment had nothing upon which to work.

The second morning dawned clear and bright. The wind had died away; the snow ceased, and the mercury fell from fifteen degrees above to twenty below zero. No scene could be more brilliant, none more vivid, than

that of Dakota on the day after a blizzard. The sun is dazzling in its brightness, the air is electric in tense crispness and vigor, while the varied shapes and grotesque figures of the snow-mounds, with their spotless whiteness and great extent, leave an ineffaceable impression on the mind. Hugh masses of snow tower up to the second stories of the buildings, and drifts thirty feet high stretch along the village streets for blocks. The people, though before all else practical and matter-of-fact, always seem reluctant to begin the demolition of the fantastic structures that the storm has heaped up. But in a few hours the work of "digging out the town" is under

"At a small house . . . she stopped."

way, and the greatest merriment and jollity mark its progress.

On the evening of the second day after the storm began, the crowd at the American Hotel was startled by the entrance of a boy whose face was white with fear and who exclaimed in an unnatural voice, "Johnny Maguire's dead!"

"What!" they all cried, and started to their feet, plying the terrified boy with questions.

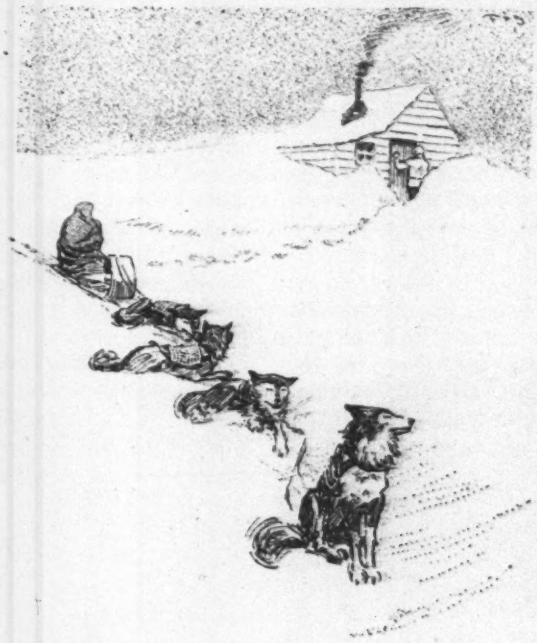
But he could only say, "He died just a little while ago, and his folks are about crazy. It's some terrible new disease—the head turns back—and he suffered awful. They think Doc don't know what it is, and they say Jennie Rice has got it."

Twenty-four hours later, in the place of the proud and boastful town of Imogene was a community wild and frenzied with terror, cowed and stupefied with dread. A scourge had fallen upon their children! On the heels of the destructive storm had come this plague. It was cerebro-spinal meningitis—a disease rarely met with in this country as an epidemic. Dr. Phinney could do nothing; at first he could not even tell the people what the disease was; and they could not summon help from a distance, or go for it themselves, because telegraph wires were mute, and railway tracks and prairie roads were choked and absolutely impassable. The village seemed doomed. None could escape, and none could come to save. Brooding followed panic, and madness seemed but a few steps removed.

One illumining, sweet fact there was, however, in the situation. At first it altogether escaped the consciousness of the people, and yet it was the justification of their lives. If you had asked any one a few weeks before what was the dominant sentiment of Imogene, you would have received one reply, Money. Now it was Love; and this meant that it had always been love. The people were now willing, eager, wild, to throw away all the accumulations from years of toil and self-denial, only to rescue their children. And in the days that came, when this fact at last dawned full upon their apprehensions out of their agony and bereavement, it for-

ever left its soothing, divine impress upon their souls.

Day followed day with pitiless monotony. It was the same report that was given every morning. One had died in this home, and a new case had developed in that. Storm succeeded storm with scarcely a day's interval, a thing never experienced before; and thus became more and more hopeless any attempt to escape. To add to the horror of the situation, it was impossible to bury the dead. No spades would cut that frozen soil, even after repeated trials to soften it by fire. And so the coffins lay buried in the snow or were placed in outhouses and grain-sheds. The town depended for fuel on coal hauled in by the railroad and on wood brought in from St. Charles by team. The store this winter had been improvidently scant, and now began to threaten complete exhaustion. Every day brought the people perceptibly nearer to the peril of death from freezing.



"He stepped to the door and knocked."

Helen Brewster's life had become one of intense agony. She often thought that if Rachel had died when first seized her own suffering would have been less, for she was certain that the child must die in the end. One evening, two weeks after the blizzard, she sat by her window gazing far off across the vast prairie. It was a beautiful view, and just then presented one of those rare winter sunsets which are unsurpassed for dignity, sweetness, and rich coloring. But she was wrapped in deep thought, and was unconscious of the glories of the scene. Suddenly she rose and hurried out of the house. At a small house in the same yard with her own she stopped and knocked. The door was opened by a large, overgrown boy, who started when he saw Mrs. Brewster, and exclaimed, "Why, you here? Will you come in, Mrs. Brewster?"

She walked in, but without sitting down asked, "Are the dogs all right?"

"Yes, I think so," said he slowly, his blue eyes opening wide with wonder.

"Are you willing to try to take me and Rachel on the sledge to Rock River to-morrow?"

The boy was for a moment speechless. Then he exclaimed, "Rock River! That is forty miles! It would be impossible!"

"Will you try it?" The voice was calm and almost stern, yet the boy felt in it a note of pleading which he could not withstand. He looked at her face, and cried with impetuous devotion, "I will stand by you to the end, Mrs. Brewster. Yes, I will try."

"Then be ready to start to-morrow at daybreak." And she was gone.

Eric Lovaas sank into a chair, trembling and alarmed. For the moment he wondered if brooding over her child's danger might have affected Mrs. Brewster's mind. He was resolved to keep his word with her, though, for, like most of his countrymen, and all simple persons, he had not reached that pinnacle of supremacy where gratitude is a discarded notion. Two years before, he had come with his parents from Greenland to join a colony. His father and mother, becoming prostrated with river fever, had died, leaving the boy with nothing but his four dogs. He had drifted to Imogene, seeking employment, and his honest blue eye had caught the fancy of Howard Brewster.

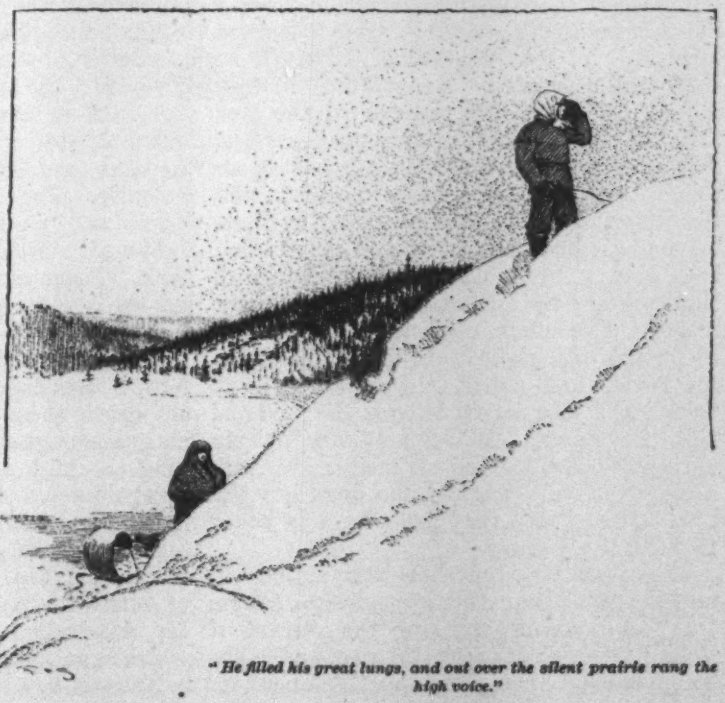
It certainly was the recourse of desperation—this proposal of Mrs. Brewster's. Few men would have dared to think of it. If any one had asked her why she thought of it, she could not have replied rationally. But Rock River had been her first Dakota home. There Rachel was born, and there lived Dr. Young, who had won the mother's confidence by his skill during the early life of the child. He might be able to save Rachel. Then, too, perhaps her husband was there, for Rock River was half-way on the branch railroad

from Lambert to Imogene, and the road from there to Lambert, being comparatively free of deep cuts, was less subject to blockades of snow than between there and Imogene.

The idea of using the dogs seemed to have come to her as a direct inspiration. So quickly had storm followed storm that no hard crust had been formed on the snow, and to drive across the prairie with horses would be impossible, because the horses would break through the thin crust and hopelessly flounder. The dogs, however, trained by long service, could skim across the lightest surface, and might bear her and her child to a haven of safety. It was the last resource, at any rate; and to save one life, even at the risk of losing three, she seized upon it.

The town was as silent as the charnel-house it seemed to be when, next morning, the sledge passed over the railroad crossing and turned south toward Rock River. On the outskirts of the town loomed up the residence of John Bennett, president of the State Bank, Mr. Brewster's rival and business enemy. Because of that enmity Helen, although a generous woman, felt for the man and his family a strong dislike. But the evening before, she had learned that little Alice, Mrs. Bennett's baby, had been seized with the epidemic in its most malignant form, and the light burning brightly in the big house indicated to her mind a terrible vigil. At sight of it tears filled her eyes, and a wave of sympathy came upon her that buried all unkind and uncharitable thoughts.

There was no road. The only possible safe course lay in following the railroad track; and swiftly past the telegraph poles whirled the sledge. Here and there the poles lay buried in the snow, and Eric, in making long circuits to avoid the tangled wires, saw clearly enough the reason for the telegraph's silence. Desperate and intrepid though it was, the journey had no dramatic adjuncts to make it striking. Dull and leaden was the sky, and on all sides stretched the broad, flat prairie, its white surface completing a picture of monotony which seemed to contain no radiant feature. But to Eric and Helen there was nothing of monotony in the ride. The simple, true-hearted Dane was inspired and wrought up as men almost never are. Every foot of the way he scanned keenly; he knew by the appearance of the snow and the lay of the land where to look for pitfalls, where there was no crust, and where rocks might lie. A sharp turn by the dogs, a sudden fright to himself or his team, a pull on the wrong rein —any one of these might mean an overturned sledge and death. His mind, directed automatically toward his work, exercised a double function. As he called to the foremost pair of dogs a word of warning and half rose in his seat to survey the tract just ahead, his thoughts were back in his grandfather's house. He saw with filling eyes the grief-stricken face as the lone old man learned (for by this time he must certainly have received the dread tidings) of the death of his children. Now Eric was recalling the incidents of his early childhood, when life was so sweet, when there was no talk of poverty, when he had never heard of Dakota, and when the thought of leaving home had never come into his mind. Then suddenly dreaming ceased, and as he turned sharply to look upon those whose lives were in his hands, the tide of his emotions almost overwhelmed and unmanned him.



"He filled his great lungs, and out over the silent prairie rang the high voice."

Two stations on the line of the railway were passed without a sign from Mrs. Brewster. She did not seem to see them. The day was hourly growing more cold and threatening, and Eric realized that every moment of daylight was indispensable. But he also knew that the journey could not be completed without rest and food for the dogs. He ventured to suggest, a short time before noon, that they stop a few moments at some farm-house. Helen at first begged to go on, but she soon saw the wisdom of stopping.

"He saw some men carrying the body of a woman."

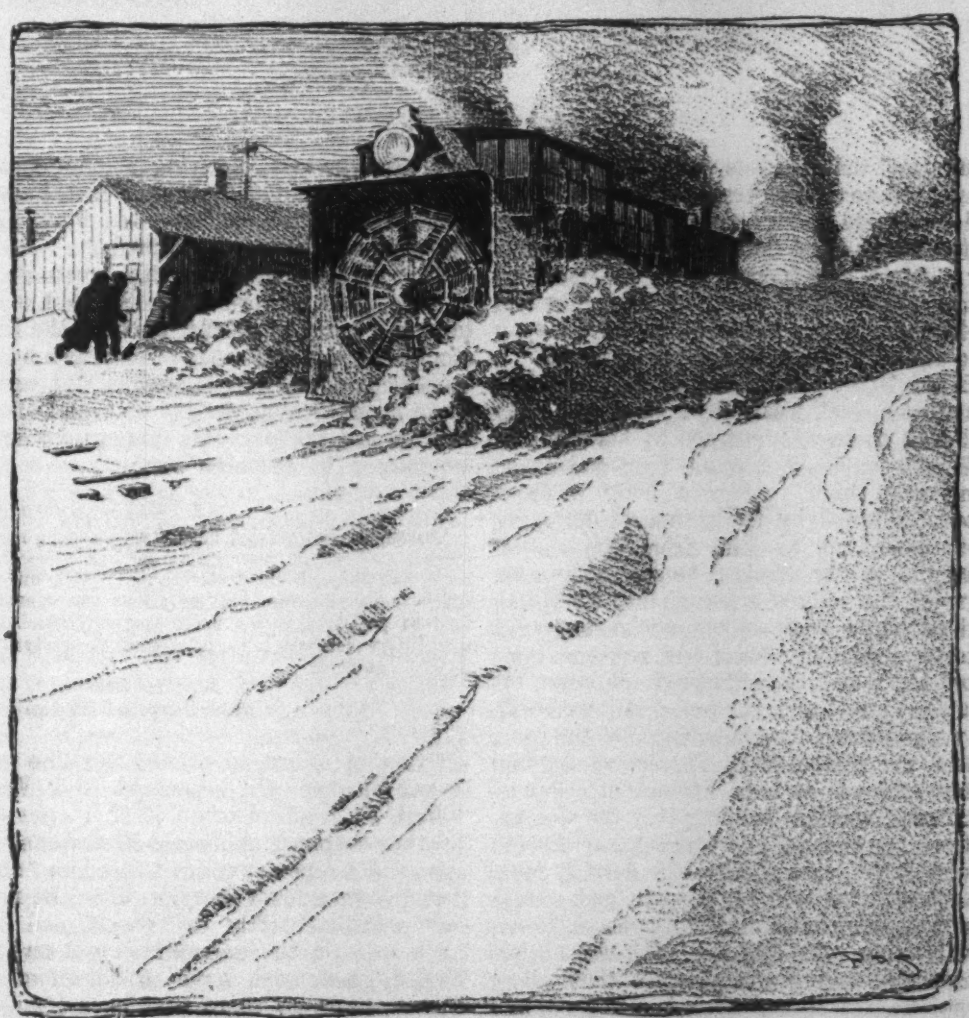
Presently appeared just ahead an odd, square house with a small addition at the rear. Eric drove quickly up to it, and hallooed, but there was no response. Giving the reins to Helen, he stepped to the door and knocked. A little old man opened it, and bowed in a deferential manner. Seeing Helen in the sledge, he made haste to beckon them in. As they entered, Eric turned to Helen and whispered, "Mennonite." It was, in fact, the home of a member of the sect that left Germany for Russia many years ago that they might escape military service, to which they were religiously opposed; and then later, after the promise made to them by one Czar and kept for a half-century had been broken by another, had emigrated to Manitoba and the United States for the same reason. The house consisted of one large room, and built right up to it was the stable for horses and cattle. In it was a large brick stove that served to cook the food and heat the room. To Helen it was not an agreeable place, but the old man and his wife made them welcome, and the dogs got the food and rest that they must have in order to finish the journey.

They were soon on their way again, and now the face of the country began to change, for they were approaching the stream of Rock River. It had to be crossed, and in the steep descent from the top of the bank to the surface of the stream would be their greatest peril. Eric had foreseen this, and the thought of it had all along lain heavy on his mind. When, finally, they came to the edge of the precipice, he stopped and looked searchingly for a place where the descent might be less abrupt. But there was no path; nor a sign that any one had ever crossed the stream. Eric looked at Helen; she understood. The dogs must be trusted. The rein was given to them, and down they dashed merrily toward the frozen, snow-clad surface of the river. A moment of intense suspense, and they were gliding over the snow, which lay almost as deep on the ice as on the prairie. The river was here quite broad, and, as the sledge sped gaily toward the opposite bank, joy and thanksgiving shone in the radiant faces of the two, and a song was rising to Eric's lips. Then suddenly they came upon a stretch of ice swept bare of snow by the wind; the sledge began to swing and turn, and in another moment crashed violently against a rock that jutted out from the bank, and the passengers were flung off violently. The dogs, frightened by the accident and feeling their burden suddenly lightened, darted away up and over the bank. Helen almost swooned at the sight, but the stubborn Dane rose at once to his feet and ran wildly up the bank in pursuit. When he reached the summit, the dogs were far off, speeding like the wind. He could not catch them. He must call. He filled his great lungs, and out over the silent prairie rang the high voice. The dogs heard and recognized it, and stopped and turned. Again he called. And now they saw him and, leaping forward, they ran back to him as quickly as they had fled, their eyes bearing that look of mingled love, fear of punishment, shame for misconduct, and pleading for pardon which is so human that it touches the heart.

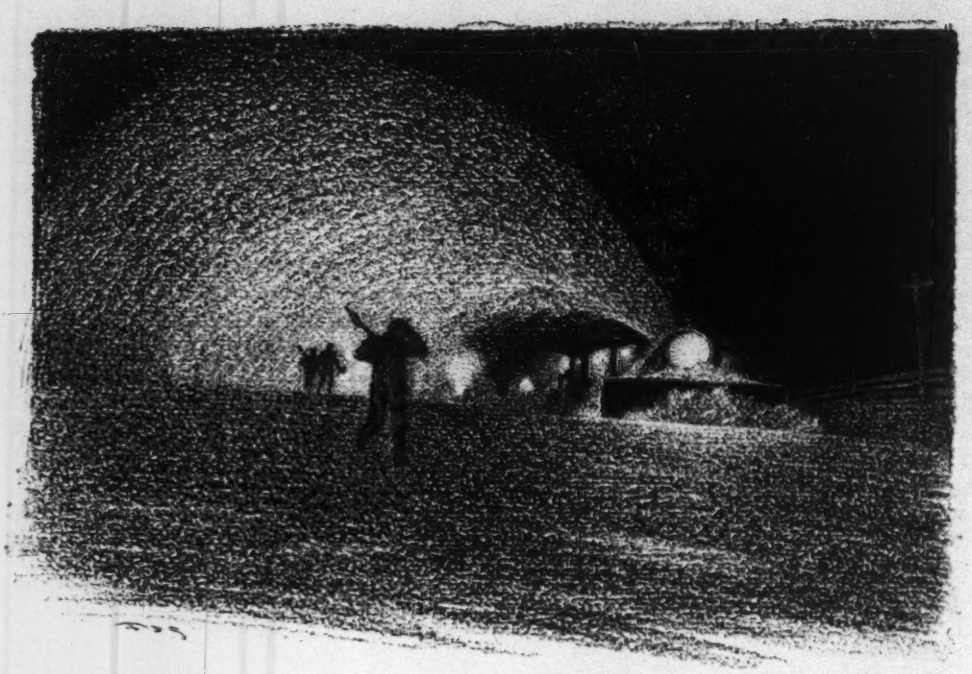
The way now left the railroad line and fol-

lowed a fringe of trees that skirted the bank of the stream. Ten miles directly ahead of them they saw the town of Rock River. The wind was dying down, but the cold was becoming keener and more penetrating, and this soon began to tell seriously. The dogs, brave and hardy fellows, pressed ahead with all their might, but with slackened speed. Occasionally one of them stumbled, and Eric would then shout a cheerful warning; but fear was clutching at his heart. The child lay in Helen's arms not seeming to breathe. Indeed, the mother did not know whether Rachel was alive or dead. She herself was becoming terribly cold. Her limbs were dead to all feeling; even her anxiety and suspense, intense and sharp an hour ago, were fast disappearing, and in the reaction and relaxation she seemed to be losing her hold on life.

Howard Brewster had reached Rock River the day before, on the first train that pushed through from Lambert after the blizzard. Despite the cold, he was pacing back and forth on the station platform that day, his anxiety and nervous stress manifest in his face. His distress was all the more acute because to it were added remorse and self-accusation. He had delayed his departure for home one day longer than was necessary. Had he not done so, he would have reached Imogene the day before the storm. When it came, he knew only too well what it meant, and he took the first train, hoping that, if he could not reach home, perhaps by getting nearer he might receive some tidings from home. That week's experience, as the train plowed its slow way to Rock River, was the most illumining of his life. He began to see the vanity and emptiness of his struggles for



"The stricken town was aroused by the ringing of bells and the shrieks of engines."



"The crew . . . had worked all day and night."

money, and the priceless worth of family and home. Some of the transactions which he had conducted under stress of anger, greed, or for the sake of defeating and discomfiting Bennett, now seemed mean and most ignoble. And out of all these thoughts and meditations grew, in some undefined way, a resolution for better and truer manhood.

In the latter part of the afternoon he left the station, and, wearied in mind and body and sick at heart, returned to his hotel, to wait and wait. A terrible fear and dread hung over him. After a little while a shout, followed by the sound of hurrying feet, came up to him from the street. Springing to the window, he saw some men carrying the body of a woman into the hotel, while others supported a man who staggered after the woman. He could not see their faces, but a sudden chill struck his heart. It was soon gone, and, composed and peaceful, he walked down the stairs and into the room where the woman lay. The crowd saw him enter, and was at once hushed into silence. Dr. Young, who was bending over the woman, noticed the change, and turning, saw his old friend gazing steadily into the deathly face. He mistook the look for despair, and grasping Brewster's hand, cried, "Cheer up, Brewster! Your wife is safe. She was all but frozen and falling asleep, when that young Dane realized it and took her in hand and rubbed and pounded her until he finally roused her. But he wasn't paying much attention to the dogs, and the sledge upset, here in front of the hotel, and she was hurt. But she will come to in a little while."

That night a railway president was sitting in his elegant dining-room in St. Paul, entertaining a party of gentlemen from the East, stockholders of the road. Telegrams by the score kept pouring in upon him, but one of these sounded a discordant note, and caused him to beg the party to excuse him for a moment. The despatch was:

ROCK RIVER, *February 2d.*

Messenger just arrived here from Imogene reports terrible epidemic of meningitis; children dying daily. No trains through since the blizzard. Only one physician there. I respectfully urge that you cannot afford to permit this line to be longer blocked. Extraordinary measures in the interest of humanity should be taken at once.

HOWARD BREWSTER,
Cashier Imogene National Bank.

"Cannot afford to permit this line to be longer blocked, eh?" sneered Dick Webb. "Well, I can afford to do it if I want to." Another despatch confirmed Brewster's message, and a reporter called to see him "about that Imogene fever story." Then the president whistled softly to himself and said, "Whew! So the papers have got on to it. Well, I guess we'll have to do something. Those people up there have been complaining a good deal, and if it goes too far the

M. and N. might push its line through from Madison. After all, maybe that country banker is right." And he at once sat down, and wrote two messages. One was addressed to the general superintendent, saying :

You must open Imogene line to-morrow. Epidemic. Take rotaries and all the men you need. Use utmost endeavor, and make a record. Have car for surgeons ready at Lambert.

R. R. W.

The other was to the chief surgeon :

Direct Johnson, with assistants and nurses, to board special at Lambert to-morrow for Imogene. Cerebro-spinal meningitis epidemic there.

R. R. W.

Jones, the division superintendent at Lambert, received this message :

Take Rotary No. 6 off Joplin line and Rotary No. 3 out of shop at Lovilla, and open up Imogene line to-morrow. Direct orders from R. R. W. Take as many men as you need. Make up special for surgeons and nurses. Wire results and progress.

HUDSON.

The chief surgeon read his message carefully, and slapped his knee : "Send Johnson off on such a fine thing? No, sir ! I haven't run across an epidemic of meningitis for fifteen years, and I want to try that new formula. I'll go myself."

The boys along the line were in the habit of saying, "R. R. W. never does anything unless he sees something in it, and then he does it up brown." At eight o'clock the next morning, two giant rotary snow-plows, pushed by monster locomotives drawing a special train, pulled out of Lambert for the north. Among those who boarded the train at Rock River was Howard Brewster. That day had for him a radiance such as no other day had. His wife had been restored to him after risking her life to save their child. That child, by some miracle, had passed the crisis of the disease in the terrible ride, and now Dr. Young said that she ought to recover. When Brewster learned the result of his message to the railroad president, he determined to accompany the relief train to Imogene.

It was just break of day the next morning when the stricken town was aroused by the ringing of bells and the shrieks of engines. The astonished people rushed out into the cold morning air to see if one sense could possibly verify the other, and beheld what to them seemed an angel from heaven ! It had been a fearful journey. One of the rotaries had broken and became useless, and the crew of one hundred men, who had worked all day and night, were nearly dead with cold and exhaustion. Nothing but "direct orders from R. R. W." could have kept them up to such a terrible task. But the battle was won, and as the train stopped at the station, it was met by men and women whose emotion was so great they could not even cheer.

As Mr. Brewster alighted from the train he took the chief surgeon by the arm, and said quietly, "Now, Doctor, let me take charge of this matter. Ainsworth, the agent, will know in what houses your assistants better begin, and can guide them. I have a place for you." Then, after whispering a few words to the agent, he conducted the chief surgeon to a sled, and said to the driver, "Jack, drive us at once to Bennett's."

"Where ?" exclaimed the astonished driver.

"To Bennett's, I said ; and be quick about it," answered Brewster.

"Have you heard how Bennett's Alice is this morning, Jack ?" he asked fearfully as they set off.

"Mighty low last night, they said, but alive yet this morning," was the reply.

"Thank God," fervently exclaimed Brewster. "We must save that child."

"One of your special friends ?" asked the surgeon.

"Yes," was the simple, but earnest reply, and the driver, thinking Brewster must have suddenly gone daft, turned to look for evidences of lunacy in his face. But in those eyes, turned so steadily and glowingly upon him, he saw not insanity, but love, joy, and peace.

The epidemic was now soon conquered. The arrival of the train gave to the people courage and hope. The whole world to them was transformed and made anew. The assured manner of the physicians and nurses in their work instilled confidence into the hearts of the patients, and faith is the world's greatest curative agent. Almost all of those who were sick when the train came recovered ; and among these was Bennett's child, although at times her recovery seemed impossible.

The whole Northwest rang with praises of Helen Brewster, and her return to Imogene was a signal for such a welcome as would seem more characteristic of the peoples of the Orient than of the apathetic dwellers in that cold clime. But she gently refused all gifts or tokens from them, deprecating her own part in the terrible experience, and ex-

claiming, with warmth and earnestness, "Eric is the real hero; he deserves all our praise."

Far away in old Greenland, alone in his little hut on the shore, lives an old man. All his kith and kin are gone; few visitors ever bring light and mirth to that home; day by day his step grows more feeble and his voice more faint. But happiness reigns in his heart, and the old man would not exchange his lot for that of any man on the island. His first act in the morning and his last act at night is to make his way to the mantel, and, opening a leather case which lies there, to read with glistening eyes this inscription on a gold medal which was sent to him from across the sea:

"To Eric Lovaas, who saved the lives of many of our dear ones by his matchless courage, skill, and fidelity to duty, the people of Imogene present this testimonial of their enduring gratitude."

THE "CONSTELLATION" IN THE WAR WITH FRANCE.

1798–1800.

By the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

To know we're resolved, let them think on the hour
When Truxtun, brave Truxtun, off Nevis' shore,
His ship manned for battle, the standard unfurled,
And at the "Insurgente" defiance he hurled.

Then raise high the strain, pay the tribute that's due
To the fair "Constellation," and all her brave crew;
Be Truxtun revered, and his name be enrolled
'Mongst the chiefs of the ocean, the heroes of old.

—*Old song.*

THIS is a story of a forgotten ship and a forgotten captain in a forgotten war. The names of Paul Jones, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Stewart, Perry, the ships or squadrons they commanded, and the battles they fought, are as familiar in our mouths as household words; but who to-day thinks of Truxtun and the "Constellation"? Yet he was quite on a level with any one of the others in the matter of personal gallantry, professional skill, and unvarying success. In the frigate "Constellation" he fought two most brilliant single-ship duels; in one instance with "L'Insurgente," a frigate of slightly less force than his own, and in the other with "La Vengeance," a very much larger and heavier ship. The latter action seems the more notable when it is recalled that in the War of 1812, in which the United States Navy gained such everlasting renown, our ships in almost every instance were larger, and carried heavier guns and more men, than those of the enemy; certainly this is true of all the more important actions. This detracts nothing from the glory of these combats, but it certainly enhances Truxtun's reputation to have thoroughly beaten a ship which in every particular, save in the quality of the man on the quarter-deck and the men behind the guns, entirely outclassed his own.

The man himself is a most romantic and picturesque figure. He was, with one possible exception, the only one of the sea officers of the Revolution who subsequently rose to any degree of eminence in the naval service. Born on Long Island on the 17th of February, 1755 (and his natal was also his lucky month, as we shall see), he was the son of an eminent English lawyer settled in the then royal colony of New York. At the age of twelve years, through the influence of a relative who cared for him after the death of his father early in his own life, he went to sea in the merchant service. His opportunities for education were limited, therefore; but he had diligently improved them, and by application in later life more than made up what he might more easily have acquired had he remained on shore. A treatise on navigation, and one or two other books of technical char-

acter, of which he was the author, and letters and despatches still extant, bear out this statement. The educational standard of the day was certainly not high, and he easily surpassed it.

He made many voyages in distant seas, and at one time was pressed in His Britannic Majesty's ship "Prudent," sixty-four, where, his ability attracting attention, he was offered a midshipman's warrant, but declined it, and was shortly after released from the English service. In 1775, at the age of twenty, he actually commanded a ship, the "Andrew Caldwell," in which, by his daring and address, he succeeded in bringing large quantities of much-needed gunpowder into the rebellious colonies. In the same year his ship, in which he had acquired a half ownership (good, for a boy of that day), was captured, condemned, and sold, and he was made a prisoner. Nothing daunted by this reverse of fortune, he finally escaped from surveillance at St. Eustatius, and made his way to Philadelphia. Early in 1776, he shipped as a lieutenant in the "Congress," the first to get to sea of a long line of bold privateers which swept the waters for British ships, and in the next war with that country, in 1812, nearly drove the merchant vessels of the English from the Atlantic Ocean.

In 1777, he fitted out the privateer ship "Independence," boldly dashed through the British guard ships in Long Island Sound, out around Lord Howe's tremendous fleet, and made a brilliantly successful cruise, capturing several ships, one larger and with more guns and men aboard of her than his own.

On this cruise the young privateersman had a rather unpleasant encounter with Captain John Paul Jones, with regard to his flying a pennant in the presence of the latter's regularly commissioned ship-of-war. The offending pennant was most properly hauled down, after a sharp correspondence, at the demand of Captain Jones, always a fighter for his prerogatives and for everything else as well; but not until the peremptory request was backed by one Richard Dale with two heavy boat crews fully armed. While the incident speaks little for Truxtun's discretion, it says much for the pluck and courage of a boy to have dared to withstand even for a moment so great a captain as Paul Jones.

The next year, in command of the "Mars," a larger and better ship, still gaily privateering, Truxtun emulated the examples of Wickes and Conyngham and ravaged the English Channel, sending so many prizes into Quiberon Bay that an international question was vigorously raised by Lord Stormont. Later, in the "St. James," a ship of twenty guns and 120 men, while carrying Mr. Thomas Barclay, just appointed Consul-General to France, he beat off, after a desperate action, an English frigate of thirty-two guns. A bold, dashing, hard-fighting, thorough-going sailor was Master Thomas Truxtun, Revolutionary privateersman.

In person he was short and stout, red-faced, and gray-eyed, but handsome and strong-looking. To the day of his death he always wore a quaint, old-fashioned naval wig. He was quick-tempered with men, especially when he had the gout, which, as he was a high liver, was not infrequently. At such times he was wont to make it somewhat unpleasant for his body servant, an old seaman who had sailed with him for many years. With women he was always courteous and charming, and seeing that he had thirteen daughters and only one son, it may be conceded that he had no lack of experience with the ruling sex. In short, he was of that quaint, old-fashioned, forgotten type of sea officers which vanished when the romantic and beautiful sailing-ship of the past was supplanted by the prosaic, but intensely business-like, iron pot of the day. He was a good churchman, too, and sleeps after his tempestuous life in Christ Church burying-ground in Philadelphia—well, he earned his rest.

After the war he again engaged in the merchant service, visiting at different times, in his own ships, all quarters of the globe, and becoming in time wealthy, substantial, and respected. When the United States Navy was organized in 1794, under the stimulus of the Algerine piratical depredations, he was made the last of the six captains for the six new ships authorized by Congress. In his case, the last certainly became the first. He was appointed to the new ship "Constellation," thirty-eight, then building at Baltimore, and superintended her building and equipment. She was launched on September 7, 1797, and is at present the oldest ship on the United States Navy list, the frigate "United States," forty-four, which was launched two months prior, having long since been destroyed. The Algerine difficulty having been temporarily adjusted, Congress, smarting under the arrogant aggressions of the French upon our ships and flag, in July, 1798, abrogated all treaties and began a little naval warfare on its own account; which is chiefly remembered for the exploits of the "Constellation" and for having given rise, a little time before the beginning of hostili-

ties, to Pinckney's famous saying, "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute."

About noon on Saturday, February 9, 1799, while the "Constellation," under easy canvas, was cruising off the Island of St. Kitts, a sail was sighted to the southward, whereupon she squared away and headed for the stranger. The wind was blowing fresh from the northeast, and all sail was at once crowded on the frigate in chase; reefs were shaken out of the topsails by the eager topmen, the royals and topgallant sails set; the light studding sails on their slender booms were rapidly extended far out beyond the broad yard-arms; and the gallant ship, "taking a bone in her teeth," as the sailors say, tore through the waves, and bore down upon the stranger at a tremendous pace, the water boiling and foaming about her cutwater, the spray flying over her lee cathead, the waves rushing madly along her smooth sides, and coming together again under her counter, making a swirling wake in the deep blue of the tossing sea.

The stranger bore up at once, hauling aboard his port tacks, and showed no disposition to avoid the expected attack of the "Constellation." The two ships were both very speedy and weatherly. The "Constellation" was certainly the fastest vessel in the American navy then and for many years after, and the French ship had the reputation of being one of the fastest ships in the navies of the world. They neared each other rapidly, therefore. But the fresh breeze blew up into a sudden squall. The watchful Truxtun, who had noticed its approach, however, was ready for it, though he held on under all sail till the very last breathless minute. Just before the blow fell, the order was, "In stun's'ls, royals, and topgallants'ls; all hands reef tops'ls." The nimble crew executed the orders with such dashing precision that, when the squall broke a few moments after, everything was snug alow and aloft, and the ship bore the fury of the wind's attack unharmed, having lost not a foot of distance through shortening sail before the emergency demanded it. As soon as the squall cleared away and the rain, which had hidden the ships from each other, had abated, the "Constellation's" people found that the chase had not fared so well as they. Less smartly handled, with a less capable crew, she had lost her maintopmast. The wreck had been cleared on her, her course changed, and with the wind now on the quarter, she was heading in, hoping to make a harbor and escape the conflict.

Truxtun and the "Constellation" would not be denied, however. The yard-arms were covered with canvas again, the men sent to quarters, and all preparations made for the action. The other ship, after hoisting several different flags, but finding escape impossible, finally set the French colors, ran off to the southeast, and gallantly fired a lee gun as a signal of readiness to engage. At three P.M., the "Constellation," having taken in her light sails and stripped herself to fighting canvas, drew up on the Frenchman's weather quarter. This was the first great action in which the United States Navy had ever borne a part. It was, in fact, the first great action in which Captain Truxtun had ever borne a part himself. His other battles had been in smaller ships, and there had been about the service the little taint of gain which always attaches to the privateer, the soldier of fortune of the ocean. Now he was the commander of a perfectly appointed ship-of-war representing the dignity and power of the United States. The spirit which had defied blockades, laughed at odds, struggled with Paul Jones, was with him still, however, and he did not doubt the outcome of the combat. Neither did his men; and in silence they approached the enemy.

When the "Constellation" had drawn well abreast her antagonist, at a distance of perhaps thirty feet, the Frenchman hailed. Captain Truxtun's answer was a terrific broadside, which was at once returned. As the shot of the enemy came crashing through the "Constellation," one poor fellow flinched from his gun; seeing his mate literally disemboweled by a solid shot, he started to run from his quarters. The man was at once shot dead by Lieutenant Sterret, commanding the third division of guns. There was no more flinching in that battery; this was the kind of discipline that ruled on the ship.

The French ship, which carried 100 more men than the other, now immediately luffed up into the wind to board, firing fiercely the while; but the "Constellation" drew ahead. Then Truxtun saw his chance; it was "up helm and square away again." He ran the "Constellation" sharply down across the bows of the enemy, and at short range poured a raking broadside fairly into his face; then ranging along the other (the starboard) side of the Frenchman, he finally took position off the starboard bow, and for nearly an hour deliberately poured in a withering fire. At four o'clock, he drew ahead once more, luffed up into the wind, and crossed the French ship's bow again, repeating the rak-

ing, sailed along the larboard side firing as he went, took up a position on the larboard bow, and soon dismounted every gun on the main deck, leaving the enemy only the light guns above with which to continue the fight: the French ship was as helpless as a chopping-block. With masterly seamanship the American had literally sailed around the devoted Frenchman, destroying each battery in succession, and raking him fore and aft again and again. The doomed French ship now drew ahead again, and the "Constellation" crossed astern of her, and took position in preparation for another tremendous raking and pounding, when the Frenchman reluctantly struck his flag.

The prize was the splendid frigate "L'Insurgente," forty guns and 409 men. Captain Barreaut, her commander, made a noble defense, and only struck his flag when he had not a single gun in the main battery which could be used and after seventy of his crew had been killed or wounded. The "Constellation" had two killed and only three wounded! The happy result of this brilliant action between the two ships was due mainly to the seamanship of the American commander and the gun practice of his men, though the "Constellation," carrying long twenty-four-pounders on her main deck as against "L'Insurgente's" long eighteen-pounders, had a decided advantage of the latter. Among the American officers in this engagement were two men afterward justly celebrated in the War of 1812: Lieutenant John Rodgers and Midshipman David Porter. The latter, who was stationed in the foretop, seeing at one period of the action that the topmast had been seriously wounded and was tottering and about to fall, and being unable to make any one hear him, took the responsibility of lowering the foretopsail yard on his own motion, thus relieving the strain on the mast and preventing a mishap which might have altered the fate of the battle.

Rodgers and Porter were placed in charge of the prize. During the night a fierce gale blew up, and in the morning the "Constellation" was nowhere to be seen by Rodgers, whose position was most critical. Thirteen Americans all told were to guard 173 prisoners, on a leaking, shattered, dismasted ship, wallowing in the trough of the sea, the dead and dying still tossed about on her heaving decks. There were no handcuffs or shackles aboard; the gratings which covered and secured the hatches had been thrown away. Rodgers was a man of splendid proportions and great strength; Porter was a determined second. They and their plucky companions put a bold front on the matter, and resolutely drove the Frenchmen, now grown mutinous, into the lower hold, where they were kept in check by a cannon loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister and pointed down the hatchway. Over the hatchway bags of heavy shot were suspended by lashings, which could easily be cut and the shot dropped down upon the heads of an attacking party below. Every small arm on the ship was loaded and placed conveniently at hand, and the hatch was closely guarded by three men armed to the teeth. The others cleared the wreck and made sail; and after three days and two nights of the hardest labor and the greatest anxiety, during which every man of them remained continuously on deck, the ship finally reached St. Kitts, to the very great relief of Truxtun, who was already there. This exploit was scarcely less notable than had been the battle itself. And such was the stern school of the American navy, and the subsequent wars have shown that it developed men.

One year after the capture of "L'Insurgente," the "Constellation," still under Truxtun's command, was cruising on her old grounds to the southward of St. Kitts and about fifteen miles west of Basse Terre. Early on the morning of February 1, 1800, a sail was sighted to the southward, standing to the west. Thereupon the "Constellation" immediately made sail and bore down in pursuit of the stranger, which was soon seen to be a large and heavily armed ship-of-war, evidently much stronger in force than the "Constellation" herself. Not in the least disquieted by this open disparity in favor of the enemy, Truxtun made every effort to close with her. The Frenchman apparently had no stomach for a fight, and made equally determined efforts to get away.

The wind was light and baffling, with frequent intervals of calm, and the Americans could not get alongside, in spite of the most persistent efforts. For over twenty-four hours the pursuit continued with no result whatever. About two o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, February 2d, the breeze freshened and steadied; and by setting every cloth of canvas, the swift-sailing "Constellation" at last began to draw up to the rather deep-laden chase. As the breeze held and there was every prospect of soon overhauling her, the men were sent to quarters and every preparation made for the fight; the yards were slung with chains; topsail sheets,

shrouds, and other rigging stoppered; preventer back stays reeved, boarding and splinter nettings triced up, the boats covered, decks sanded, magazines opened, arms distributed, etc.

The battle was to be a night one, however, as it was eight o'clock in the evening before the two ships were within gunshot distance. The candles in the battle lanterns were lighted, and each frigate presented a brilliant picture to the other as the light streamed far out over the tossing water. It was a bright moonlight night, and the ships were as visible as if it were daytime.

Seeing that escape was hopeless, the Frenchmen apparently made up their minds to a desperate contest, and all hands, including a number of passengers, went to quarters, cheering loudly, the sound of their voices coming faintly up the wind to the silent "Constellation" sweeping toward them.

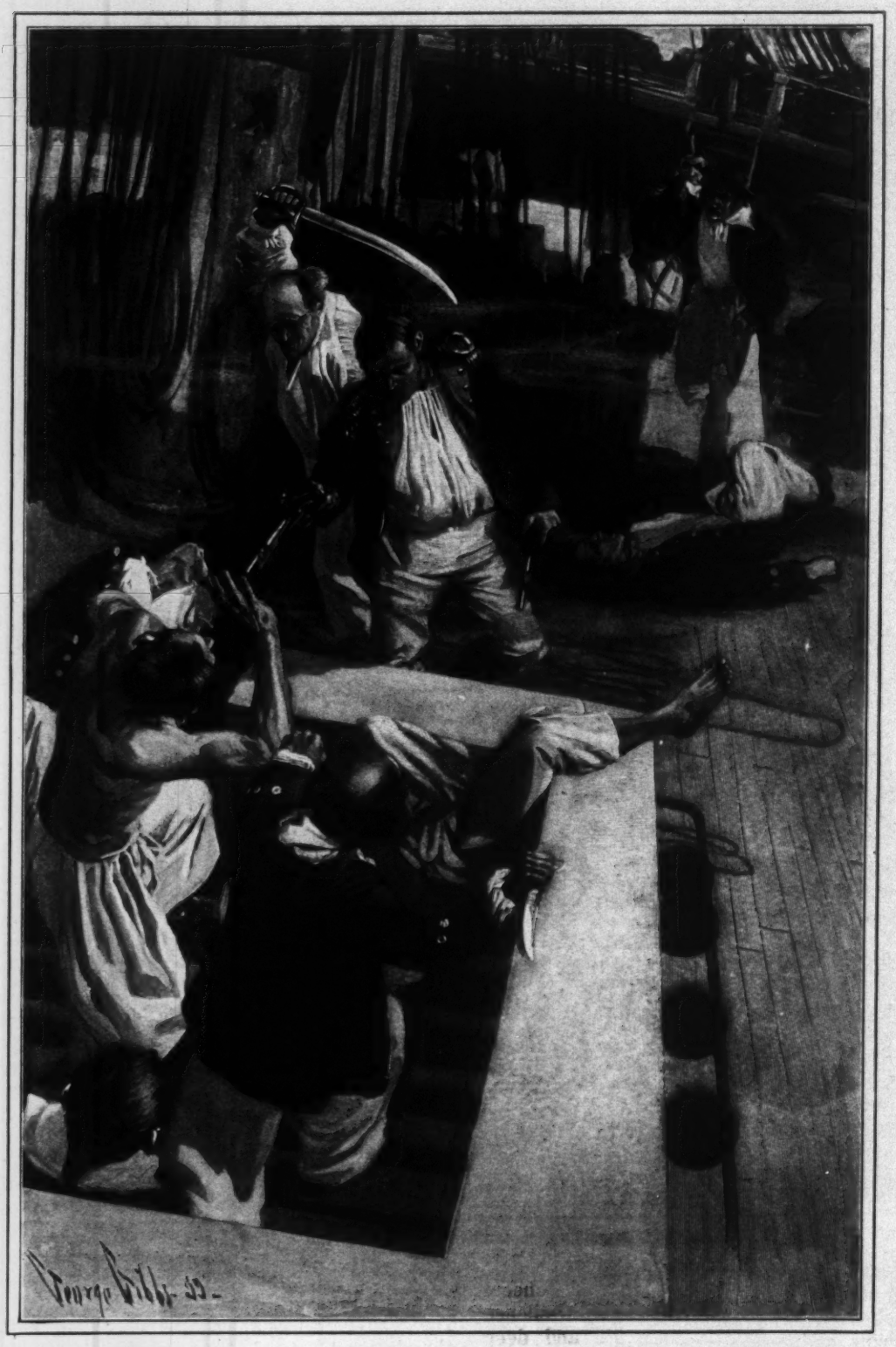
Before the battle was joined the stout commodore, with his aides, descended to the gun-deck and passed through the ship. The men had been as exuberant as children, and had gone to the guns dancing and leaping; but as they drew near the enemy, their exuberance subsided and joyousness gave way to a feeling of calm deliberation and high resolve to repeat, if possible, the success of the year before. As he walked through the batteries, Truxtun emphatically charged his men not to fire a gun under pain of death until he gave the word; those who had been in the last battle knew what that meant. He knew, as did other great American naval commanders, the value of a close, well-delivered broadside at the right moment, and of that moment he himself would be the judge. His instructions were that the loading of the pieces was to be as rapid as possible and the fire deliberate, and only delivered when it would be effective; not a single charge was to be thrown away; the guns were to be loaded mainly with solid shot, with the addition of a stand of grape now and then; and the object of their attack was to be the hull of the enemy; no attention was to be paid by the main battery to the spars or rigging. The marines and small-arm men were to pay particular attention to the officers and crew of the enemy. The officers were charged to allow no undue haste nor confusion among the men of the several divisions, and they were cautioned to set the men an example of steadiness by their own cool and determined bearing. Like a prudent commander, Commodore Truxtun wisely determined to throw away no chance of success by any carelessness on the part of himself or his men. As they neared their huge, overpowering antagonist, the necessity for making every shot tell was as apparent to them as to him. Again enjoining strict silence, the commodore regained the quarter-deck, and stepping to the lee side, for he had skilfully held the weather gauge of his big enemy, he seized a large trumpet and prepared to hail her.

At this moment a bright flash of light shot out into the night from the black side of the towering Frenchman, followed by the roar of the discharge of a stern chaser beginning the action, in which all of the after guns of the Frenchman immediately participated. The shot from the long eighteens and twelves, and the great bolts from the forty-two-pound carronades crashed into the American frigate sweeping steadily forward. Men began to fall here and there on the "Constellation's" decks. The wounded, groaning or shrieking or stupefied with pain, were carried below to the surgeon and his mates in the cockpit, while the dead were hastily ranged along the deck on the unengaged side. No one made a sound, however, except the wounded, and even they endeavored to stifle their groans and rise superior to their anguish. But the punishment was exceedingly severe, and it was almost more than the men could bear to stand patiently receiving such an attack, though Truxtun sent his aides forward again, sternly enforcing his command to the men to withhold their fire until directed. There was no flinching, however, on this occasion; the officers kept the men well in hand; but the situation was getting desperate; breaths came harder, hearts beat faster, the inaction was killing. Was that imperturbable captain never going to give the order to fire? Meanwhile, the frigate was rapidly drawing nearer. Now the bow of the "Constellation" lapped the larboard quarter of the French ship. The moment was coming; it was at hand. Truxtun swung his ship up into the wind a little and away from the other, to bring the whole broadside to bear; and then, leaping up on the taffrail and from thence into the mizzen shrouds, in plain view of both ships' crews, and a target for a hundred rifles of the Frenchmen, he leaned far out over the black water, and in his deep, powerful voice gave the command to fire—a noble and heroic figure! With wild cheers for their gallant captain, the men delivered the mighty broadside. Their own ship reeled and trembled from the recoil of the discharge of the heavy battery, and the

". . . FIRING AS HE WENT, TOOK UP A POSITION ON THE LARBOARD BOW."

effect on the enemy was fearful. His cheering stopped at once, and a moment of silence broken by wild shrieks of pain and deep groans and curses supervened.

The conflict was soon resumed, however, and shot answered shot, cheer met cheer as the two ships, covered with smoke, fought it out through the long hours of the night. The men toiled and sweated at the guns, cheering and cursing. The grime and soil of the powder smoke covered their half-naked bodies; here and there a bloody bandage be-



"THEY . . . DROVE THE FRENCHMEN, NOW GROWN MUTINOUS, INTO THE LOWER HOLD."

spoke a bleeding wound; dead men lay where they fell or were thrust hastily aside; the once white decks grew slippery with blood in spite of the sand poured upon them, as the raving, maddened crew continued the awful conflict. There was little opportunity for manœuvering, and until midnight they maintained a yard-arm to yard-arm combat. The fire of the Frenchman was directed mainly at the spars and rigging of the "Constellation," so that an unusually large part of her crew were employed in splicing rope and reeving new gear as fast as the old was shot away. Nevertheless, the remainder of the crew served their artillery so rapidly and brilliantly that many of the guns became so heated as to be useless, until men crawled out of the ports, in the face of the open fire of the enemy, and dipping up buckets of water cooled them off.

About one bell in the mid watch (half after twelve), Truxtun succeeded in ranging ahead and taking position on the bow of the French ship, and finally succeeded in silencing completely her fire, which had grown more and more feeble as the long hours wore away. After five hours of most desperate struggle, the stranger was defeated. Indeed, twice during the night she had struck her colors; but her action being unknown on the "Constellation," the combat had continued. There was no doubt of the matter now, however; she was not only defeated, but silenced. The last shot of the battle came from the "Constellation."

The moon had set now for some time, and, save for the lights on the ships, the sea was in total darkness. The shining stars in the quiet heavens above them looked down upon a scene of desolation and horror. Forty of the "Constellation's" men were dead or wounded out of her crew of 310; and there were no less than 160 casualties out of a crew of 330 on the decks of the hapless Frenchman—a fearful proportion! The rigging and spars of the latter were more or less intact, but her hull was fearfully wrecked. She had received nearly 200 solid shot therein, and she was almost in a sinking condition; her decks resembled a slaughter pen.

As the smoke drifted away the "Constellation" was headed for the stranger, to range alongside and take possession, when it was discovered that every shroud and stay supporting the "Constellation's" mainmast had been carried away, and the mast, which had been badly wounded under the top, was tottering with the swaying of the ship. The men in the top were under the command of Midshipman James Jarvis, a little reefer only thirteen years old. The boy was worthy of his ship and captain. One of the older seamen in the top had warned him that the mast must certainly fall, and had advised him to abandon his post while there was yet time. The lad heroically refused, saying that they must remain at their stations, and if the mast went they would have to go with it. Before the crew, who were working desperately, could secure it or save it, it crashed over the side and carried with it to instant death little Jarvis and all the men with him in the top except one. The action of young Jarvis was as great an act of individual heroism as was ever recorded on the sea. Taken in connection with his extreme youth, it is even more remarkable than the more famous devotion of young Casabianca on the "Orient" at the battle of the Nile.

Taking advantage of the delay and confusion thus caused, the surrendered French ship made sail and slowly faded away in the blackness of the night. By the time the wreck had been cleared, she was lost to sight, and in the morning could nowhere be seen. She turned up at Curaçao a few days later, in a sinking condition. The "Constellation" ran for Jamaica, to repair damages and refit. The French ship proved to be the frigate "La Vengeance," of fifty-two guns, throwing 1,115 pounds of shot, as against the "Constellation's" fifty guns, throwing only 826 pounds of shot! The difference in favor of "La Vengeance" over the "Constellation" was about the same as the difference in favor of the "Constellation" over "L'Insurgente," but in spite of that the "Constellation" had proved the victor.

Truxtun received a medal from Congress, a magnificent piece of plate valued at 600 guineas ($3,000) from Lloyds in England, swords, prize money, and other rewards.

Little Jarvis was not forgotten, as the following resolution of Congress will show:

> *Resolved*, That the conduct of James Jarvis, a midshipman in said frigate, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise, and that the loss of so promising an officer is a subject of national regret.

That is certainly honor enough for any one boy or man, and I believe he is the only youth so distinguished by Congress.

"L'Insurgente" had been taken into the service of the United States, and one summer morning in 1799 she sailed away into the ocean under command of Captain Patrick Fletcher, and never came back again. No

"IN PLAIN VIEW OF BOTH SHIPS' CREWS, AND A TARGET FOR A HUNDRED RIFLES OF THE FRENCHMEN, HE . . . GAVE THE COMMAND TO FIRE."

tidings of her end after she left the Capes of Virginia were ever received, and her fate is one of the untold secrets of the teeming sea.

Six months after her action with the "Constellation," the unfortunate "Vengeance" was captured, after another desperate battle, in which she lost over a hundred men killed and wounded, by the British thirty-eight-gun frigate "Seine." In both instances she was beaten by an inferior force. The "Constellation" still flies the American flag, and hundreds of future admirals (and some who are not and never will be admirals, including the writer) learned their seamanship upon her when she was the practice ship of the Naval Academy; playing at war upon those decks which had resounded with the roar of the guns in those half-forgotten days when she so successfully fought the enemies of her country under the command of brave old Truxtun and his gallant men.

BLAINE AND CONKLING AND THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1880.

By George S. Boutwell.

THE controversy between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling on the floor of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-ninth Congress was fraught with serious consequences to the contestants, and it may have changed the fortunes of the Republican party.

Mr. Conkling was a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, but he was defeated as a candidate for the Thirty-eighth. He was returned for the Thirty-ninth Congress. During the term of the Thirty-eighth Congress he was commissioned by the Department of War as Judge-Advocate, and assigned for duty to the prosecution of Major Haddock and the trial of certain soldiers known as "bounty jumpers." That duty he performed.

When the army bill was before the House in April, 1866, Mr. Conkling moved to strike out the section which made an appropriation for the support of the Provost-Marshal-General. General Grant, then in command of the army, had given an opinion, in a letter dated March 19, 1866, that that office in the War Department was an unnecessary office. Mr. Conkling supported his motion in a speech in which he said: "My objection to this section is that it creates an unnecessary office for an undeserving public servant; it fastens, as an incubus upon the country, a hateful instrument of war, which deserves no place in a free government in a time of peace."

Thus Mr. Conkling not only assailed the office, he assailed the officer, and in a manner calculated to kindle resentment, especially in an officer of high rank. General James B. Fry was Provost-Marshal-General. He was able to command the friendship of Mr. Blaine, and on the thirtieth day of April, Mr. Blaine read from his seat in the House a letter from General Fry addressed to himself. Thus Mr. Blaine endorsed the contents of the letter.

In that letter General Fry made three specific charges against Mr. Conkling, but he made no answer to the arraignment that Mr. Conkling had made of him and of his office. Thus he avoided the issue that Mr. Conkling had raised. His charges were these:

1. That Mr. Conkling had received a fee for the prosecution of Major Haddock, and that the same had been received improperly, if not illegally.

2. That in the discharge of his duties he had not acted in good faith, and that he had been zealous in preventing the prosecution of deserters at Utica.

3. That he had notified the War Department that the Provost-Marshal in Western New York needed legal advice, and that thereupon he received an appointment.

The fourth charge was an inference, and it fell with the allegation.

Upon the reading of the letter a debate arose which fell below any recognized standard of Congressional controversy and which rendered a reconciliation impossible.

At that time my relations to Mr. Conkling were not intimate, and I am now puzzled when I ask myself the question: "Why did Mr. Conkling invite my opinion as to his further action in the matter?" That he did, however; and I advised him to ask for a committee. A committee of five was appointed, three Republicans and two Democrats. Mr.

Shellabarger was chairman, and Mr. Windom was a member.

The report was a unanimous report. The committee criticised the practice of reading letters in the House which reflected upon the House, or upon the acts or speeches of any member.

At considerable length of statement and remarks, the committee exonerated Mr. Conkling from each and every of the charges, and with emphasis the proceedings on the part of General Fry were condemned. The most important of the resolutions reported by the committee was in these words:

> *Resolved*, That all the statements contained in the letter of General James B. Fry to Hon. James G. Blaine, a member of this House, bearing date the 27th of April, A.D. 1866, and which was read in this House the 30th day of April, A.D. 1866, in so far as such statements impute to the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, a member of this House, any criminal, illegal, unpatriotic, or otherwise improper conduct, or motives, either as to the matter of his procuring himself to be employed by the Government of the United States in the prosecution of military offenses in the State of New York, in the management of such prosecutions, in taking compensation therefor, or in any other charge, are wholly without foundation truth, and for their publication there were, in the judgment of this House, no facts connected with said prosecutions furnishing either a palliative or an excuse.

The controversy thus opened came to an end only with Mr. Conkling's death. It is not known to me that Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine were unfriendly previous to the encounter of April, 1866. That they could have lived on terms of intimacy, or even of ordinary friendship, is not probable. Yet it may not be easy to assign a reason for such an estrangement unless it may be found in the word incompatibility. My relations with Mr. Blaine were friendly, reserved, and as to his aspirations for the Presidency, it was well understood by him that I could not be counted among his original supporters.

Only on one occasion was the subject ever mentioned. About two weeks before the Republican Convention of 1884, I met Mr. Blaine in Lafayette Square. He beckoned me to a seat on a bench. He opened the conversation by saying that he was glad to have some votes in the convention, but that he did not wish for the nomination. He expressed a wish to defeat the nomination of President Arthur, and he then said the ticket should be General Sherman and Robert Lincoln. Most assuredly the nomination of that ticket would have been followed by an election. To me General Sherman had one answer to the suggestion: "I am not a statesman; my brother John is. If any Sherman is to be nominated, he is the man."

I did not then question, nor do I now question, the sincerity of the statement that Mr. Blaine then made. My acquaintance with Mr. Blaine began with our election to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and it continued on terms of reserved friendship to the end of his life. That reserve was not due to any defect in his character of which I had knowledge, nor to the statements concerning him that were made by others, but to an opinion that he was not a person whose candidacy I was willing to espouse in advance of his nomination. I ought to say that in my intercourse with Mr. Blaine he was frank and free from dissimulation.

I was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Conkling from the disastrous April, 1866, to the end of his life. Hence it was that I ventured upon an experiment which a less well-assured friend would have avoided. I assumed that Mr. Blaine would close the controversy at the first opportunity. It may be said of Mr. Blaine that, while he had great facility for getting into difficulties, he had also a strong desire to get out of difficulties, and great capacity for the accomplishment of his purposes in that direction.

On a time, and years previous to 1880, I put the matter before Mr. Conkling, briefly, upon personal grounds, and upon public grounds in a party sense. He received the suggestion without any manifestation of feeling, and with great candor he said: "That attack was made without any provocation by me as against Mr. Blaine, and when I was suffering more from other causes than I ever suffered at any other time, and I shall never overlook it."

General Grant's strength was so overmastering in 1868 and 1872 that the controversy between Blaine and Conkling was of no importance to the Republican party. The disappearance of the political influence of General Grant in 1876 revived the controversy within the Republican party, and made the nomination of either Blaine or Conkling an impossibility. Its evil influence extended to the election, and it put in jeopardy the success of General Hayes. At the end, Mr. Conkling did not accept the judgment of the Electoral Commission as a just judgment, and he declined to vote for its affirmation.

I urged Mr. Conkling to sustain the action of the Commission, and upon the ground that we had taken full responsibility when we agreed to the reference and that there

was then no alternative open to us. I did not attempt to solve the problem of the election of 1876 either upon ethical or political grounds. The evidence was more conclusive than satisfactory that there had been wrong-doing in New York, in Oregon, in New Orleans, and not unlikely in many other places. As a measure of peace, when ascertained justice had become an impossibility, I was ready to accept the report of the Commission, whether it gave the Presidency to General Hayes or to Mr. Tilden. The circumstances were such that success before the Commission did not promise any advantage to the successful party.

For the moment, I pass by the Convention of 1880 and the events of the following year. In the year 1884 Mr. Conkling was in the practice of his profession and enjoying therefrom larger emoluments, through a series of years, than were ever enjoyed by any other member of the American bar. He once said to me: "My father would denounce me if he knew what charges I am making." That conjecture may have been well founded, for the father would not have been the outcome of the period in which the son was living. The father was an austere country judge, largely destitute of the rich equipment for the profession for which the son was distinguished. After the year 1881, when Mr. Conkling gave himself wholly to the profession, Mr. Justice Miller made this remark to me: "For the discussion of the law and the facts of a case Mr. Conkling is the best lawyer who comes into our court."

If this estimate was trustworthy, then Mr. Conkling's misgivings as to his charges may have been groundless. If a rich man, whose property is in peril, whose liberty is assailed, or whose reputation is threatened, will seek the advice and aid of the leading advocate of the city, state, or country, shall not the compensation be commensurate with the stake that has been set up? Is it to be measured by the per diem time pay of ordinary men?

Whatever may have been Mr. Conkling's pecuniary interests or professional engagements in the year 1884, he found time to take a quiet part in the contest of that year, and to contribute to Mr. Blaine's defeat.

In the month of November, and after the election, I had occasion to pass a Sunday in New York. It happened, and by accident, that I met Mr. Conkling on Fifth Avenue. After the formalities, he invited me to call with him upon Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt was absent when we called. Upon his return, the election was the topic of conversation. Mr. Vanderbilt said that he voted for Garfield in 1880, but that he had not voted for Blaine. Mr. Conkling expressed his regret that Mr. Blaine had come so near a success, and he attributed it to the fact that he had not anticipated the support which had been given to Blaine by the Democratic party.

On a time in the conversation Mr. Conkling said: "Mr. Vanderbilt, why did you sell Maud S.?"

Mr. Vanderbilt proceeded to give reasons. He had received letters from strangers inquiring about her pedigree, care, age, treatment, etc., which he could not answer without more labor than he was willing to perform. As a final reason, he said: "When I drive up Broadway, people do not say, 'There goes Vanderbilt,' but they say, 'There goes Maud S.'"

When General Grant was on his journey around the world I wrote him a letter occasionally, and occasionally I received a letter in reply. In two of my letters I mentioned as a fact what I then thought to be the truth, that there was a very considerable public opinion in favor of his nomination for President in 1880, and that upon his return to the country some definite action on his part might be required. Upon a recent examination of his letters, I find that they are free from any reference to the Presidency. If Mr. Conkling, General Logan, Mr. Cameron, and myself came to be considered the special representatives of General Grant at the Chicago Convention of 1880, the circumstance was not due to any designation by him prior to the Galena letter, of which I am to speak and which was written while the Convention was in session, and when the contest between the contending parties was far advanced.

Our title was derived from the constant support that we had given to him through many years and from his constant friendship for us through the same many years. We were of the opinion then, and in that belief we never faltered, that the nomination and election of General Grant were the best security that could be had for the peace and prosperity of the country. That opinion was supported by an expressed public sentiment in the conventions of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and in other parts of the country there were evidences of a disposition in the body of the people to support

General Grant in numbers far in excess of the strength of the Republican party.

The mass of the people were not disturbed by the thought that General Grant might become President a third time. They did not accept the absurd notion that experience, successful experience, disqualified a man for further service. Nor did that apprehension influence any considerable number of the leaders. They demanded a transfer of power into new hands. This, unquestionably, was their right, and as a majority of the convention, as the convention was constituted finally, they were able to assert and to maintain their supremacy.

It is too late for complaints, and complaints were vain when the causes were transpiring, but there were delegates who appeared in the convention as the opponents of General Grant who had been elected upon the understanding that they were his friends. Upon this fact I hang a single observation. If there is a trust in human affairs that should be treated as a sacred trust it is to be found in the duty that arises from the acceptance of a representative office in matters of government. When a public opinion has been formed, either in regard to men or to measures, whoever undertakes to represent that opinion should do so in good faith.

To this rule there were many exceptions in the Republican Convention of 1880, and it was no slight evidence of devotion to the party and to the country when General Grant and Mr. Conkling entered actively into the contest after the fortunes of the party had been prostrated, apparently, by the disaster in the State of Maine.

Of the many incidents of the convention no one is more worthy of notice than the speech of Mr. Conkling when he placed General Grant in nomination. Whatever he said that was in support of his cause, affirmatively, was of the highest order of dramatic eloquence. When he dealt with his opponents, his speech was not advanced in quality and its influence was diminished. His reference in his opening sentence to his associates who had deserted General Grant: "In obedience to instructions which I should never dare to disregard," was tolerated even by his enemies; but his allusion to Mr. Blaine in these words: "without patronage, without emissaries, without committees, without bureaus, without telegraph wires running from his house to this convention, or running from his house anywhere," intensified the opposition to General Grant.

In many particulars his speech is an unequaled analysis of General Grant's character and career, presented in a most attractive form. An extract may be tolerated from a speech that can be read with interest even by those who are ignorant of the doings, or it may be, by those who have no knowledge of the existence, of the convention:

> Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, modest, firm, simple, and self-poised, having filled all lands with his renown, he has seen not only the high-born and the titled, but the poor and the lowly, in the uttermost ends of the earth, rise and uncover before him.

Mr. Conkling was the recognized leader of the three hundred and six who constituted the compact body of the supporters of General Grant.

Suggestions were made that the substitution of Mr. Conkling's name for General Grant's name would give the nomination to Mr. Conkling, and there was a moment of time when General Garfield anticipated or apprehended such a result. There was, however, never a moment of time when such a result was possible. The three hundred and six would never have consented to the use of any name in place of General Grant's name unless that name were first withdrawn by his authority.

A firmer obstacle even would have been found in Mr. Conkling's sturdy refusal to allow the use of his name under such circumstances. Among the friends of General Grant the thought of such a proceeding was never entertained, although the suggestion was made, but without authority, probably, from those charged with the management of the organizations engaged in the struggle.

After many years had passed, and when the proceedings of the convention were well-nigh forgotten, Mr. John Russell Young printed a letter in which he made the charge that Conkling, Cameron, Boutwell, and Lincoln had concealed the contents of a letter from General Grant in which he directed them as his representatives to withdraw his name from the convention. Mr. Young was in error in two particulars. Lincoln was not named in the letter. General Logan was the fourth person to whom the letter was addressed.

Young brought the letter from Galena, where Grant then was, and he claims that the letter was addressed to himself. General Frederick D. Grant, who was then at Chicago, claims that the letter was addressed to him, and that, after reading it, he handed it to Mr. Conkling.

As late as the first half of the year 1897,

Mr. Conkling's papers had not been examined carefully. The contents of the letter are important, and for the present the evidence is circumstantial; but to me it is conclusive against Mr. Young's statement that Conkling, Cameron, Logan, and Boutwell were directed by General Grant to withdraw his name from the convention. I cannot now say that I read the letter, but of its receipt and the contents I had full knowledge, and I referred to it in these words in a letter to my daughter dated May 31, 1880:

> Grant sent for Young to visit him at Galena. Young returned to-day, and says that Grant directed him to say to Cameron, Logan, Conkling, and Boutwell that he should be satisfied with whatever they may do.

Without any special recollection upon the point, the conclusion of reason is that my letter was written from a conversation with Young, and before I had knowledge of the contents of Grant's letter. I may add, however, that his letter produced no change in my opinion as to our authority and duty in regard to Grant's candidacy. My mind never departed for a moment from the idea that we were free, entirely free, to continue the contest in behalf of General Grant upon our own judgment.

Upon the views and facts already presented, and with even greater certainty upon the correspondence with General Frederick D. Grant, I submit as the necessary conclusion of the whole matter that the letter of General Grant of May, 1880, did not contain any specific instructions, and especially that it did not contain instructions for the withdrawal of his name from the convention; in fine, that the further conduct of the contest was left to the discretion and judgment of the four men whom he had recognized as his representatives.

I annex the correspondence with General Frederick D. Grant:

BOSTON, MASS., *May* 28, 1897.

COL. FRED. D. GRANT, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Sir: You will of course recall the fact that John Russell Young, some months ago, made a public statement in which he declared that he brought from Galena to Chicago, during the session of the Republican Convention of 1880, a letter from General Grant in which he gave specific directions to Conkling, Cameron, and Boutwell to withdraw his name as a candidate from the convention. Some months ago I had some correspondence with A. R. Conkling, and also with yourself, in regard to the contents of the letter written by General Grant. Mr. A. R. Conkling sent me a copy of a portion of a letter which, as he advised me, he had received from you. A copy of that extract I herewith enclose. As one of the friends of General Grant and as one of the persons to whom bad faith was imputed by Mr. Young, it is my purpose to place the matter before the public with such evidence as I can command, for the purpose of showing the character of the letter.

I wish to obtain from you such a statement as you are willing to make, with the understanding that whenever the case shall be presented to the public your letter may be used.

Aside from actual evidence tending to show that Young's statement is erroneous, I cannot believe that General Grant would have recognized as a friend either one of the persons named, if his explicit instructions for the withdrawal of his name had been made by him and disregarded by them.

Yours very truly,

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

25 EAST 62D STREET,
NEW YORK, *May* 30, 1897.

My dear Senator: I received yesterday your letter of May 28th, in which you asked me what I remember about a letter which my father, General Grant, wrote to his four leading friends during the session of the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1880.

With reference to this matter my recollection is, that Mr. John Russell Young, who had been visiting father in Galena, brought from him a large sealed envelope, which he delivered to me at my home in Chicago, with directions from my father that I should read the letter contained therein, and then see that it was received safely by his four friends, Senators Conkling, Boutwell, Cameron, and Logan.

The substance of General Grant's letter was, that the personal feelings of partisans of the leading candidates had grown to be so bitter, that it might become advisable for the good of the Republican party to select as their candidate some one whose name had not yet been prominently before the convention, and that he therefore wrote to say to those who represented his interest in the convention, that it would be quite satisfactory to him if they would confer with those who represented the interests of Mr. Blaine and decided to have both his name and Mr. Blaine's withdrawn from before the convention.

I delivered in person this letter from my father, to Senator Conkling—I do not know what disposition he made of it.

With highest regards, my dear Senator, for your family and yourself, believe me, as ever,

Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

Following the visit of General Grant and Mr. Conkling to Mentor in the autumn of 1880, I was informed by Mr. Conkling that he had not been alone one minute with General Garfield, intending by that care-taking to avoid the suggestion that his visit was designed to afford an opportunity for any personal or party arrangement. Further, it was the wish of General Grant, as it was his wish, that the effort which they were then making should be treated as a service due to the party and to the country, and that General Garfield should be left free from any obligation to them whatsoever.

After the election and after Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State, he volunteered to speak of the situation of the party in New York and of Mr. Conkling's standing in

the State. Among other things, he said that Mr. Conkling was the only man who had had three elections to the Senate, and that Mr. Conkling and his friends would be considered fairly in the appointments that might be made in that State.

When, in a conversation with Conkling, I mentioned Blaine's remark, he said, "Do you believe one word of that?"

I said, "Yes, I believe Mr. Blaine."

He said with emphasis, "I don't."

Subsequent events strengthened Mr. Conkling in his opinion, but those events did not change my opinion of Mr. Blaine's integrity of purpose in the conversations of which I have spoken.

My knowledge of the events, not important in themselves, but which seem to have the relation of a prelude to the great tragedy, was derived from three persons, Mr. Conkling, Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Marshall Jewell. At the request of the President, Mr. Conkling called upon him the Sunday preceding the day of catastrophe. The President gave Mr. Conkling the names of persons that he was considering favorably for certain places. To several of these Mr. Conkling made objections, and in some cases other persons were named. As Mr. Conkling was leaving he said, "Mr. President, what do you propose about the collectorship of New York?" The President said, "We will leave that for another time." These statements I received from Mr. Conkling.

From Mr. Jewell I received the following statement as coming from the President: When the New York nominations were sent to the Senate, the President was forthwith in the receipt of letters and despatches in protest, coupled with the suggestion that everything had been surrendered to Conkling. Without delay and without consultation with any one, the President nominated Judge Robertson to the office of Collector of New York. Further, the President said, as reported by Mr. Jewell, Mr. Blaine heard of the nomination, and he came in very pale and much astonished.

From Mr. Blaine I received the specific statement that he had no knowledge of the nomination of Judge Robertson until it had been made.

These statements are reconcilable with each other, and they place the responsibility for the sudden and fatal rupture of the relations between Mr. Conkling and the President upon the President. Mr. Conkling could not fail to regard the nomination of Robertson as a wilful and premeditated violation of the pledge given at the Sunday conference. It was, however, only an instance of General Garfield's impulsive and unreasoning submission to an expression of public opinion, without waiting for evidence of the nature and value of that opinion. That weakness had been observed by his associates in the House of Representatives, and on that weakness his administration was wrecked.

MY BOYHOOD DREAMS.

By Mark Twain,

Author of "Following the Equator," "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," etc.

THE dreams of my boyhood? No, they have not been realized. For all who are old, there is something infinitely pathetic about the subject which you have chosen, for in no gray-head's case can it suggest any but one thing—disappointment. Disappointment is its own reason for its pain: the quality or dignity of the hope that failed is a matter aside. The dreamer's valuation of the thing lost—not another man's—is the only standard to measure it by, and his grief for it makes it large and great and fine, and is worthy of our reverence in all cases. We should carefully remember that. There are sixteen hundred million people in the world. Of these there is but a trifling number—in fact, only thirty-eight millions—who can understand why a person should have an ambition to belong to the French army; and why, belonging to it, he should be proud of that; and why, having got down that far, he should want to go on down, down, down till he struck bottom and got on the General Staff; and why, being stripped of his livery, or set free and reinvested with his self-respect by any other quick and thorough process, let it be what it might, he should wish to return to his strange serfage. But no matter: the estimate put upon these things by the fifteen hundred and sixty millions is no proper meas-

MARK TWAIN—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. BARNET, LONDON, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

ure of their value: the proper measure, the just measure, is that which is put upon them by Dreyfus, and is cipherable merely upon the littleness or the vastness of the *disappointment* which their loss cost him.

There you have it: the measure of the magnitude of a dream-failure is the measure of the disappointment the failure cost the dreamer; the value, in others' eyes, of the thing lost, has nothing to do with the matter. With this straightening-out and classification of the dreamer's position to help us, perhaps we can put ourselves in his place and respect his dream—Dreyfus's, and the dreams our friends have cherished and reveal to us. Some that I call to mind, some that have been revealed to me, are curious enough; but we may not smile at them, for they were precious to the dreamers, and their failure has left scars which give them dignity and pathos. With this theme in my mind, dear heads that were brown when they and mine were young together rise old and white before me now, beseeching me to speak for them, and most lovingly will I do it.

Howells, Hay, Aldrich, Matthews, Stockton, Cable, Remus—how their young hopes and ambitions come flooding back to my memory now, out of the vague far past, the beautiful past, the lamented past! I remember it so well—that night we met together—it was in Boston, and Mr. Fields was there, and Mr. Osgood, and Ralph Keeler, and Boyle O'Reilly, lost to us now these many years—and under the seal of confidence revealed to each other what our boyhood dreams had been: dreams which had not as yet been blighted, but over which was stealing the gray of the night that was to come—a night which we prophetically *felt*, and this feeling oppressed us and made us sad. I remember that Howells's voice broke twice, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to go on; in the end he wept. For he had hoped to be an auctioneer. He told of his early struggles to climb to his goal, and how at last he attained to within a single step of the coveted summit. But there misfortune after misfortune assailed him, and he went down, and down, and down, until now at last,

weary and disheartened, he had for the present given up the struggle and become editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." This was in 1830. Seventy years are gone since, and where now is his dream? It will never be fulfilled. And it is best so; he is no longer fitted for the position; no one would take him now; even if he got it, he would not be able to do himself credit in it, on account of his deliberateness of speech and lack of trained professional vivacity; he would be put on real estate, and would have the pain of seeing younger and abler men intrusted with the furniture and other such goods—goods which draw a mixed and intellectually low order of customers, who must be beguiled of their bids by a vulgar and specialized humor and sparkle, accompanied with antics.

But it is not the thing lost that counts, but only the *disappointment* the loss brings to the dreamer that had coveted that thing and had set his heart of hearts upon it, and when we remember this, a great wave of sorrow for Howells rises in our breasts, and we wish for his sake that his fate could have been different.

At that time Hay's boyhood dream was not yet past hope of realization, but it was fading, dimming, wasting away, and the wind of a growing apprehension was blowing cold over the perishing summer of his life. In the pride of his young ambition he had aspired to be a steamboat mate; and in fancy saw himself dominating a forecastle some day on the Mississippi and dictating terms to roustabouts in high and wounding tones. I look back now, from this far distance of seventy years, and note with sorrow the stages of that dream's destruction. Hay's history is but Howells's, with differences of detail. Hay climbed high toward his ideal; when success seemed almost sure, his foot upon the very gang-plank, his eye upon the capstan, misfortune came and his fall began. Down—down—down—ever down: Private Secretary to the President; Colonel in the field; Chargé d'Affaires in Paris; Chargé d'Affaires in Vienna; Poet; Editor of the "Tribune"; Biographer of Lincoln; Ambassador to England; and now at last there he lies—Secretary of State, Head of Foreign Affairs. And he has fallen like Lucifer, never to rise again. And his dream—where now is his dream? Gone down in blood and tears with the dream of the auctioneer.

And the young dream of Aldrich—where is that? I remember yet how he sat there that night fondling it, petting it; seeing it recede and ever recede; trying to be reconciled and give it up, but not able yet to bear the thought; for it had been his hope to be a horse-doctor. He, also, climbed high, but, like the others, fell; then fell again, and yet again, and again and again. And now at last he can fall no further. He is old now, he has ceased to struggle, and is only a poet. No one would risk a horse with him now. His dream is over.

Has *any* boyhood dream ever been fulfilled? I must doubt it. Look at Brander Matthews. He wanted to be a cowboy. What is he to-day? Nothing but a professor in a university. Will he ever be a cowboy? It is hardly conceivable.

Look at Stockton. What was Stockton's young dream? He hoped to be a barkeeper. See where *he* has landed.

Is it better with Cable? What was Cable's young dream? To be ring-master in the circus, and swell around and crack the whip. What is he to-day? Nothing but a theologian and novelist.

And Uncle Remus—what was his young dream? To be a buccaneer. Look at him now.

Ah, the dreams of our youth, how beautiful they are, and how perishable! The ruins of these might-have-beens, how pathetic! The heart-secrets that were revealed that night now so long vanished, how they touch me as I give them voice! Those sweet privacies, how they endeared us to each other! We were under oath never to tell any of these things, and I have always kept that oath inviolate when speaking with persons whom I thought not worthy to hear them.

Oh, our lost Youth—God keep its memory green in our hearts! for Age is upon us, with the indignity of its infirmities, and Death beckons!

TO THE ABOVE OLD PEOPLE.

Sleep! for the Sun that scores another Day
Against the Tale allotted You to stay,
Reminding You, is Risen, and now
Serves Notice—ah, ignore it while You may!

The chill Wind blew, and those who stood before
The Tavern murmured, "Having drunk his Score,
Why tarries He with empty Cup? Behold,
The Wine of Youth once poured, is poured no more.

"Come, leave the Cup, and on the Winter's Snow
Your Summer Garment of Enjoyment throw:
Your Tide of Life is ebbing fast, and it,
Exhausted once, for You no more shall flow."

While yet the Phantom of false Youth was mine,
I heard a Voice from out the Darkness whine,
"O Youth, O whither gone? Return,
And bathe my Age in thy reviving Wine."

In this subduing Draught of tender green
And kindly Absinth, with its wimpling Sheen
Of dusky half-lights, let me drown
The haunting Pathos of the Might-Have-Been.

For every nickeled Joy, marred and brief,
We pay some day its Weight in golden Grief
Mined from our Hearts. Ah, murmur not—
From this one-sided Bargain dream of no Relief!

The Joy of Life, that streaming through their Veins
Tumultuous swept, falls slack—and wanes
The Glory in the Eye—and one by one
Life's Pleasures perish and make place for Pains.

Whether one hide in some secluded Nook—
Whether at Liverpool or Sandy Hook—
'Tis one. Old Age will search him out—and He—
He—He—when ready will know where to look.

From Cradle unto Grave I keep a House
Of Entertainment where may drowse
Bacilli and kindred Germs—or feed—or breed
Their festering Species in a deep Carouse.

Think—in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose Portals open stand all Night and Day,
How Microbe after Microbe with his Pomp
Arrives unasked, and comes to stay.

Our ivory Teeth, confessing to the Lust
Of masticating, once, now own Disgust
Of Clay-plug'd Cavities—full soon our Snags
Are emptied, and our Mouths are filled with Dust.

Our Gums forsake the Teeth and tender grow,
And fat, like over-ripened Figs—we know
The Sign—the Riggs Disease is ours, and we
Must list this Sorrow, add another Woe;

Our Lungs begin to fail and soon we Cough,
And chilly Streaks play up our Backs, and off
Our fever'd Foreheads drips an icy Sweat—
We scoffed before, but now we may not scoff.

Some for the Bunions that afflict us prate
Of Plasters unsurpassable, and hate
To cut a Corn—ah cut, and let the Plaster go,
Nor murmur if the Solace come too late.

Some for the Honors of Old Age, and some
Long for its Respite from the Hum
And Clash of sordid Strife—O Fools,
The Past should teach them what's to Come:

Lo, for the Honors, cold Neglect instead!
For Respite, disputatious Heirs a Bed
Of Thorns for them will furnish. Go,
Seek not Here for Peace—but Yonder—with the Dead.

For whether Zal and Rustam heed this Sign,
And even smitten thus, will not repine,
Let Zal and Rustam shuffle as they may,
The Fine once levied they must Cash the Fine.

O Voices of the Long Ago that were so dear!
Fall'n Silent, now, for many a Mould'ring Year,
O whither are ye flown? Come back,
And break my Heart, but bless my grieving ear.

Some happy Day my Voice will Silent fall,
And answer not when some that love it call:
Be glad for Me when this you note—and think
I've found the Voices lost, beyond the Pall.

So let me grateful drain the Magic Bowl
That medicines hurt Minds and on the Soul
The Healing of its Peace doth lay—if then
Death claim me—Welcome be his Dole!

MARK TWAIN.

SANNA, SWEDEN, *September 15th.*

Private.—If you don't know what Riggs's Disease of the Teeth is, the dentist will tell you. I've had it—and it is more than interesting.
S. L. C.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Fearing that there might be some mistake, we submitted a proof of this article to the (American) gentlemen named in it, and asked them to correct any errors of detail that might have crept in among the facts. They reply with some asperity that errors cannot creep in among facts where there are no facts for them to creep in among; and that none are discoverable in this article, but only baseless aberrations of a disordered mind. They have no recollection of any such night in Boston, nor elsewhere; and in their opinion there was never any such night. They have *met* Mr. Twain, but have had the prudence not to intrust any privacies to him—particularly under oath; and they think they now see that this prudence was justified, since he has been untrustworthy enough to even betray privacies which had no existence. Further, they think it a strange thing that Mr. Twain, who was never invited to meddle with anybody's boyhood dreams but his own, has been so gratuitously anxious to see that other people's are placed before the world that he has quite lost his head in his zeal and forgotten to make any mention of his own at all. Provided we insert this explanation, they are willing to let his article pass; otherwise they must require its suppression, in the interest of truth.

P. S.—These replies having left us in some perplexity, and also in some fear lest they might distress Mr. Twain if published without his privity, we judged it but fair to submit them to him and give him an opportunity to defend himself. But he does not seem to be troubled, or even aware that he is in a delicate situation. He merely says:

"Do not worry about those former young people. They can write good literature, but when it comes to speaking the truth, they have not had my training.—MARK TWAIN."

The last sentence seems obscure, and liable to an unfortunate construction. It plainly needs refashioning, but we cannot take the responsibility of doing it.—EDITOR.

HOW THE PLANETS ARE WEIGHED.

BY PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB.

YOU ask me how the planets are weighed? I reply, on the same principle by which a butcher weighs a ham in his spring balance. When he picks the ham up, he feels a pull of the ham toward the earth. When he hangs it on the hook, this pull is transferred from his hand to the spring of the balance. The stronger the pull, the farther the spring is pulled down. What he reads on the scale is the strength of the pull. You know that this pull is simply the attraction of the earth on the ham. But, by a universal law of force, the ham attracts the earth exactly as much as the earth does the ham. So what the butcher really does is to find how much or how strongly the ham attracts the earth, and he calls that pull the weight of the ham. On the same principle, the astronomer finds the weight of a body by finding how strong is its attractive pull on some other body.

In applying this principle to the heavenly bodies, you meet at once a difficulty that looks insurmountable. You cannot get up to the heavenly bodies to do your weighing; how then will you measure their pull? I must begin the answer to this question by explaining a nice point in exact science. Astronomers distinguish between the *weight* of a body and its *mass*. The weight of objects is not the same all over the world; a thing

which weighs thirty pounds in New York, would weigh an ounce more than thirty pounds in a spring balance in Greenland, and nearly an ounce less at the equator. This is because the earth is not a perfect sphere, but a little flattened. Thus weight varies with the place. If a ham weighing thirty pounds were taken up to the moon and weighed there, the pull would only be five pounds, because the moon is so much smaller and lighter than the earth. But there would be just as much ham on the moon as on the earth. There would be another weight of the ham for the planet Mars, and yet another on the sun, where it would weigh some 800 pounds. Hence, the astronomer does not speak of the weight of a planet, because that would depend on the place where it was weighed; but he speaks of the mass of the planet, which means how much planet there is, no matter where you might weigh it.

At the same time, we might, without any inexactness, agree that the mass of a heavenly body should be fixed by the weight it would have at some place agreed upon, say New York. As we could not even imagine a planet at New York, because it may be larger than the earth itself, what we are to imagine is this: Suppose the planet could be divided into a million million million equal parts, and one of these parts brought to New York and weighed. We could easily find its weight in pounds or tons. Then, multiply this weight by a million million million, and we shall have a weight of the planet. This would be what the astronomers might take as the mass of the planet.

With these explanations, let us see how the weight of the earth is found. The principle we apply is that round bodies of the same specific gravity attract small objects on their surface with a force proportional to the diameter of the attracting body. For example, a body two feet in diameter attracts twice as strongly as one of a foot, one of three feet three times as strongly, and so on. Now, our earth is about 40,000,000 feet in diameter: that is, 10,000,000 times 4 feet. It follows that if we made a little model of the earth four feet in diameter, having the average specific gravity of the earth, it would attract a particle with one ten-millionth part of the attraction of the earth. The attraction of such a model has actually been measured. Since we do not know the average specific gravity of the earth—that being, in fact, what we want to find out—we take a globe of lead, four feet in diameter, let us suppose. By means of a balance of the most exquisite construction it is found that such a globe does exert a minute attraction on small bodies around it, and that this attraction is a little more than the ten-millionth part of that of the earth. This shows that the specific gravity of the lead is a little greater than that of the average of the whole earth. All the minute calculations made, it is found that the earth, in order to attract with the force it does, must be about five and one-half times as heavy as its bulk of water, or perhaps a little more. Different experimenters find different results; the best between 5.5 and 5.6, so that 5.5 is, perhaps, as near the number as we can now get. This is much more than the average specific gravity of the materials which compose that part of the earth which we can reach by digging mines. The difference arises from the fact that, at the depth of many miles, the matter composing the earth is compressed into a smaller space by the enormous weight of the portions lying above it. Thus, at the depth of 1,000 miles, the pressure on every cubic inch is more than 2,000 tons, a weight which would greatly condense the hardest metal.

We come now to the planets. I have said that the mass or weight of a heavenly body is determined by its attraction on some other body. There are two ways in which the attraction of a planet may be measured. One is by its attraction on the planets next to it. If these bodies did not attract each other at all, but only moved under the influence of the sun, they would move in orbits having the form of ellipses. They are found to move very nearly in such orbits, only the actual path deviates from an ellipse, now in one direction and then in another, and it slowly changes its position from year to year. These deviations are due to the pull of the other planets, and by measuring the deviations, we can determine the amount of the pull, and hence the mass of the planet.

The reader will readily understand that the mathematical processes necessary to get a result in this way must be very delicate and complicated. A much simpler method can be used in the case of those planets which have satellites revolving round them, because the attraction of the planet can be determined by the motions of the satellite. The first law of motion teaches us that a body in motion, if acted on by no force, will move in a straight line. Hence, if we see a body moving in a curve, we know that it is acted on by a force in the direction toward which the motion curves. A familiar example is that of a stone thrown from the hand. If

the stone were not attracted by the earth, it would go on forever in the line of throw, and leave the earth entirely. But under the attraction of the earth, it is drawn down and down, as it travels onward, until finally it reaches the ground. The faster the stone is thrown, of course, the farther it will go, and the greater will be the sweep of the curve of its path. If it were a cannon-ball, the first part of the curve would be nearly a right line. If we could fire a cannon-ball horizontally from the top of a high mountain with a velocity of five miles a second, and if it were not resisted by the air, the curvature of the path would be equal to that of the surface of our earth, and so the ball would never reach the earth, but would revolve round it like a little satellite in an orbit of its own. Could this be done, the astronomer would be able, knowing the velocity of the ball, to calculate the attraction of the earth. The moon is a satellite, moving like such a ball, and an observer on Mars would be able, by measuring the orbit of the moon, to determine the attraction of the earth as well as we determine it by actually observing the motion of falling bodies around us.

Thus it is that when the planet, like Mars or Jupiter, has satellites revolving round it, astronomers on the earth can observe the attraction of the planet on its satellites and thus determine its mass. The rule for doing this is very simple. The cube of the distance between the planet and satellite is divided by the square of the time of revolution of the satellite. The quotient is a number which is proportional to the mass of the planet. The rule applies to the motion of the moon round the earth and of the planets round the sun. If we divide the cube of the earth's distance from the sun, say 93,000,000 miles, by the square of 365¼, the days in a year, we shall get a certain quotient. Let us call this number the sun-quotient. Then, if we divide the cube of the moon's distance from the earth by the square of its time of revolution, we shall get another quotient, which we may call the earth-quotient. The sun-quotient will come out about 330,000 times as large as the earth-quotient. Hence it is concluded that the mass of the sun is 330,000 times that of the earth; that it would take this number of earths to make a body as heavy as the sun.

I give this calculation to illustrate the principle; it must not be supposed that the astronomer proceeds exactly in this way and has only this simple calculation to make. In the case of the moon and earth, the motion and distance of the former vary in consequence of the attraction of the sun, so that their actual distance apart is a changing quantity. So what the astronomer actually does is to find the attraction of the earth by observing the length of a pendulum which beats seconds in various latitudes. Then, by very delicate mathematical processes, he can find with great exactness what would be the time of revolution of a small satellite at any given distance from the earth, and thus can get the earth-quotient.

But, as I have already pointed out, we must, in the case of the planets, find the quotient in question by means of the satellites; and it happens, fortunately, that the motions of these bodies are much less changed by the attraction of the sun than is the motion of the moon. Thus, when we make the computation for the outer satellite of Mars, we find the quotient to be $\frac{1}{3093500}$ that of the sun-quotient. Hence we conclude that the mass of Mars is $\frac{1}{3093500}$ that of the sun. By the corresponding quotient, the mass of Jupiter is found to be about $\frac{1}{1047}$ that of the sun, Saturn $\frac{1}{3500}$, Uranus $\frac{1}{22700}$, Neptune $\frac{1}{19500}$.

I have set forth only the great principle on which the astronomer has proceeded for the purpose in question. The law of gravitation is at the bottom of all his work. The effects of this law require mathematical processes which it has taken two hundred years to bring to their present state, and which are still far from perfect. The measurement of the distance of a satellite is not a job to be done in an evening; it requires patient labor extending through months and years, and then is not as exact as the astronomer would wish. He does the best he can, and must be satisfied with that.